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FROM
EAST AND WEST

EMILY PREPPER



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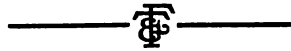
FLYING LEAVES

FROM

EAST AND WEST.

5-5-1886

Jan ^{BY (Doris)} EMILY PFEIFFER. 1827-1890
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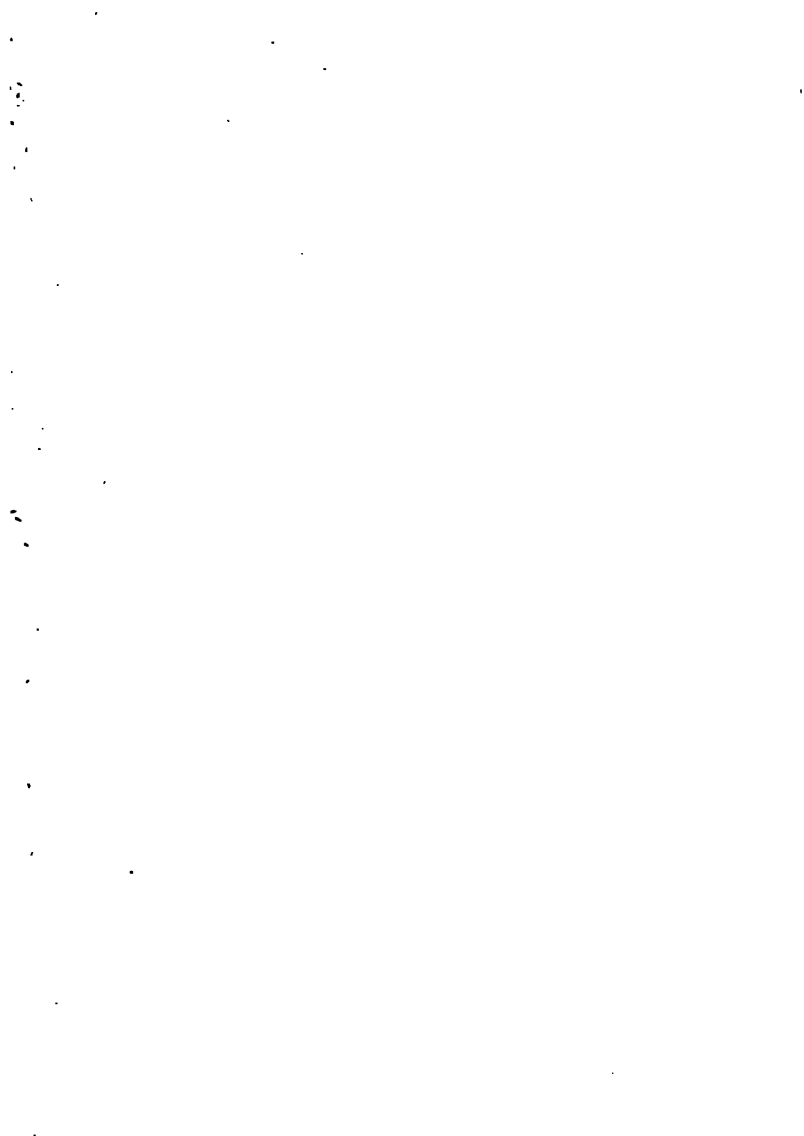
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FLYING LEAVES.

FROM THE EAST.



LEAF I.

IT has usually been my lot, as it is that of most others of the less able and adventurous, to have, in roaming about the world, to make my observations of its novel aspects from the standpoint of one of those great caravansaries, the cosmopolitan hotel. Far be it from me to asperse with unmitigated contempt an institution but for which all the less trodden parts of the earth would effectually have been removed beyond my reach ; but I think it undeniable that a set of conditions more unfavourable to the apprehension of the facts and the appreciation of the lessons to be gathered from a new outlook upon life, it would be hard to conceive of than that afforded by these bewildering halting-places.

Once only has it been my good fortune, in visiting a region of surpassing interest, to find a home beneath a roof not plumped down all alien to its surroundings like the houses in a child's toy-box, but one which was the harmonious outcome of its environment. Better even than this : not in all the lovely village of —, within a few miles of Homer's Smyrna, could hired accommodation have been procured if wanted—better, that is, for those who were independent of such accommodation. From

this resulted a true tinct of local colour, with a sense of restfulness and poetic charm, which, apart from other and more intimate personal causes, would have sufficed to place the month spent in this paradise in a category by itself.

A week at sea ; a gale in the Mediterranean ; the new experience of those who for the first time "go down to the sea in ships ;" then calm, such calm as is nowhere found but in floating over a summery sea ; the white pyramid of Etna ; the long days which were yet too short — days you could have wished to last for ever ; the sun's bright path upon the blue Ionian ; the Isles of Greece touched with the day's departing glory. After that, the night of expectation ; the morning waking at sound of a familiar voice ; the dressing in haste ; the sunrise on the Bay of Smyrna ; the motley population of its wharfs — Greeks, Turks, Arabs, Albanians, negroes, and Jews ; the drive over the jolting streets, so jolting that they shook your words to pieces, and might in time have turned the very milk of human kindness ; the still rough country road, haunted with a suspicion of brigands ; the soft music of the camel-bells announcing a procession of the strange animals laden with their many-coloured bales ; and, for a wind-up, still more jolting as you entered the village, and passed in miraculous safety the many yawning pitfalls of its broken pavement ; a steep ascent through the narrow street, with Turkish houses, gateways, courtyards, and glimpses of fountains on either side ; and then—well, then a meeting such as the heart holds in tenderest memory for ever, and for which there is no occasion here

to speak. A point had been reached which had been the longing desire of half a life.

I will describe this house on the hill, because, more or less, its features are common to others in this place. There hangs over the outer gate a wreath, now faded, but which is renewed every first of May. A summons at this portal will ordinarily bring the gardener, a handsome Greek peasant, much attached to the family, but whose every professional act needs watching, the sense of responsible duty being as yet unborn in the Greek of Asia Minor. The gate opens upon a garden of perhaps two acres, much sub-divided, with the semi-Oriental-looking house in the midst. This house, built in a land of earthquakes, has but one floor above the basement, which is entered by a door placed between a double flight of converging steps terminating in a verandah. Creepers still rich in autumn tints (it is now December) wind round the pillars and festoon the roof of this last, upon which the saloon opens by a glazed door and side windows. Rarely is the house entered by any door but this, the guests presenting themselves with unerring confidence of welcome; the ladies unbonneted, with a veil or light shawl upon the head. The saloon is a fair-proportioned room, with deep, well-cushioned divans against the walls, fine Persian carpets upon the floor, and abundance of easy chairs; a grand piano, a stove of fair white porcelain, and a view from the windows which, though not very extensive, is a characteristic "bit" of eastern landscape, and would be sufficient at sunset to glorify a cabin. A smaller room opening

immediately to the left of the entrance door, has the same luxurious feature of the deep divans, with the addition in its midst of the distinctive Smyrniot institution of the tandour. This last is a table, necessarily of metal, at the base of which is a sort of stove, the heat being retained by a quilted coverlet, in the present instance, of amber satin. Around this centre the warmth-loving Anglo-Asiatics love to congregate, scorching their knees and their satin slippers while disappearing almost to the chin beneath the heat-conducting cover; and here doubtless many an affair is arranged for their neighbours, to the personal satisfaction of the contriving parties.

The abode I describe is a house of many doors and few passages. The boudoir with the tandour leads into a bedroom, which opens again into the saloon. This chamber, with a bed which might on a pinch accommodate the Seven Sleepers—a bed like a little island in its midst, surrounded by a vaporous mist of white muslin—has a singular air of comfort and freshness, the former being due in part to the presence of the ever-recurring divan. From its jalousied windows are visible, on the other side of the garden, the white walls with courses patterned in red, and the vivid green sun-blinds of the nearest neighbour. As you look out on it, you think of Morocco; but you are, in fact, in a better place. A closet heated by a stove, and with abundant bathing apparatus, connects the bedroom with the dressing-room, which, finishing the suite, opens out upon the hall, from whence you arrive at the dining-room rejoicing in an open English

stove, the offices, and the only staircase in the house, the one leading to the basement. Circumstances modify habits, and in this region, where the bosom of the earth is so often deeply agitated, an additional security seems to be felt in going "down" instead of "up" to bed. Perhaps the most characteristic feature of this semi-Eastern abode is a terrace, which forms the roof of an outhouse built against the garden wall, and overlooks the road beyond it. This terrace, reached by a steep flight of steps, is looked upon as a position of vantage from which to survey, and at times to communicate with, the outer world. It is here that the Greek handmaiden, Helene or Chrysanthe, having finished her work, takes the cream of the day, and, hanging over the parapet with a flower in her hair, gives a smile or a word to a passing friend; it is here that the sun is seen to go down into the waters of the bay, watched to the last by the twin mountains called the "Brothers;" and it is here that at night, when the stars come out, you seem to be nearer to the jewelled belt of Orion, and to the eternal silence. Not far off is a spreading plane tree, where family and friends congregate in warm weather; but the orange-trees are not then as we see them now, burning with golden fruit in the white winter sunshine—with fruit which, but that we know it is juicy and sweet, we might take for the apples of the Hesperides.

All the year round the garden yields its produce, supplying endless desserts and vegetable courses, and perhaps the entire sustenance of the Greek gardener, his wife, and five children. Oranges, lemons, pomegranates,

dried figs, prunes, and grapes are in unending abundance at the present season. Comparing with this the results of horticulture in the neighbourhood of our great towns at home, we are constrained to feel in how pitiful a state of valetudinarianism our poor vegetable fellow-creatures there exist. But the soil of Asia Minor is indeed so rich that it might well have suggested to Sydney Smith the happy idea, that it need but be "tickled with a hoe in order to laugh with a harvest."

It was due to the happy circumstances in which we found ourselves at this time that, instead of being thrown for the satisfaction of social needs upon the haphazard propinquities of a *table-d'hôte*, we were admitted at once to the heart of a circle between which and ourselves there had long been some mutual interchange. It was thus that, a few evenings after our arrival, we came to be guests at a marriage ceremony and feast after the Anglo-Greek fashion. A natural tact of adjustment, a sense of beauty and fitness, would seem to linger in the air of this region, in which Greek genius, with the fresh tint upon it of the newly opened blossom, found such early expansion. The decoration of light foliage which marked the structural lines of the little Protestant church was singularly happy; and the rows of lighted tapers (for the religious ceremony took place in the evening) which surmounted the cornice, and crossed and recrossed the building, would also have been worthy of praise but for the waxen shower which rained from it upon the heads and wedding garments of the assistants. The bride was the last remaining light of home, and

youngest darling of a large and happy family, and the hearts of the whole community were with her and her people as she stood before the altar, under the swaying fronds of the palms, surrounded by her bevy of maiden friends. As the carriage set us down at the garden gates of the beautiful villa which was the home she was quitting, the moon made a fairer and scarcely less radiant day, its pallor alternating with the hues of the Bengal lights burnt in honour of the occasion. The fair young bride, in a little sphere of perfume exhaled from the orange-blossoms on her head and in her hand, was already in place, with her court around her, receiving the congratulations of some two hundred guests, and the kisses of more than half that number. One looked to see her cheeks wear away like the digits of some hardly entreated Madonna; but no such effect took place, for, having survived the ordeal at the lips of the ladies, enough of spirit and strength were left to carry her through what awaited at the hands of the sterner sex. If a test of stamina had been demanded before entering the marriage state, one could hardly have been better devised. Not a man with a leg to stand upon but claimed a fraction of a valse from the newly made bride, whose white train and floating veil flashed round with the untiring regularity of the foaming water of a mill-wheel. Only once, with a partner who got more than his due, was the movement sensibly accelerated.

At balls at home we know nothing; the people we meet are mere masks, and vanish with the occasion, we know not whither. But at — all that is not revealed

is guessed, and I with others am fully aware that that young man who is so grasping in his dealings with the bride, has been for years her devoted slave, only despairing when that other more favoured one appeared upon the scene. We all look on at this wild *pas de fascination* with keen emotional interest, and understand something of the ecstatic pain felt by the unfortunate lover in this final draining of the cup. But a word, a whisper at this moment, coming we know not whence, goes forth, telling of the sudden sickness of the host, and behind the dancing, the stream of talk, and the looks of unconcern assumed in obedience to the wish of the entertainers, is clearly felt that electric throb which tells of a common solicitude. The crowd of valisers has become less, as one by one the couples have fallen off; only that man who seems to have put his life with all it had of hope into the moment, still whirls the unconscious bride around the vortex which his own passion seems to have swept clear of every outside thought.

It is a relief to us all when we see the still smiling girl, her tulle a little torn, and her flowers faded, seated on a divan in a quiet corner beside the man of her choice. And there we leave her to the customs of her country, and betake ourselves in the moonlight to the perils of the streets. More dances and many dinners succeed to this, and in all the moonlight plays its part. The gardens are large, and the carriages discharge their occupants at the outer gates, whence they are left to saunter past fountains, and among oranges, lemons, and

cypresses, to the illuminated mansions, whereto, failing such appeals to sight, they would be guided by the sounds of music.

But not as arrayed in this luminous pallor does the scenery of this Eastern village most linger in the mind. I hope I may some day again feel satisfied with the colour of the world as it is my everyday lot to see it; at present I am driven to injurious comparison. The "decoration," all that is scenic in life and its surroundings, is in — so richly and so variously tinted, that after it the harmonies of an English spring appear monotonous. The mountains, near or far, take upon themselves so soft a depth of azure; that sea, still blue, but lighter and warmer in tone than the Mediterranean, is like a turquoise melting in the sun; the lingering leaves of the planes and maples hang upon the distance in rich gradations of red and yellow gold; the oranges, amid their dark leaves, burn like coloured lamps; the darker obelisks of the cypresses rise solemnly in their places and soar into the thin blue air; the ruddy limbs of the pines glow as if with inward fire, while their myriad organ-pipes are thrilled aloft by the passing breeze; the soft flat tints of the feathery olive are a tender go-between, and harmonize all. This at mid-day; but there comes a sunset, and later a twilight hour, when the light which you thought had never been on land or sea or sky, seems mysteriously to overspread all. This would most often occur as we sat at close of day in the saloon, opening upon the balcony. The sun, as he prepared himself for his plunge into the bay, would

pass from glory to glory ; upon a sky transparent as chrysolite, clouds would flash into sudden view, disappear, and reform like molten jewels. Not the horizon alone, but the entire heaven to the zenith and beyond it, was alive and in motion with his parting message. It was as if, the work of the day being done, he had taken this hour for his own delight. Then the words would die upon our lips as we watched, the glory would deepen, the clouds melt into the amber light, the tall spires of the cypresses grow solemnly dark, the outlines of the mountains become firm, their colour mysteriously blue. At this moment that window over the divan was as the background of a Holy Family by Lorenzo di Credi, and among the shadows which deepened around us, the kneeling angels who took part in their evening worship, would not have seemed wholly out of place.

LEAF II.

THE bazaars at Smyrna show a very motley crowd, and their transit is not without danger from the turbaned men on little Albanian horses, who would ride over you ; the camels, who would trample you ; and the bearers of burthens, to wit, a wardrobe, a piano, or a chest of drawers, who would knock you down with as little compunction. You early get to feel that you must look to yourself, realizing of how very small account your life is to any other in this alien world. The proud mien of the camels might alone be enough to teach you your place ; the eyes of these creatures are so haughty, and they "*torsent*" you, as the French say, from such a height. But their scorn is not the worst of what you may have to endure from them. If they are always contemptuous, they are sometimes fierce, and will bite a piece out of your arm, which, when you turn to look for, you will find them ruminating in a sort of desert calm, apparently plunged in thoughts which are high above your head, and altogether conducting themselves in a manner exasperating to the wounded and the wound. We made a point of giving these sullenly protesting

servitors of man a wide berth, but the scene being wonderfully novel and engaging, you are apt to be taken unaware.

The alleys of these crowded bazaars are narrow, and not roofed in like those of Constantinople, the rich colours of their merchandise showing the richer for the wide blue dome which is their sole continent overhead. Here you see a fruit-stall, with its mountain of ripe oranges set off by their own leaves and flowers, its branches of pendent lemons, its pomegranates, and its melons. Next to that will be a magazine of carpets, with the turban of a grave, black-bearded Turk nodding peacefully in the shadow. Then a vendor of arms, of Damascus blades, and Damascened rifles and scimitars; an eating-booth, with sticks of succulent kabobs frizzling before a fire, and Turkish dainties in honey and sugar; two or three cobblers at work in a stall, surrounded by a forest of embroidered slippers; a bevy of ladies, with a merchant of silk, unfolding his bales to their critical view—these last arrayed mostly in black feringhees (a sort of domino eclipsing the person), their large darkly fringed eyes, long eyebrows, and sallow paleness appearing through the yashmak of bluish-white muslin. A negress will usually be seen squatting a little apart, and the quick glances and sudden flashes of mirth of this not yet adult race, contrast strangely with the dying graces of their Turkish mistresses. Further on you will probably encounter, picking their way with the heedful daintiness of cats, ostentatiously under cover of their parasols, a little party of Turkish dames possibly of lower rank.

They are also muffled in the feringhee, and have on their faces the regulation yashmak, but not of white muslin. It is a veil thrown over the head, and worn under the head-dress, of which veil the ground colour is a beet-root red, variegated with a pattern in black and white. A hideous suggestion of tatooing is the result of this face gear, doubly hideous by reason of the sanguinary hue imparted to the countenance, and the lines of the pattern traversing those of the features. The women thus disguised have all the appearance of monsters. Three of them, under convoy of a eunuch, caught sight of and spotted me as a fresh importation from some outlandish people, and called a halt.

"You are a stranger, cocona?" (lady).

"Yes, I am a stranger."

"You come to us from a far country?"

"Yes, a long way, by land and sea."

"Are you content with what you have found among us?"

"More than content. I find your country beautiful above all, I delight in your sunshine."

"Does not the sun shine with you?"

"Sometimes; but often we cannot see it for smoke."

General consternation, and looks of admiring pity, chiefly directed to my new velvet dolman, which they suppose might at home be invisible.

"What is the name of this dark country?"

"It is called England."

"We have heard of England. You are welcome here, cocona; we are proud that you admire our country, for your own is a fine country, too, when it can be seen."

All this is Greek, which C—— translates, pronounced with much grace and natural charm. It was a pleasant little incident, one calculated to whet the appetite for further communication with these poor custom-bound sisters, survivals of a not yet foregone tyranny.

Not long after, this desire was fulfilled in a visit to the harem of the ex-governor, Midhat Pasha. A French lady married to a Turk was our introducer. We went to Smyrna from —— by rail, and were met at the station by the adventurous Mussulman. Any one less like a reformer or innovator than this subdued and down-looking young man it would be difficult to imagine; it may be supposed he had exhausted his powers in that direction in the one effort of his marriage with a Frank. The house of the Franco-Turkish lady was beautifully kept, and she herself we found to be a pretty, fair, and kindly young woman, satisfied enough with her Turkish lord, but disgusted, as she had likely enough reason to be, with the cavils and vexatious *surveillance* of her Mohammedan connections. Nature, in its system of adjustments, had not overlooked this fair Gaul, from whose inborn cunning the weapons were evolved with which she was able to meet the difficulties of her peculiar situation. During an absence of the Turkish husband at Constantinople, the poor lady was pelted upon every occasion by mother and sisters-in-law with expletives which the tone and manner of utterance assured her were other than complimentary.

Now, her experience of harem life had already shown her that tales carried to the head of the house were

received generally with stolid indifference, if not with incredulity ; and thus the clever little Frenchwoman devised a scheme by which her grievances should be made to prove themselves. She feigned to be seized with a meritorious desire to surprise her lord with her progress in the Turkish tongue, and to this end employed her leisure during his absence in making a list of all the injurious nouns and adjectives which were being hourly applied to her by his female relations. On the morning after his return she brought out the register, and sweetly demanded of him the translation of the foully offensive epithets into her native French. She assured me that the pleasure of adding some startling variety to her list, had supported her under the circumstances as nothing else could have done. If the state of things in that Turkish household at this crisis was not peace, the French lady could afford to retire from the conflict, and see the battle raging between the tyrant and his subjects. The bed she had made for herself was perhaps not one of roses, but such as it was she seemed to thrive upon it, since she was fast approaching in size and weight the ideal of Turkish beauty.

It was not without interest that we watched this lady prepare her person for the visit in hand. First we saw her French furbelows subside into the handsome black silk feringhee ; next we watched her pin the yashmak over her little velvet pork-pie hat ; thirdly, we beheld her made resplendent for this morning call in a thick gold chain, to which was attached an enormous diamond locket. This last costly adjunct gave a more character-

istically Oriental character to the proceeding, in that we had been led to believe the monetary position of the reforming young Turk to be far from easy. But I believe a Turkish lady, still more one grafted on a Parisian stock, would suffer herself to be pinched, if need be squeezed to death, before she would present herself in a haremlik without diamonds.

Our conductress being at length made ready, we took carriage, and arrived, after unutterable jolting, the very blood in our veins milled like chocolate, at a low, rambling, walled-in house in the Turkish quarter, whereof the door was guarded by a tall black eunuch whose hideous features wore that look of fatuous self-assertion peculiar to his class. Without stirring from his post, this dark policeman flashed upon each of us in turn, the bull's-eye of his searching glance. It was observed that it rested longer on me than on the others; it may be that, "being more than common tall," he imagined I might be "suited" like a woman without being properly entitled to such equipment. Satisfied to all appearance with the result of his observations, he let us pass, and we entered a courtyard, of which the Turkish house formed two of the angles, and a wall overtopped by the branches of orange and lemon trees, the third.

In this court, and in the chambers through which we subsequently passed, we encountered an old negress scooping out the contents of a pipkin; a mulatto woman coming from the laundry with a basket on her head; and through open doors and little disorderly vistas here and there, shadowy figures slowly, very slowly moving, or

more frequently, as became their Eastern character, "plunged," if not in "thought," in a semblance of the deepest repose.

There is nothing more costly and unproductive than a Turkish household. Looking at all this helpless femininity in the deserted harem of the ex-governor, I was reminded of the answer made by an involved French noble to his man of business, when the latter was protesting against the presence on the estate of so many useless mouths.

"You could do very well without some of them," said the lawyer.

"Just so," returned his client; "but I can't feel sure that any of them could do without me."

There is small doubt that the pressure of this domestic incubus has been the chief agent in bringing about that atrophy, that loss of will and working power, which is the present condition of the Turks. It is their perverted womankind, grown feeble and corrupt in the close atmosphere of the harem, who are dragging and holding them down. Come what may, these useless, these even mischievous mouths have to be fed; and it is not out of character when they are maintained upon rapine and murder.

But, in truth, the harem of Midhat Pasha offered no appearance of senseless luxury; it was, on the contrary, simple, and, in comparison with Turkish harems generally, well and soberly kept, and seemingly sad in the absence of its lord.

On the landing at the head of the flight of wooden

stairs stood the chief wife and lady of the house, waiting to receive us. Madame Midhat is a woman of fifty or thereabouts; a pasha's daughter, she has brought her husband some wealth; is said to be intelligent, and is not without influence on Midhat;* and, through all the superficial differences of manner and appearance, is manifestly a lady. Though not plain, there was something which in the eyes of a foreigner made her person slightly grotesque. The face was large, a common peculiarity in the women of her race, the strongly marked features still further accentuated by the additions which art had made to nature—the reinforced arch of the eyebrows, and the hard lines which enclosed the eyes. The lady's hair was black, and brought forward at the sides in a manner which imparted a virile look to the strongly featured face. Bound about her head was a kerchief of black muslin, fringed with many-coloured lace, decorated with bobs and flowers. A long loose robe of figured Manchester cotton, shaped like a tea-gown, added to the impression of massiveness an appearance of height which comparison showed to be fallacious. But the wife of Midhat Pasha, whatever might be her aspect, was one whose manner well supported the dignity of her position.

When we had each received the gracious welcome of the elder, it became the turn of the second wife to step forward, which she did, leading one of her children, from whom she seemed to derive a sort of reflected consideration, and who were indeed the poor thing's

* At the time this was written Midhat Pasha was still living.

"excuse for being." The younger wife had been bought for a sum which seemed always to recur to the mind of every one in connection with her, as if her value had for good and all been ascertained, and was known to be very little. She was said to be totally without education or training of any sort, and as the beauty she possessed could hardly be accounted remarkable, it may be conjectured that "thrift" had something to do with her acquisition. We had heard of wild scenes of which this Turkish household was occasionally the theatre, but to all appearance the relative positions of the two principal inmates was so well defined that we could not but doubt the report. No lady trained in the polite practice of social warfare in a Parisian *salon* could have imparted to her voice a more delicate inflection than did this pasha's wife and daughter when indicating the subordinate position of the women who had been bought—for so little money.

The apartment into which we followed Madame Midhat was small, and, contrary to expectation, delicately clean. Divans ranged round the walls, gave to the apartment that look of luxurious ease which our elaborate upholstery fails to accomplish. Small mattresses, on a still lower level, were spread here and there at the foot of the divans; and on one of these at the upper end of the room the wife-in-chief took her place. Behind her was a window overlooking the orange garden, and commanding a view of the very Oriental-looking houses of this quarter, as with their jalousies and balconies they seemed mounting roof above roof the steep side of

the old Acropolis of Homer's Smyrna. As Madame Midhat sat thus throned almost upon the floor, the sunshine playing in her abundant side locks brought out the hue of the henna with which her hair was stained, and the blood-red shimmer imparted for the moment something of terrible to what had seemed to us the merely grotesque of her appearance. If there was a lurking devil in the younger woman, it was certainly very well hidden. Nothing more apathetic, more stagnant, than the countenance of this poor creature, as her limbs not ungracefully fell together upon a divan near the door, can be imagined. Her large and leaden eyes, made more heavy by their darkened rims; the formal arches of her eyebrows; her stolid nose (it would have been a relief had it been ever so little crooked); the small mouth, with the dejected corners; and the greenish drab tint, which is, perhaps, of all colours that the human skin can take, the least engaging, made up a picture of vacuity, mental and moral, from which you felt to shrink as from some bottomless deep. No semblance of interest in the talk or the talkers seemed for a moment to animate this automaton, who presented in this respect a strong contrast to the statuesque figures of the two slave women standing in waiting, one on either side of the door, their arms folded into their loose sleeves, immovable as if cast in bronze, but with light enough in the flashing eyes turned upon each of us as we took up the word, to animate them from head to foot. After the questions customary among human vessels who encounter each other in strange latitudes, the "Where do you come

from?" "What's your cargo?" "Whither bound?" with which acquaintance is begun, Madame Midhat sat contemplating us for some moments in silence, but fetching heavy sighs, which, though probably true to the general tenour of her feelings, had something of an artificial and perfunctory air at the moment. She continued to look at us, as if to ascertain from critical observation the effect of these discharges; and then, in the deep organ tones peculiar to the Turkish woman, she put to us the difficult question—

"What are the English going to do with Midhat?"

We were unprepared with an answer, and said rather helplessly, that so far as we knew they were not going to do anything at all. Whereupon the lady launched into a speech of considerable length, in which we understood her to be demonstrating in fluent Turkish the moral impossibility that the particular people to which we belonged should in the end remain deaf to the appeal of suffering virtue. We felt the implied compliment to our country, and were indeed touched by the situation of the woman whose days were so evidently darkened, and whose life was still further narrowed by the misfortunes of her lord; but not daring to minister to false hope, we assured her we were unattached and insignificant persons only travelling for our pleasure, and having no influence or special knowledge of our Government or its counsels. Our hostess accepted our account of ourselves with a touch of disappointment, but was too well bred to abate aught of her attentions, in view of our small desert. Sweetmeats had been served to

us, and now, in the daintiest of cups, each with its little filigree and enamelled stand, came black coffee, our French friend having obtained for us quittance of the nargileh. We expressed our admiration of the beautiful little stand, of which we were with some difficulty mastering the use; whereupon Madame Midhat remarked superbly, but in melancholy reference to her own present poverty, that such things were commonly encrusted with jewels. Perhaps, what most struck us as differentiating the manners of the Turkish lady from our own, was the rapid alternation from grave to gay. From sighing like a furnace at any pause in the conversation, Madame Midhat at the slightest provocation would be laughing with infantile gaiety. Her chief subject of complaint, beyond the uncertainty which attended Midhat's fate, was the close confinement which the circumstance of this separation forced upon his female belongings—confinement so unbroken that they had lost the power of walking, almost of standing, from the swelling of the feet and legs. We thought this a not unfavourable opportunity to inquire if the Turkish ladies generally, and Madame Midhat in particular, did not desire and hope for some change in the condition of their lives. We were assured in answer that they did, but that there were many difficulties in the way. A humble petition had even been sent to Midhat at Constantinople (through the medium, as we found, of the atrocious eunuch), praying that a drive of two hours once a week might be accorded them. Their prayer had been graciously listened to, but public opinion on the spot had been

too strong for individual amenity afar off. That the wives and children of the ex-governor should be junketing while the man who owned them was rotting in prison, became the theme of scandal throughout the whole Turkish quarter, and the coveted indulgence had in the end to be foregone.

We tried to make it clear that our question had comprehended wider issues, but it was evident that at this point we became unintelligible to our interlocutor. It was difficult to say whether it was owing to the divergent roads taken by our thoughts, to defective interpretation, or to an orthodox horror on Madame Midhat's part of entering upon a question of such bold profanity; certain it is, that all our efforts to illicit her views upon the future of the women of her people were ineffectual. I saw plainly that nothing could have got her to admit the revolutionary notion that women could go abroad, or dwell at home, otherwise than under the guard and tutelage of eunuchs. To have smuggled such an idea into her head, it would have been necessary to trepan her. As that was not to be thought of, I sat digesting my disappointment in silence, and it so happened that my eyes rested on a sort of little stand, the surface of which was made into the semblance of a garden, the grass being of worsted, very green, the shrubs also of worsted and wire, with crudely coloured hyacinths and heartsease stuck here and there amongst the flowers, and a dicky-bird, a very bright yellow canary, in the midst. As Madame Midhat felt it clearly impossible that this object should be regarded with other than

interest, she politely pushed it towards me to facilitate further study. A slightly embarrassing moment followed, owing to the consciousness on my part that neither words nor facial expression were yielding what was expected of them; but an apparition which presented itself in the doorway at this juncture, called off the attention of the company from the pitiful toy.

The slave women were still in mute attendance, one on either side of the *portière*; but the curtain had been silently lifted, and, glaring upon us from the opening, filling up the entire framework of the door with his bloated person, there fell upon the chamber the shadow of the black eunuch, the representative of the master in his absence. As this deplorable being carried his insulting gaze from one to the other of us, a deep silence fell upon the party. Madame Midhat No. 1 had recovered her majestic attitude, and occupied her low throne apparently unconscious of, in any case unresenting, the outrage of this intrusion. Madame Midhat No. 2 not so much as raised her heavy eyes; the shining orbs of the serving women continued to turn about in their dark orbits; and the little daughter of Midhat, hanging upon her mother's knee, was equally unconcerned. To us alone it appeared atrocious that the will in these human creatures should have been suppressed; that the brain of the elder wife, probably large and powerful as became its environment, should have been condemned to perish in atrophy; and that the motherhood of the younger should be regarded only from its brutal side. The whole tale of the wicked and impotent old East rose

before us in this picture, and at the moment we would gladly have set fire to that Turkish quarter, and have freed those poor captives stagnating within it; only we knew they would have perished helplessly in the streets, set upon like caged birds who have lost the instincts and natural cunning of their kind.

Having sat out the last course of Turkish hospitality, we took our leave of these unhappy women, upon whom time seemed to hang with the weight of lead. At the gate we passed their black guardian, a monster who to civilized eyes looked almost fabulous. As he gazed down upon us from his vast height, with a grotesque arrogance, his swollen pride yet ineffectual to smoothen out the wrinkles of his blasted youth, we thought of all the treasure of wasted womanhood still existing in the needy overworked world, and we said to ourselves, "How long?"

LEAF III.

OUR gentlemen had decided to go to Alaschier, the ancient Philadelphia, which is the furthest point at present reached by the Cassaba line. It was arranged that they should engage a carriage and cavass at Magnesia, to await the arrival of a pair of ladies, myself and my Smyrniot niece, at a less exacting hour of the day. Magnesia is forty-one miles from Smyrna, Alaschier seventy, and the early party would pass the former station on their way to the latter.

The day was perfect, full of light and colour, every object having its own value, if no more, in the truthful winter sunshine that was so little wintry. A kind friend transferred us from train to train at Smyrna, and provisioned our carriage with potted chicken and ham, biscuits, cakes, and fruits. This jaunt on our own account had all the aspect of a "spree."

The waters look their bluest as we coast the bay, the little crisp waves that fringe it, their whitest as they break upon the yellow sands. We pass the lovely village of Cordelia, said to have derived its name from Richard Cœur de Lion, and then turn inland, soon after to enter a mountain pass, which finally debouches upon the mag-

nificent plain of Magnesia. The mountains wore the clean blue of old china, Homer's river, winding between, dazzled the eyes with its glitter; some last glowing leaves were still left on the plaintain trees; the oaks from which the Valonia is gathered were solid masses of tawny red; and the bare white skeletons of the leafless poplars told off the delicate distance, like the phantoms of cypresses which in other places were gathered darkly about the tombs.

The situation of Magnesia, with its marble domes and minarets clean drawn upon the mountain background, is one of rare beauty, and it could hardly present itself to greater advantage than it did to us this day. A portion of the sky—white rolling clouds silvered by the sun—seemed to have fallen bodily into the valleys and clefts behind the mountains, throwing their more salient features into strong relief, simplifying the masses, and at the same time marking plane upon plane of distance which under ordinary effects might have failed to detach themselves. This fair city at the foot of the mountains commands the plain, and what a plain! The great level tract between Magnesia and the sea strikes one as of almost unequalled richness. The fine-toned soil, which looks to be what the gardeners call a "silky" loam, seems to be capable of bearing any amount and variety of produce. It is a vast garden of fig trees, oranges, lemons, vines, and pomegranates.

The carriage and attendant cavass were duly in waiting on our arrival, and we were well on our way to visit the rock statue of Niobe, some distance up one of the

mountains of the Sypilus range, when, the road becoming wild and threatening altogether to cease, my companion lost heart for the undertaking and called a halt. Reports of brigands haunting this neighbourhood had some time before been rife, and the young wife drew a moving picture of the anguish of our respective husbands in the case of ransom for our persons being enforced by the ingenious methods known to Greek or Turkish gentlemen of the road. I explained to my god-daughter that such draughts of sunshine as we were to-day being plied with, had a slightly intoxicating effect upon my spirits; that I was harmless in my solar cups, only not to be relied upon as a guide for youth. She had better take the matter into her own hands, and do what she deemed best for us both. She did, and, making a little programme for exploration of the ancient city, gave the order to the coachman to turn. In the end we fared well; perhaps even better than we should have done in carrying out our original intention. We drove round and about Magnesia, probably the most truly Eastern-looking city to be seen in Asia Minor, and picturesque beyond our most hopeful dreams. It has a long history, having been founded by the Magnetes, an Hellenic tribe who came to the foot of Mount Sypylum, and there rested on their return from the Trojan war. I may here observe that a faculty of easy credence is added to the "Dutch courage" with which I feel myself endued when revelling, all unaccustomed as I am, in the light tipples of Oriental sunshine. In the thirteenth century the city became the capital of the Byzantine empire, and a century later fell

to the Turks. Many of the public buildings we saw dated from this time. As we drove in and out of the narrow streets, past the cypress-shaded burying-grounds, and finally through the thronged bazaars, we perceived that something more than common had called the population from their homes. It was the arrival of a new governor that was expected, and, considering that a new governor means, anywhere under Turkish rule, a new tyrant, extortioner, and unjust judge, it was but fair to think that the sun had much the same effect upon the natives that it had on me. They certainly looked as if they hoped something might be got from the change. In the bazaars, of which fruit was the most tempting commodity, we found ourselves objects of rather more curiosity to the motley crowd than was quite pleasant; and such is the influence of public opinion, we began to feel, mounted up in our high carriage in the blazing sunshine, as if a portion of our dress had been forgotten in the yashmak, which we alone of all the women present were without. In our desire to show that we were to be trusted in the absence of this screen, we hardly dared frankly to satisfy our own curiosity, but took in the strange scene without seeming to regard it, like a couple of Parisian *jeunes personnes* at their first ball. We were quit, however, for a little staring and a few remarks in a language we did not understand. The Turks are a well-mannered race, and conducted themselves better than our own people would have done under similar circumstances. We were not sorry, in any case, to quit the bazaar, and to find ourselves halting before an ancient

mosque, the mosque of the Sultan Mourad, which, after some parley on the part of our cavass with the door-keeper, we were permitted to enter. We did not remain long. The interior was so redolent of the breath of the faithful that it took away our own, and we were glad to emerge into the air and light of day. We lingered a little in the courtyard, which was enclosed partly by a high wall through a door in which we had entered, partly by the façade of the mosque, and partly by cloisters. In the centre was a pavilion covering a large circular basin, into which water was slowly dribbling. Above the cloisters rose the ever-present mountains, and through an ancient gateway by the side of the mosque appeared a marble dome and minaret and some tall cypresses. A flock of children of both sexes in gaily coloured garments, let out, as we supposed, from school, streamed through this gateway; and these, with the praying Mussulmans on their knees about the fountain, made up a picture which, had I been a free woman—still better, under the circumstances, a free man—I would have made shift to get upon canvas or paper, if I had had to starve for it at the dilapidated hotel round the corner of the street. But better than this was in store for us before we had done.

We had given ourselves into the hands of our cavass, requiring of him that he should show us all that was most worthy to be seen, and shortly after we had left the mosque of Sultan Mourad our carriage drew up before another gateway. Having gained admittance into this second court, we felt ourselves suddenly plunged into

a scene of the "Arabian Nights." A fantastic, Moorish-looking palace, ancient, but too beautiful surely in its gentle decay to be real, stood blinking at us with its latticed windows, half asleep in the sunshine. We could scarcely believe our eyes. The obliging cavass conducted us through the court to the door of the palace, which, strange to say, stood open. We wondered what we were then to do. Our guide informed us we might enter, and pay a visit to the ladies within. It seemed to us an unwarranted intrusion, but he assured us it would not be taken amiss. We screwed up our courage and advanced into the hall. No one was to be seen; there was the same look of being fast asleep inside as out. Half doubtingly we took his advice, and mounted a broad flight of stairs, at the first turning of which we perceived two slave women, one quite fair, the other a mulatto, standing beckoning us from the landing-place, a long gallery which stretched right and left throughout the whole range of the building. They addressed us courteously in an unknown tongue, which we of course understood to be Turkish, and led the way as if we had been expected to a door masked by a heavy *portière*. As soon as they had us within, they dropped the curtain and left us to ourselves. At this stage of the proceedings some weird stories of Oriental mystery and crime with which we had been beguiling the railway journey came back to us, and we looked from the latticed windows to the bare walls, at the brazen *chaudière* with the smouldering charcoal in the centre of the chamber, and at the divans of different heights—features of what was

evidently the haremluk, or women's reception-room—with a half-amused distrust.

"They are not likely to make away with *us*," said my namesake comfortingly.

"No, I should think not. We have done nothing they could desire to avenge; we know of nothing they could wish to conceal." With which reassuring thoughts we waited in curious expectation.

Presently steps were heard without, the curtain became agitated, and the same two slaves, drawing it aside, gave entrance to an old lady in a flowing garment lined and bordered with yellow fur, who came forward with a grand air, and, saluting us in Turkish fashion, which we imitated as well as we were able, seated herself on her own low divan, and motioned us to places one on either side of her. The old lady seemed very glad to see us, and tried us with what appeared to be a welcoming speech in Turkish. It would not do. My niece essayed her with Greek. Equal unsuccess. A rather pretty young lady, who we concluded to be a daughter of the house, came in at this moment, and being, as we judged from her rapid movements, very lively, and clearly of a loquacious turn, did the impossible to establish conversational relations with us; but to no effect. Orders were now given by the old lady in the corner to serve us with cigarettes, which the young lady and her attendants twisted up gracefully and skilfully, and lighted at the brazier.

A low voice from the other side of our hostess: "Aunt Emmy, they are going to make us smoke."

"Then smoke we must; it is all we can do to make

things pleasant." And smoke we did, and felt ourselves growing paler with every whiff. Perhaps the Turkish tobacco was really strong, possibly it was dashed with opium, perhaps it was only that we were unaccustomed to the process of inhaling it. At length, withdrawing the poisoned papers from our lips, we found out, and communicated to each other, that our cigarettes when left alone smoked themselves, and we thankfully left them to do it. I believe we should else have fainted.

Small cups of black coffee were now offered, and accepted with a glance which showed that we each remembered how this beverage was always employed as the favourite vehicle for poison. The scene and the circumstances being unusual, we delighted to make the most of them. However, the elder lady was friendly if the younger failed to conceal her impatience at our mutism; and reassured by discovering no after-taste in the coffee, and hoping that no further entertainment was in store for us, my companion brought out a few words common to Greek and Turkish, and we all took to pointing and nodding and grimacing at each other to such effect, that when we rose to relieve them of our presence, the poor ladies, in whose way so little amusement ever came, got up and violently opposed our departure, stood upon a divan and made signals over the lattice to the coachman and cavass to withdraw, and altogether took such determined possession of us, that we began to see ourselves with some alarm sitting crossed-legged, and nodding like a couple of Chinese images, rooted to the spot for the rest of the day.

Here, then, was a new source of disturbance ; we had evidently been making ourselves too agreeable, and we began to moderate our pantomime with a view to getting away. Happily a diversion occurred : they bethought themselves of showing us over the ancient house, its galleries within and without, and the numerous rooms that opened upon them ; its terraces abutting upon quaint, enclosed, and sometimes hanging gardens, its fountains and shady alcoves. These orange, citron, and rose gardens, fountains and piazzas were all at the rear of the palace, in view of the softly tinted mountains, and overlooked by minarets ; but all the good art, and the palace itself was a dream of beauty, dated from a remote past. Throughout the rooms there was scarcely a bit of furniture or decoration that was not odious and that did not derive its peculiar stamp from Birmingham or Kidderminster. Only in one saloon, in the men's quarter, was there any fine embroidery, gold embossed upon pale mauve satin, and that, I think, was worked upon a Parisian pattern. The respect for their own pure art of decoration would seem to have died from among this people. Great endeavours were made to open a door leading to the suite of rooms belonging to the chief wife who was absent with her husband ; but though various keys were tried, none fitted ; the door remained fast in the face of curiosity, as if it had shut in the secrets of a Blue Beard's chamber.

Having accomplished the round of the palace and returned to the head of the stairs by which we had ascended, we made our adieux, expressing our thanks as

well as we were able to our entertainers, and drove direct to the station. Here we partook with appetite of a simple repast, "bedewed," as the French so prettily say, with wine of Samos, and were glad to rest for awhile as we talked over our adventures.

We subsequently learnt that the elder of the ladies we had seen was the representative of the very ancient and distinguished historical family of Karasman Oglun Sadic, formerly for many generations Beys of Magnesia, and that the palace, and what was left of the property, had passed through her to the present proprietor on his marriage with her daughter. This last was the absent wife into whose apartments we had failed to penetrate. She had gone with her lord and personal attendants to pass a sort of picnic day in a little house overlooking a new garden in the outskirts of the town, to which, later on, we were conducted by the station-master.

Nothing laying claim to the name could be more uninviting than the aspect of this "pleasance." There was not a tree, not a shrub or growing stick in the place that might not have served the Turk, had he been under favour of the old English law, for the beating of his wife, since none assuredly were thicker than his thumb. The walks and beds were laid out with much of the caprice, uncertainty, and ineptitude which characterize the garden of a child; and at this time of the year, delicious as was the temperature, there was scarcely a flower to be seen. The central feature of this system was a wretched composite of fountain and rockery, with effigies of clay interspersed among the growing things, clumsy sem-

blances of plants of which prickly pear was the type, and of birds, all in that stage of art which belongs not to infancy, but to decrepitude, and is far on its way to imbecility. All around this senile plaything of a garden there spread the mighty hills, nearer at hand the architectural work of a race of magicians in stone, and before it a plain which is in itself an El Dorado. Such as his garden was, the Turkish gentleman seemed to find amusement in it. We lighted upon him on his knees, with his head bent nearly to the ground, gazing through the small dim panes into a little glass-house, which protected a few shabby geraniums and heliotropes. He had grown very fat in such harmless pursuits, which he carried on with portentous gravity. The lady stood at the window of the narrow, flat-roofed, unadorned garden-house, contemplating the more active employment of her lord. It was a favourable picture of Turkish delight, not viscious, but only inane.

Our gentlemen picked us up on their return from Alaschier, and under their protection we were further gratified by the sight of the reception, by the crowd at the railway station, of the new Bey.

LEAF IV.

Athens, January, 1883.

NONE of those in whose lives Greek "music" has already been an influence are likely to forget their first landing upon Grecian shores, the first deep inspiration of the bright air of Attica, or, above all, the first vision of the Acropolis as it swims into sight above the olive groves which bound the carriage road from the port of Peræus.

To the wanderer by sea and land there seems something of welcome in this early greeting; and so long as he abides in Athens his acquaintance has daily opportunity of becoming closer; there is no denial of this first kindly advance. The Acropolis on its hill is everywhere a visible presence; it haunts the city and the region round about, as the Jungfrau haunts the Bernese Oberland, and attracts the eye in whatever position, with a spell like the compelling impulse which forces us to gaze upon the setting sun.

What a bath of sunshine, of living light—not very warm or penetrating at this season, for the fluent air is sharpened by the snows on the surrounding mountains—surprises and dazzles the pilgrim whose home

is beneath more clouded skies. You suddenly feel as if there had been granted to you a keener sight ; I think even your very thoughts grow clearer. A feeling comes over you that life, like a "gift-horse," is not to be subjected to too severe a scrutiny, but taken for what it is, and taken with thankfulness. Something of this unconscious health of the mind one observes written on the features of the people one meets, more especially on those of the lower orders. I have never elsewhere seen middle-aged faces so little marked with care. In Italy the smiles are brighter ; but there are tragic possibilities lurking behind them seemingly unknown to the lighter temperament of the Greek.

We feel as if we also could grow Greek in time. We are happy in the sunshine and sweet air, happy to have escaped the wintry sea with its threats unfulfilled, and thrice happy to be drawing in at every pore, every avenue of spirit and sense, the impressions inalienable from the spot.

Perhaps the first delightful experience on seizing the natural and acquired features of the scene, is that of finding yourself so much at home in them. Pictures, painted and verbal, have for once done their work with due effect, since nothing seems strange or wholly unexpected. Your coming seems rather a return ; in any case, you have arrived, you are not *parvenu*. The gracious outlines of the mountain ranges, cut with ineffable softness, albeit with a cameo-like decision of finish, upon the thin air, seem to let in a crowd of pleasurable recollections, opening the doors of the mind to long proces-

sions of gods and heroes, as also to the heads of a population in marble and bronze that has come down to us from the architectural time when the idea of the temple of man's body was once and for ever perfected. That there is a close relation between this statuesque landscape, these naked hills with their delicate cleavage, and the development of the Attic genius, is felt to be something more than a fanciful idea when you come to be brought face to face with it. If the modern Greek fails to be responsive to such influence, that fact may be accounted for in ways too obvious and sufficient to take anything from the force of the suggestion. In the first place we moderns, "heirs of all the ages," are not dependent on, or plastic to, local circumstances as were these children of a younger world; in the second, the Greek, long enslaved, is now poor in means and power, and in the hurry and keen competition of modern life, is forced to turn his sharp wits towards commerce as a means to material progress. He is something in the position of the Jew, with probably less of his national feeling and ennobling hope.

Certainly anything more hideous than the barrack, the dwelling of the king and queen, looked down upon by the Parthenon, it would be difficult to imagine. A fairly good band in the square before it was playing airs from "*La Gazza Ladra*," which did not detain us long. We were in haste to lay our homage at the feet of that divine Reason whose fairest if somewhat defaced shrine is still upon this spot. The light music of Rossini floated after us as we drove through the dainty, rather

common-place, little modern city ; the object of all worship continually breaking upon our view as it appeared through the vistas of the streets. Then we came upon the arch of Hadrian, and then on the magnificent Corinthian columns of the Temple of Jupiter. We did not descend, we were determined to keep our minds virgin of all thoughtful impression until we stood before the Parthenon itself. So we wind up the side of the Acropolis, past the theatre of Dionysus, beside hedges of aloe and cacti, until the sea, flashing and sparkling, a sheet of molten diamonds, comes to take its place in the scene. We are at the foot of the Propylean ; we dismount, and, climbing a path a little to the right, enter a door through a wall which encases the rock on this side, and are soon ascending the steps on our way to the sacred precincts.

It has so often been urged of late that no building could possibly bear the strain of so much greatness, the weight of such immortal memories, such immoderate expectation, as hangs about the Parthenon, that the traveller of to-day is perhaps liable to approach it with hopes unnaturally subdued. Still more, if he come fresh from the Brodingnagian mosques of Constantinople, will he have chastened himself to look for none of that awe which is dependent on grandeur of scale. I was prepared to find the Parthenon of small proportions. It was probably this guarded attitude of mind which made me sensible at the first moment of what I felt to be its magnificent mass ; otherwise, when I had settled down to its contemplation, silent and passive to its gradually

penetrating influence, it ceased for me to be great or small, high or low, but stood there in pathetic ruin, glowing upon the azure sky, a golden temple, model and architype in the severity of its perfect idea, of all the temples that ever were or shall be. Then for a moment the scorns of time and the crueller wrong of the spoiler were repaired: it had become a temple of the mind, as the spirit seemed to rise above the object of sense, and to follow the fluted columns to that point in the depths of space to which their lines are said to converge. The statue of the great goddess was no longer in its place; its ivory had become dust, its gold had probably been coined, and, stamped with some baser earthly image, had been passed from hand to hand; but the Reason which had here found so visible a throne still cried aloud from the stones, and it was a deep joy to feel that you were of those who, however imperfectly, could hear its voice.

If Time has its revenges, History has its bitter irony. The reason which thought scorn of the human affections, imagining to build itself a ladder by which, unaided by subtler emotion, it could reach to heaven, after having left this chiefest of its seats to the Greek confession, probably the least reasonable cultus of Christendom, was succeeded in due course by the followers of Mahomet, who, not content with making a powder magazine of the Parthenon, cast the mire of deadliest insult upon the Erectheum, the holy of holies of their pagan predecessors, wherein dwelt the most venerated of the statues of Athene and flourished the sacred olive.

In these precincts, consecrated to the purest worship known to the Athenian world, the Turk installed his harem, and fouled the wholesome spring enshrined within it by foetid droppings from the sullen pool which gathers about the stagnant life of slaves. It might seem that the womanhood which, in its free strength and affectional impulse, had no accredited place in the Athenian polity, had avenged itself by coming to life among these ruins in some lower serpent form.

Returning to our hotel, we took a stroll on foot, hoping to find our way to a view of the setting sun. We past the Temple of the Four Winds, and, mounting by the north-west side of the Acropolis through unsavoury streets, a beautiful view of the Pentelicus and part of the Parnes ranges opened upon our left. As we watched them growing purple upon the rose-flushed evening sky, and knew that from another point the Acropolis itself would be seen to partake of the effect, we well understood how the city of Athene might have merited her title of the "violet crowned."

February.—We have now spent a month in Athens, but it has been a month of human experience, not peculiar to any portion of the globe, the most serious part of it relating to sickness. A cold caught in Asia Minor, and increased on the voyage to Constantinople, when the Sea of Marmora, enclosed by mountains covered with snow, felt like a refrigerator, still further developed on the wintry Bosphorus, and confirmed by the icy winds on our way to Athens, became in the latter place a fever which has prostrated E. during

the greater part of our stay. It has now left him, but it will be some time before he recovers his strength. A doctor speaking a foreign language, unacquainted with the constitution of the invalid who could give no coherent account of himself, being generally delirious; no nurse in the place who can understand a word of French or English; no chambermaid either who knows anything but modern Greek, and only one of the two waiters who attend us possessed of a slight knowledge of French,—the circumstances were such as to search out the strength and the weakness of the companion on whom so grave a charge was made to rest. There were acquaintances in plenty, and kind new friends; but I felt so great a need for the concentration of my thoughts, and powers such as they were, that I sought little help of them. The doubts in following out a treatment contrary to experience are the worst; but all is now happily over, and convalescence is being enjoyed among pleasant scenes and circumstances.

Daily, at the arbitrary instance of the invalid, I had to take the air, when I left him for a time in the care of our Dragoman, and drove almost invariably to the same spot. Sitting in front of the Parthenon, I tried to teach myself, or suffer myself to be taught, some of that wise measure of which it stands in its place, the monument. Often I succeeded in gathering calm from the contemplation, and returned to my work with renewed strength. Sometimes I failed, and felt as I descended the Propylean that a word from that fiery and faithful spirit that had made itself heard from the opposite hill would

have been more to me than all the suggestions of Reason. But however that may be, the Parthenon and its surroundings, its environment of hills and matchless coastline and sea, have entered into my life at a critical moment, and entered it deeper than the eyes.

LEAF V.

THINKING over the sum of the impressions received from this first introduction to Greek art in the place of its birth, I am conscious of nothing so much as of a deepened sense of the severe restraint, the absence of all exaggeration, even of emphasis which characterizes the work of the great time. No insistence upon a particular or personal view of the matters dealt with, and in this sense, no egotism ; no strain laid upon the sympathy of the beholder. Whence, I ask myself, came this perfection of "tact" to a young people in an age which might be supposed too full of creative impulse to be critical or self-restrained? In these works the least tutored beholder must learn to recognize the great style. You feel that a great personality was behind them. These mighty artists seem to have held themselves above their creations, looking down upon them from some high vantage ground, and discarding from use all but what was quintessential to their nature, eliminating from them all elements of merely passing interest, and all of personal and individual which could not readily be made universal in its appeal. None of the passionate outpouring of the individual soul in its struggles with the finite and the

infinite such as we have in Dante, such as utters itself in our Gothic cathedrals, in the sublime complaint of Beethoven, or the undisciplined sorrow or wild joy of Weber and a host of moderns. These, too, are or can be made universal, but they have attained their position not through artistic self-renouncement but through the truth and depth of their personal passion. The one art is the outcome of a joy in creation, calm as that of the Olympian gods; the other, the result of the travail of the human soul with apprehended truth, as yet unrealized, perhaps for ever unrealizable.

Arriving thus far in my retrospect, it struck me that I had touched only the negative side of Greek achievement, and that no art or manner of thing whatsoever could attain to immortality through negatives alone. I then seemed to see that this Olympian repose made as it were the quiet field on which were revealed to the finely trained Greek sense, beauties of a nature and quality so subtle that they must have been lost in a disturbing medium. The government kept by these Titans of old upon the impulse of their genius may be compared to that with which a skilful rider regulates the motion of his hand, tranquilizing and restraining in order that the lightest imparted movement may tell with unerring effect.

After those antiquities, which have long borne their part in shaping the artistic conceptions of educated people, the chief subject of conversational interest to the stranger at Athens is the discoveries by the Germans in Olympia. The curiosity—the *Wisbegierde*—to

see, and, so far as we might be able, to estimate for ourselves, the value of this recovered treasure, was felt as a perpetual sting, only aggravated by the thought of the difficulties in the way. I am bound to say that the result of such inadequate study as we were subsequently able to compass was, with one single but supreme exception, disappointing—my remarks being limited to the sculptures, and having no reference to the architectural remains.

As is now known, all, or nearly all, of the chief figures which adorned the eastern and western pediments of the great Temple of Zeus have, in a state more or less fragmentary, been unearthed; and the sculptor Alkamenes—who, we learn on the authority of Pausanias, was ranked by his contemporaries as second only to Phidias—has become at last to the modern world something more than a name. Thus announced, and with the echo of ancient fame set leaping anew by those who have restored his work to the light, expectation was naturally high when, with eyes still filled with the calm splendour of the Parthenon and its friezes—the friezes wherein every lightest touch is a revelation of the fullness of latent knowledge—we addressed ourselves to the study of what are spoken of as rival achievements.

It is the western pediment which is that of Alkamenes, the subject being the carrying off of the wife of Pirithous by the Centaurs. Of the grouping of the figures as they have been conjecturally restored by Professor Curtius I will say nothing. Granting that the Professor has assigned to each its true place in the composition, it is

easy to see that too many of the connecting links are wanting to allow of the general effect being anything but disjointed and unpleasing; and this to a degree which forbids the supposition that the restoration, however accurate, as far as it goes, can convey any idea of the artistic intention of the master. It is the more to be regretted that this work cannot now be judged in its entirety as there seems reason to think that, if indeed Alkamenes occupied so high a place in the esteem of his age, it must have been in composition and dramatic appeal that his great force consisted. That the passionate seeker for hidden treasure should, in the first rapture of possession, be fain to over-estimate the beauty of his discovery is no more than might safely be predicted of him; and that his enthusiasm should draw many in his wake is also no new thing. If a more sober judgment is early to be arrived at, the impulse thereto can only come through those whose opinion, if carrying with it no special authority, is independent of this personal influence. Claiming, therefore, for my own part, no enlightenment but such as has been the gradual growth of the reverent contemplation of great work whenever it comes within my reach, I venture to give my impressions of these remains for what they are worth. It was with no small measure of disappointment, as I have said, that I found myself unable to feel, either in the Apollo—the colossal figure now known to have occupied the centre of the pediment—in the maiden struggling with the centaur, in the dismembered trunk of the centaur, whose arm, it is seen, has grasped her, or

the recumbent mountain or river nymphs at the extremities, the presence of such creative fire as should entitle these works, as they can now be estimated, to the sovereign place which is claimed for them. There is a feeling that must be common to most observers in the presence of great works of sculpture—that the thought of the artist has not stopped short at the surface, but has penetrated the whole mass. The solid material has become plastic to his perception, and the seen is the result of the unseen. So vital is this effect, so communicative the impression in some of the masterworks it would be easy to name, that the beholder hardly frees, as he does not desire to free, his mind from the idea that the surface ripple of muscle and flesh is the expression of inward forces. Now, of this superlative power, little, I think, if anything, is experienced in the contemplation of these remains of Alkamenēs—remains which there is no reason to doubt come as direct from his hand as marbles in general from those of the artist; that is to say, that they have received from him, over and above the original conception, those seemingly trifling touches which in this art go to make perfection. I venture to doubt, then, if the verdict of our own time will finally ratify that of which Pausanias is the mouthpiece, unless many a missing portion of this great pediment shall still be recovered, and, by restitution to its place, justify his title, in default of masterly execution, to a great initial conception. Large in feeling, monumental as is the Apollo of Alkamenēs, it seems to me of a type less nobly ideal, partaking more of common nature and yet

less true to the very life, than that shown by the greatest of his rivals, more especially when dealing with the gods. Indeed, one is struck, in the figures from both the pediments, with the absence of high condition; the folds of the flesh are too flaccid for immortals or the children of immortals; they are touched by accident, by sickness, or time; one could even fancy some of the young faces to be fever-smitten. Added to this, I believe there will be found in the work of Alkamenes a species of affectation akin to that which has had many outbreaks in the history of art; a self-conscious return to archaic stiffness and conventionality which, felt perhaps as a charm by the *dilettante* of his own time, is likely, with succeeding ages, to lessen the value of his performance in the degree of its sincerity.

I forbear to enter into particulars with regard to the works of Paeoneus on the eastern pediment, since the claim on our admiration made for them by their discoverers is greatly less, the fine torso of Zeus, and the Victory (Nike), being the only two of them it is sought to elevate to the highest rank. With this last, preceded as it was by a flourish of trumpets, I hear that the *cognoscenti* of Berlin, when they came to study it for themselves, were seriously disappointed. It is, perhaps, more difficult to form a just estimate of the Nike in its present condition than is the case with the sculptures of the pediments. In spite of the unquestionable grace and charm of this figure, there is some difficulty in accounting for the action of the left leg, broken off at the knee, and subsiding suddenly into the drapery which is seen to be

flowing over it. What may, however, be certified is, that the diaphanous-looking folds are deficient in that decision, as well as that expressiveness, which in the best work causes drapery to appear as an *aura*, accentuating the movement and enlarging the sphere, so to say, of the figure which it veils. Whatever may be the ultimate verdict in relation to these several works—wherever, in comparison with the highest we possess, they may find their place—there can of course be no question as to the value of this newly trove treasure in connection with the history of art. Reluctantly as any of us might be forced to admit that new gifts coming to us from the great time are inferior in merit to examples of Phidias, of Miron, of Praxiteles, and others long known to us, there should, I think, be found something of encouragement for a twilight-hour in the reflection which such inequality of excellence would appear to enforce—namely, that the man, the individual creative genius, is not, in the degree it has been the mode to believe, a creature of his age and environment, but a controlling spirit which in one form or another may still steal upon the unexpectant world as a thief in the night.

I have said that there was one supreme exception to the prevailing feeling of disappointment with which the study of these works had left me. No praise, as it seems to me—no claim, however lofty—could do more than anticipate by a little the pleasure with which the Hermes and infant Dionysus of Praxiteles must be regarded. This image of early manhood, in its god-like proportions and symmetry, its lightness, suppleness, grace, and the

strength which seems to come from the fine tenuity of its substance, has in it a charm of tenderness foreign to the great art of Phidias, and which in itself suffices to proclaim its author the Euripides of sculpture. I can call to mind no single statue ever beheld which is so satisfyingly delightful. The left arm of the youth bears the child, whose little hand is seen upon his shoulder; the right fore-arm—unhappily broken off above the elbow—is raised; and from the missing hand we are told depended a bunch of grapes, held beyond the reach of the infant god. Both legs are wanting below the knee, but the figure, admirable in the elastic grace of its poise, is seen to rest upon the right. The face bends forward a little from the up-reared throat; the eyes are smiling and intent; a smile is hovering also upon the lips, which are full and sensitive rather than sensuous; and a dimple gives a touch of softness to the strong, firm contour of the chin. The crisp curls of the hair are firmly massed, broad, and a little "sketchy," as beseems matters of secondary interest. Of the young Dionysus it is less easy to form an opinion, the state in which it exists being so very imperfect. In scale it is relatively small even for a young child, but the abundance of the hair forbids the idea that its age, as represented, is under two years. A mantle flows in voluminous silky folds from under it. The body, now loosely set on, has been broken in two at the waist; both arms are lost, together with the left shoulder and breast; the point of the nose and something of the under lip and chin are also missing, so that it is now hard to see if this figure possessed in

itself much of the touching charm of childhood which is seemingly mirrored in the face that is bent towards it. It is upon the Hermes that all the interest is concentrated; and surely genius has never bequeathed, the fostering earth has never protected, and in due time yielded up, a treasure more fitly formed for the wonder and delight of the ages. It seems more than any other to bind the ancient and modern worlds in one, appealing, as it does, to the same heart in each. All that we have hitherto known of Praxiteles is nowhere in comparison; the Faun of the Vatican, with its somewhat snake-like smoothness of surface, shows beside it as a copy of copies. I heard a doubt expressed by a gentleman who is well known as the head of the Archæological Society at Athens, whether even this group of the Hermes and Dionysus comes to us direct from the hand of the master. It would be presumptuous to question so paramount an authority; but the feeling on looking at this statue, that you are very near, to say the least, to the source of its inspiration, is irresistible, and the more you gaze upon it the more it grows.

The common people of Athens, the guides and the sellers of photographs, would appear to make of the fame of Phidias a sort of Kronos devouring that of his children. Everything that they deem finest in any style they assign without further question to his mighty hand. I do not know whether it is ascertained—I have not myself been able to learn for sure—to whom the reliefs taken from the little Temple of Victory are to be attributed. That one of them known as "Wingless," at least, appears

to me unique. Over and above the lovely motive—which shows the imperial figure bending forward, divesting herself of her sandal in token that in Athens she is henceforth to abide—there is a sympathy with womanhood as the modern world is recognizing it which is commonly conspicuous by its absence from ancient art. Passion in divorce as it existed from tenderness was rightly seen to be a subject unmeet for ideal treatment; and the stalwart maids and matrons, born to yield warriors to the State, were rather awe-inspiring than pleasing. But into this little Nike (little by reason, not of its manner, but its scale) there has stolen a softness, a truly feminine element, suggestive of a new power; and, seen in contrast with all around, one cannot but wonder how it came there.

LEAF VI.

LAST night, at a concert at the palace, the strings of the violoncello, touched by a skilful hand, wailed with unutterable longing, as if bent on stirring the unsoundable depths of the soul to new desires, effort, and aspiration.

While under the influence of this spell I could not but wonder, seeing how near we were to the spot where Plato wrote, what would have been the dictum of that mighty ancient on the state of sweet trouble into which the sounds had clearly thrown the large and attentive audience there assembled. Would these to him have been "Lydian airs," and as such condemned as enervating and subversive of virtue? I could not tell, but the doubt seemed at once to have opened to my perception the path along which the soul had been journeying since Plato's time, with something of the loss, and much of the gain, that had been found on the perilous trail. What I saw chiefly was the greater extension, fruitfulness, and dignity which had been allowed to the human affections; how love, instead of being "in narrowest working shut," a mere stirring of the blood, rarely recognized in any other connection, had been

gathered out of the dust, set upon a throne, known for divine even when combined with more earthly elements, and worshipped at its purest as one with the creative life. Seeing the new depths of sorrow, the new tragic possibilities thus opened to humanity, one is tempted to ask of the spirit of Progress, "What will you finally make of the hapless soul of man?" But the question receives no answer; only the path lies before us, and we cannot choose but follow its unknown mazes. Meantime we may hope that the travail of the human spirit has not been for nought. With the exception of a few penetrating souls of poets, there are doubtless reaches in it never explored by the ancients, if for the majority of them they had any existence. We have lost much—lost an art perfect within its own limits; and this, as it was then possessed, we can hardly hope to regain. But a new horizon—no, not an horizon, for horizon there is none—but a new vision has opened for us: a vaster vision of the Infinite; and all our art, if it be worth our endeavour, must be the expression of the manifold experience of the soul in its enlarged conditions. For a mind coming into contact first with the remains of this marvellous Athenian world—this concrete reason, this freshly blown flower of beauty—there seems a likelihood of too great an absorption in the irretrievable past; of a difficulty felt in holding its own in fruition and in hope, in the present and future. I own to something of surprise in not having found it thus. Never more than in the midst of the wonders of ancient Athens have I felt the value and significance of what the

human heart and brain have since striven to utter, and, in uttering, to make clear to themselves; and never have I been more fully convinced of the fact that even in art they have not yet spoken their last or most pregnant word. If here we first learn—learn in unspeakable joy of the free spirit, learn so as never to forget—what the Greeks have done, we are kindled by something of communicated impulse to feel what they have left undone.

This Reason, which broke into such matchless blossom of beauty, was at its highest and most typical moment of development, somewhat cold as well as clear. As in the breath of Athena, the lofty Queen of the Air, the sweetness and light that was in it was something in excess of the warmth. It was not unfitly typified by the goddess who was the genius of its birthplace, that austere maiden sprung from the brain of Zeus, in whose honour all the worthiest of what is here to see, has been set up. Reading on the spot in Plato's "Republic," what has been said in relation to woman by one who was of the noblest of Athenian citizens, one is led to confess to the severe logic which has directed his conclusions from the premiss of such an initial conception. The Athenian world, more than that of its neighbour States, still more than that of some other ancient peoples, was a world without woman in any true sense. It is little likely that the position assigned to the sex by Plato, would be lower than that which accorded with the views of the generality of his countrymen, and with him, woman was the lesser man; no more, no other, the

only distinction which he recognizes as pertaining to sex, being the one physical fact of separate functions in generating and bringing to the birth. I am not sure that a contemplation of the treatment of the female form in the marbles of Pheidias would not go some way to suggest that the great master shared his view. Whatever there is of tenderness or sympathy in his art, mighty and severe, is lavished, not upon the womankind, but upon the youth of the other sex. Something of this may be accredited to the circumstance that the impression made by the latter, constantly beheld unclothed in the gymnasium, was more direct; but still more was due to the subordinate, the even contemned position, in which all the qualities, mental and moral, of which woman is the typical exponent, were held. To the absence of this blended life may be attributed that limit to fecundity too early reached by Grecian thought.

It was reserved for another people, a people of deeper affections, and more abiding sense of the power of the unseen-spiritual, to put first into the hand of the woman, and make her share with her mate, the freedom typified in the fruit of the Tree of Life. The Greek desired it for himself; found it "pleasant to the taste, and good for food," but never conceived of it as a universal heritage and essential condition of human development. The Attic love of liberty accommodated itself perfectly with the institution of slavery for a moiety of mankind, and the permanent subjection of its less militant half.

But if no generous dream of equal justice so much as visited even the finer of the spirits among this great

people, with the fetters that it was agreed to fix for ever upon slaves, captives of war, and women, it was also thought desirable to bind the highest flights of human thought. We have seen the scant honour and place accorded in the "Republic" to the affections. If women were only to form part of it on the condition of becoming unsexed, so also was Poetry, with the revered name of Homer as its representative, driven from the scene, only to be re-admitted when deprived of the means of rising into the empyrean, bitted, harnessed, and broken to the yoke of the State. It will be averred that the feminine principle was persecuted in good company. Much is asked by the philosopher of the poet; but contemptuously little is expected of him. To make good his place in the ordered scheme of things, he must be a legislator, a physician, and a priest of the cultus of the hour. He is none of these things; not even a healer, though a soother, through his music, of the woes of life. What he is, is a living instrument, at once so finely attuned and so discriminating, that it resumes and gives back in rhythmic cadence the most essential of the leading tones arising from the heart of humanity in any given time and place. The winged soul of the great poet is the freest thing known to man. Although law is of its very life, it is a higher law, and therefore a more universal, than that contemplated in any, the wildest, Utopia. The leaders of men cannot put it in harness, and drive it along the high roads of civilization, over their mountain passes, and through their fever swamps, in the van of their great guns. It knows nothing of expediency; and as, at its

best and most universal, it comprehends and sympathizes with all humanity, it is with difficulty prevailed upon to take sides in any strife. It is a witness to the struggle with antagonistic forces in which the life of man consists. Of all the testimony bequeathed us by the ages, none is so intimate, or so sincere. Poetry is not history, but it is more ; it is the informing spirit, which guides us through the shapeless detritus out of which history is constructed. Like that which brooded upon the face of the waters, it brings order out of chaos ; like the breath which passed upon the dry bones, it causes the dead to live. Without it the percipient soul, the soul that has a wide out-look upon the universe, sees its facts so disjointed and misplaced that it falls into perplexity and despair. Poetry is, in sooth, the most essential form of truth, a faint adumbration of the mind of the Highest. But in poetry, as in all things else, we have our treasure in earthen vessels ; the delicately attuned instrument is easily at fault, its many subtle elements are difficult to hold in balance. Yet, looking at its "vates," one thing will be seen to be common to every soul of them. However wild and lawless in their lives and mere personal speech, they become sane when their singing robes are fairly on, and they are lifted to the height which to them is the height of vision. In the wildest ravings of the man whose lips some oracle has only passingly touched, there is more of that sense which the unconscious human sheep, who arrogate it to themselves, mean when they speak of it as "common," than is to be found in the bleating of an entire flock of them.

If a fashion prevails in modern Europe, as in the

Athens of Plato, of affecting to undervalue the debt which the world owes to its inspired singers, such have partly themselves to blame for it; they think too much of the craft which the veriest journeyman can learn for his pains, and too little of that vantage ground to which, if they be poets indeed, their subtler spirits must occasionally bear them. More, indeed, than half a poet was the great Athenian who taught in the groves of Academe; but falling short of the whole, how was he distanced by the men whose thoughts, in becoming concrete, took upon them a life beyond that of the unincarnate Reason. In the great trinity of dramatists, *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*, poetry and womanhood, love and truth, were justified as against philosophy. Through them poetry has supplied one of the vastest, one of the most worshipful, of the schemes that the world has known for the solution of the ever-recurring enigma of being, and has anticipated with prophetic vision the time when the "last shall be first, and the first last;" when, in truth, there shall be no more last or first, but man and woman shall become as one flesh. How else but by that higher view which belonged of right to the poet, and to none other—that upward impulse which is the gift of the spirit which in turn bestows wings on the thought—could *Sophocles* have attained to an apprehension of such transcendent nobleness, such unvisited depths of emotional life, as he has shown us in "*Antigone*," and in a scarcely less degree in "*Electra*," "*Ismene*," and "*Deianeria*?" How came that spirit, free as the genius of Poetry itself, to take in this remote hard time the form

of a woman—which meant, as it still means, more than half the world over—of a bond-servant? From what a majestic archtype in his own generous soul must the poet have worked to have brought forth a figure of such coherent individuality, such awful beauty, such a penetrating sense of the underlying realities of life, in an age when the virtues proper to women were mostly the invention of men! “Wouldst thou aught more of me than merely death?” What a fine contempt of the accidents of being speaks in these words of Antigone! As we read, the maiden such as Pheidias might have shaped her had Sophocles stood over him, rises between us and the page. The whole of the succeeding dialogue between Antigone and the tyrant Creon falls, stroke on stroke, like the clash of swords at fence. The woman seems to rise to more than mortal height in the unequal contest: she is sublime, almost terrible, in her fearlessness; we are awed, we shrink before her in her unconquerable pride of duty; and then we seem to see the statue quiver, the stony aspect flush with life, the image that appeared so obdurate melt like a glacier in the springtide. A word has done it, revealing the source of her strength. “An enemy is hated even in death,” says Creon. “Love and not hate is that whereof I know.” That is Antigone. Again Creon: “Down, then, to death; and if thou need’st must love, adore the dead.” And she accepted the fiat. Not Dante, not Shakespeare’s self, has ever given us a more affecting picture, or revealed in so overpowering a flash the living fountain of woman’s strength.

This creature, who is so real to us who behold her

over a chasm of two thousand years—so individual, bearing as she does through all her nobleness the marks of the accidents of her doomed life—is nevertheless a type of essential womanhood. It is no “lesser man” that we have before us, no sexless being; but a creature whom Nature has fashioned tenderly for tender uses. Yes, we will trust our cause, all causes, to the poets, the *Seers*; for, of all human witness, theirs alone is true. Philosophies are for a day, their systems fail, succeed and demolish each other; but the words of the great poet are monumental, shaped and welded into enduring beauty; and of all that we possess, this element of poetry, where-soever found, is the only thing of which ultimate time approves the truth.

How instructive is the whole of that fifth book of the “Republic” which treats of the “Education of Women!”—what a light it lets in on the history and tendency of Greek thought! It is the masculine spirit working alone that we trace in this portion of the wonderful Utopia—the Babel Tower whose malarious ruins are still to be found in Constantinople and elsewhere under the rule of the Turk. Was ever an outrage so callous perpetrated upon the human affections as that advocated in this book of the divine Plato? What, this dialectician who has exhausted himself in the commendation of justice, will wrench from the physically weaker half of humankind the God-entrusted lives which have been nourished by their own, and make common property of that beside which there is no possession on earth which can be said to be real or personal? When I read and mark these things,

I turn from the wisdom of Greece ; it has become to me foolishness. I turn from the Acropolis, where stands the golden Parthenon, trembling as of its own beauty upon the palpitating ether ; I look away from it, and the system which, within it and around, has reached its fullest expansion. I seek a wisdom higher and more fruitful than the unmated Reason : the wisdom that is justified of her children. I aspire to equal justice, I look for unbounded liberty. Not justice for a class, which, called by its proper name, is privilege ; not freedom alone for the strong, which in some of its relations is tyranny ; but freedom and justice founded as a Pyramid—still better, like the everlasting hills, on the broad bases of universal humanity. Yes, moved by such thoughts, I turn my back upon that fairest of temples ever made with hands, and I see in face of it, on Mars' Hill, a man, in whose eyes, blinded by the light which met him on the way to Damascus, all its monuments, all its pride, are as nothing. My soul reaches out from the circle of art and policy in which it has for a while been so serenely dwelling, as from a shell that has become too narrow, and I welcome this voice with a new feeling, with the joy wherewith we hail the dawn. It was but a glimmer of the coming day, imperceptible in the luminous Attic night ; but the power of the Immutable was behind it. I seem to hear the travel-soiled stranger, with his only partial command of the sensitive Attic tongue, his fiery zeal, his love for men and his belief in his power to serve them. What is the artistic side of Athenian life to him ? The only monument which claims his regard, is

the Altar to the Unknown God. In his desire to be "all things to all men, in order that he may save some," he seizes upon this, and makes it the text of his persuasive discourse, the pretext for the delivery of his message. Here, then, for the first time the mighty bronze image of the Zeus-born Athene—costly with labour, priceless with genius—was confronted with the herald of Jesus of Nazareth, a name around which the love and faith of unlettered disciples had already woven the pregnant myth, if no more than myth it be, which was to supplant that other.

The woman, issue of the brain of man, had done her best for the world; it remains to be seen—it even yet remains to see—what can be compassed by the man, born of the heart of woman.

*Note taken from a letter in reply to one from the late
Mark Pattison.*

"I am not conscious of having so much as thought of St. Paul personally in regard to his attitude towards women; I looked upon him only as giving the first note of the new order of ideas to the Grecian world. But I believe that even had I taken him as the typical exponent of the new ideas, I might equally have maintained my position. His utterances on matters of detail were those of a man of his day, but the presence of that spirit which I presume Goethe means when he talks of the 'ewige Weibliche' is as manifest in the writings of St. Paul

almost as in the teaching of Christ Himself. I take that spirit to be *love* as opposed to mere *knowledge*, and look upon Wisdom as the product of their harmonious union. In this connection see the thirteenth chapter of 1 Corinthians; but, indeed, if that chapter had no existence, the passionate intensity of feeling, the warm glow coming unimproved from the human heart throughout the writings of Paul would suffice to me. Of all that is purest in this emotion, of all that is distinctively human in the relation even of the sexes, *mother-love* is the primal source. That this was recognized by Christianity, the early multiplication of Madonnas and Infant Christs in pictures and statues, would alone go far to prove. But unreasoning womanhood seems to have felt its part in the new order from the first. Witness the earnestness and readiness of the female followers of Christ, and the frequent mention in the Epistles of the 'honourable women not a few,' who were among the most helpful of the disciples of Paul. I am sensible that my remarks on Plato may appear crude and one-sided, not to say impertinent and indigest; but I suffer them to go forth as they are, because a seeming paradox will sometimes stir attention, where a fully stated case might fail to do so. The lion has so long been the painter, that he is apt too wholly to ignore the aspect which his favourite subject may take from the point of view of the lioness. If the latter will sometimes tell the truth, and tell, not what she thinks she ought to see, but of what she really sees, many an intellectual picture which has hitherto satisfied the sense of mankind, may be found to be somewhat out of focus.

We modern Gentiles,—‘heirs of all the ages,’—are in our feeling of the sacredness of the family, the inheritors of the Hebrews : a people owning a deeper human consciousness than that which pertained to the subtle and keen-witted Greek. The Attic love of beauty and sympathy with all that is gracious in life stirs me in every fibre of soul and sense, and yet leaves me plenty of scorn for the shallow, diletante Hellenism which would set up again the fossil remains, the mere empty shells, of ideas which, so far as they were vital, have all ‘suffered a sea-change,’ and passed into the things ‘new and strange’ of our many-sided modern existence.”

FLYING LEAVES.

FROM THE WEST.

LEAF I.

WEDNESDAY, September 17th, we sight the shores of the New World through our cabin window ; rise early, come on deck, and watch the various features, as we steam through the Narrows into the magnificent Bay of New York. The hotel—in form of an elephant, with an observatory in the howdah—is an object of general interest, and is certainly curious as a joke on an enormous scale. The aspect of the shores along which we pass, more especially of Staten Island, with its villas and fine country houses whose privacy is now invaded by cafés, is very picturesque in the sunshine of this September morning. We are glad in the prospect before us, but close the eleven days' voyage, which in spite of continual head winds we have enjoyed, with some regret.

“ So dearly I have loved the sea,
So oft its genial flood
Has cooled my heart, I feel that we
Are to each other good.”

Then there is the sundering of the chance acquaintanceships which proximity for a time has made close. The seats at table opposite our own had been occupied by a husband and wife, Americans, whom it was pleasant

to contemplate from many points of view. The handsome face, steep head, and tall figure, with its lengthy proportions of the man, were full of character, and racy of the soil which had given them birth. Straight brows, large, clear-sighted tolerant eyes, strongly marked nose, and lips that wore a smile that dispensed them from speech, the impression he made was one of quiet power and undoubting self-reliance. His little wife, bright of hue, with red-gold hair, played about his sedate mass like lambent flame, and in all things lighter and more external in life, had certainly her will of him. Plump and dimpled, with small, candid, light blue eyes, it was amusing to see her laying down the law with rosy finger laid upon his bony hand. Her speaking voice was so rich and juicy, that it supported the slight nasal intonation without loss of charm, and her singing voice, heard above those of the crew in the Sunday evening service, had the power to bring tears to other eyes, while hers were dry, and she herself apparently unmoved. Withal, there was a delightful sense of young motherliness about her, and before the voyage was over we had quite well got to know the two babes at home who were the delight and pride of her heart. I speak of her in the past tense, because before we left Staten Island, we had parted from her. A gay tender had come alongside the *Bothnia*; the husband and wife got out their glasses, and a light—a ray of the sun that lights the world—came into their eyes as they saw a little daintily dressed figure alternately kissing and clapping its hands, and recognized their little three-year-old daughter, brought by some considerate

kindness to give them welcome, and lift them in the gay tender, out of all the final worry and delay of the landing. This sudden flash of home love in this strange land so took me by surprise, that I could hardly have been more moved for the moment had the child been my own. It was "the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin."

Our attention is much invited to Brooklyn Bridge, and we are duly reminded of its vast scale. The Custom House is reached at last, but we are then only at the beginning of our troubles. The hours we have to wait before our turn arrives for the over-hauling of our trunks seem endless; but the sense of methodical arrangement in part relieves our sufferings from heat, impatience, and fatigue. We talk a little with some fellow sufferers, and are at last sustained and practically helped by our *vis-à-vis* at table, who has come to look after his own effects, and remains to help us with ours. He gives us the elaborate card of his house of business, on which "grocer" is inscribed in large characters beneath his name, and does not quit us until he has secured, and put us safely with all our belongings into, a cab. His quiet helpfulness and mastery of the situation are such that we feel like children when his presence is withdrawn.

What a radiant sun is this that shines upon us, and how pleasant is the feeling of mingled newness and familiarity! I think I should know myself in New York had I been wafted to the spot on a magic carpet, while the sense of novelty is such as I have scarcely experienced since first I made acquaintance with Belgium and Germany long

years ago, and felt the thrill of an unknown delight in everything, from the Antwerp chimes and Rhenish castles, to the peasants' bonnets and the hotel teacups.

As the impression of the elevated railways, stalking on their iron pillars along the streets, and looking intrusively into the second-floor windows; the light glancing vehicles with the trotting horses; the rich abundance of fine fruits; the eagerly busy, well-to-do crowd; the black faces of the already Americanized freemen who were lately slaves; the great length of the streets; the vast proportions and opulent look of the stores, hotels, cafés, and private houses,—as all these details and many more make themselves felt, a feeling came over me as of having suddenly been projected into the twentieth century.

The one thing of material appliance in what the New Yorkers have suffered themselves to be outstripped by our ancient and venerable London, is in the paving of the streets. It is for many a year now, that our wheels at home have taken to rolling with the celerity, almost with the noiselessness of billiard balls; and the jolting and strain and crash of the iron upon the big paving-stones was a final trial, coming upon the prolonged encounter of the Custom House, that my strength very nearly succumbed under. The five miles of street without a turn which had to be thus rattled over appeared fifty.

The Windsor Hotel, at which we drew up at length, is a brilliant sample of the development to which the inn has attained in America. The hall, which is more

thronged and no more respected than the street, might harbour a fair-sized house.

It was past three o'clock before we had a little refreshed our toilets, and were able to get the lunch much needed after our early breakfast. Soup, fish, oysters in every shape, cutlets, salmi, ragoûts ; it was a dainty and varied meal when attained, and duly appreciated after the rough fare of the *Bothnia*. Better than all these culinary triumphs, there was fruit of admirable quality, sweet and juicy by favour of the sun. The dear A——'s, whom we had joyfully recognized on board, appeared at the same table with us, Mrs. A——, as much a picture as ever, having got herself up with an energy worthy of a genuine Yankee. Speaking of that, the appearance presented at landing under all the difficulties of the position, showed the tenseness to which these fair Americans can upon occasion screw up their powers. Dresses, cloaks, hats, boots and gloves, which mostly had seemed good enough before, were all now changed for something better. Men, too, took part in this transformation scene, appearing in tall hats and coats of correctest city fashion. However persistent had been their sufferings by the way, there was no sign of any one having suffered a sea change. Though the Atlantic had in no sense maltreated me, so unprepared was I for such a final effort, that but for a certain faith in republican principles, I should have doubted of being allowed admittance to that Palatial hotel.

I have been writing letters and trying to rest while E—— went out to reconnoitre, later on taking a turn

with him down Fifth Avenue. Everywhere is observable the same look of material prosperity, to which, two shady looking ne'er-do-well figures, furtively flitting from corner to corner of the streets we past, always in whispered consultation, offered a point of contrast.

Spent an hour or so of the evening in the drawing-room, greatly amused with watching the over-dressed ladies and children, who appeared to find in the public rooms of the hotel an entirely satisfactory theatre for the display of their foreign adornments and graces. One lady, throned in a conspicuous corner, her silken robes and elegant wraps gathered regally around her as she conversed with great animation with an elderly gentleman, who listened with bowed head, was the object of our especial interest. Her gestures, general air, and apparently her style of conversation, were reproductions of marked ability formed upon the Parisian pattern. The movements of her hands and person were so continuous, well-studied, and suggestive, that she produced all the effect of an accomplished actress, performing her part in one of the elegant *Proverbes* of Alfred de Musset. One was sure that her brief sentences, giving place to the briefer responses of her interlocutor, were full of American subtlety, superadded to French *esprit*. As we sat watching her, the point of the whole little dialogue might be seen to culminate when she tore up into some score of pieces a paper or letter with which her jewelled fingers had all along been trifling, laid the fragments in the palm of the gentleman, and with a rapid side look and sign to a companion, who, seated a little in the rear,

had occasionally fulfilled the part of chorus, relapsed into her cushions with the satisfied air of one who has conducted a brilliant palaver to its dramatic crisis. At this signal the lady in the rear promptly arose, and applying her hand to the throne-like chair, which we now saw was mounted upon wheels, with no apparent effort rolled the fluent occupant, in her graceful re-arrangement of silks and laces, and bending her slight adieux to the right and left, from the scene she had filled with so much *éclat*. The whole little commedietta had occupied about a quarter of an hour.

The richly decorated drawing-room of this hotel is wholly devoid of furniture other than the chairs, sofas, and consoles; not a table whereon to lay a book or a piece of work, if such things could be seen to exist. One cannot but feel surprised at the contented idleness of these highly wrought, nervous women, so replete, as one imagines them, with latent power. I conclude that in these spells of inaction they conserve their energy for grand occasions; "recuperate," as they themselves might say.

Beauty strikes us as so common a property of the American woman in her youth that it almost ceases to be a distinction. It is beauty, too, of a delicate type, with features indicating what we take to be "breeding." Unless these fair subjects of the States owe more than would appear to their milliners, the gift is very lavishly bestowed throughout the entire person. The American woman is thus a beautifully finished creation; clear-cut features, slender proportions, delicate hands, and narrow,

arched feet, with heels and ankles fine-drawn as those of a racer. But it must be conceded that she is more beautiful in line than in colour, that not only is she wanting in firmness and high condition, but that an inventory of her perfections would give a more adequate idea of them than would be the case with those of some of the older peoples, whose charms, if less incontestible, are of more magical effect. Then, as is too well known, the fair American has at best but a short lease of her beauty, some hidden canker seeming to wither it before time has been for full maturity.

It is a constantly recurring puzzle how, according to any external indication, to place the American citizen in the social scale, for the claim that all American citizens are equal it is impossible to entertain in the face of patent facts, the steps in the social ladder, though rapidly gained, and as rapidly lost, being for the time of their possession as jealously guarded a distinction as in avowedly aristocratic countries. But how to determine social status in the case of chance encounters? It is the accent which makes the difficulty; not merely that part of it which we know as American, but the substratum not peculiar to this great off-shoot of the Anglo-Saxon race; not the nasal intonation, venerable as the heirloom of the Pilgrim Fathers, but the twang common to uncultivated English wherever found. The incongruity of such sounds issuing from the lips of these delicately clothed beings—I speak more especially of the gentler sex, whose thin voices seem less able to support the stress—is a thing not to be overcome; it greets you at

every outbreak with fresh surprise. It would seem that the very basis of æsthetic culture has yet to be laid, where the common speech is controlled by no law, where the vowel sounds are all jumbled together, where the consonants are usually dropped out of the account, and where the very voice itself is smuggled out all flattened or, maybe, cracked, as if it were a contraband article. The peculiar cadence, the sing of the voice, not always devoid of a certain sweetness, may justly be called American, and as such assert a provincial right to be; but the illicit manner of its production can substantiate no claim. There is but one legitimate way of producing the human voice—a way common to all cultivated people, whether the language spoken be English, French, German, Russ, Chinese, Hindoo, or any other.

Our American cousins and all that pertains to them have long been so deeply interesting, so speculated upon, and so be-written, that of them or their dwelling-place it would seem impossible at this time of day to say anything that is not trite. Once for all, then, be it understood that in the notes I shall take in passing I am innocent of all hope of adding to the stock of human knowledge. An American writer, Miss Jackson, author of "Ramona," has likened herself, while conducting observations under similar circumstances, to a street Arab watching a procession from a lamppost. Almost as little science as such a vagrant might be supposed to possess, can I lay claim to with regard to much that will pass before my eyes; but in both cases it

is possible that conscious ignorance may stimulate curiosity, and that the little incidents of the scene which are probably all that could now be new to any one, may reveal themselves more clearly to one so little encumbered with useful knowledge.

We are full of admiration for the splendid organization and the manifold appliances of practical convenience that are observable on all sides. The economy of human labour is a necessity, a natural corrolary of democratic institutions. In this hotel the waiters are white, but the negroes we see abroad, servants, and more particularly coachmen, are far removed in aspect from the thick-lipped, flat-nosed race I had expected to meet. Their noses have mostly got, or are on their way to get bridges; and a bridge to a nose, like a high road in a new country, is an element of progress. One or two I have seen, as black almost as sloes, and with wool upon the head as dense as that of a sheep, who had this feature in a quite advanced state of development; and a young girl in a graceful hat and feathers was an accomplished American beauty, looked at through a sable veil; but this last was, I confess, an exception. What is this alchemy of climate or conditions which so acts upon the human subject?

September 18th.—The New York fruits have more sun in them, and therefore more sweetness and savour than those at home. We begin breakfast with half a cantaloupe, a species of melon, and are supplied with a spoon, by aid of which we scoop out portions, speedily turning the divided fruit into a bowl half filled with its

own saccharine juice. The *cuisine* at the Windsor fully substantiates its promise, and is all the more appreciated after the coarse fare on which we had the mortification of wasting appetites, to which the ocean breezes had given an unwonted edge.

Driving in the afternoon of this day to Central Park, we found it not central at all at present, and chiefly remarkable for its great extent as an open space in what will one day be the heart of a city. Met a good many young bachelors driving their young ladies in buggies, and derived a further sense of novelty from various flowering plants and shrubs not grown out of doors at home. Later we took an omnibus, and drove down Broadway to Madison Square, where we alighted, and looked into the gorgeous Hotel Hoffmann, all overlaid with costly device, the walls and roof of the hall, or vestibule, a simulacrum of platina, with coppery gleams. Some pictures, very pretentious, hard and poor, in the smoking-room.

On the 19th we started by rail for Saratoga, leaving with regret the kind A——'s to settle themselves in their new environment. The train taking the right bank of the Hudson, gave us many interesting pictures, but nothing which, after all we had heard of it, was startlingly fine. The leaves of the sumach and smaller maples now beginning to turn, give us a foretaste of the good things to come. Beds of wild flowers grow in places by the side of the line as thick and close as those in the Alps. But more than all else striking and comforting, is the look of ease and abundance, of room and to spare to

breathe, and to be in ; hardly a cottage on the river banks that might not be called a villa, and all seemingly well kept and home-like. The drawing-room car we found so convenient in all respects, that the fatigue of this journey was as nothing, though starting about three in the afternoon ; it was past eight before we reached Saratoga Springs.

The United States Hotel, where we put up, is so monstrous a construction that I took the quadrangle in the midst for the public square and the buildings surrounding it for the town. On passing into the hall we were confronted with an array of negro waiters, all lounging lazily on a long bench. Although the noses of these Africans were clearly rising, the rest of their persons were far from having undergone such modifications as were perceptible in those we had seen in New York. They were oddly sorted as to size—here a giant, and there a pigmy ; but all had the same reluctant, shambling gait, with the same splashy sounding fall of the flat, splay feet, the same air of groaning under the slightest burthen, and being repelled at the least obstacle. Their air is not joyous, as I had expected ; but as the little train of strangers passing through the hall demands their service, they exchange glances among each other, the flash of the white eyeball accompanied with something of grimace, when they pull themselves together and lead us forward to our respective chambers, with a grotesque sort of swagger, as if conscious and proud of their broad-cloth and abundant shirt fronts. But I am forgetting that the hour was late, the season far advanced, and that if

we were fresh after our easy journey, and feeling alert among new surroundings, these poor fellows were probably neither, and having possibly passed through a long and busy season, were naturally inclined to resent the appearance of new-comers at a time when it was supposed to be closed.

Having supped, we found our way into the big drawing-room, in which, as it was late in September, only some score of belated invalids were lounging on the blue satin sofas, or bobbing at each other like China mandarins as they chatted and swung to and fro upon their rocking-chairs. There was music in the vestibule without, but there rested upon the scene something of the weight and dullness which marks the end of all things.

Saturday, the 20th, we leave Saratoga by rail, having first walked through the principal street, to which the large elms bordering it on either side give character, and visit the beautiful gardens where the gay world drinks the waters and disports itself. Many plants flourish here in the open air that will not so grow with us; but that may possibly not be the case with a beautiful hydrangea that I noticed in Central Park and here again.

The scenery in this day's journey is by no means remarkable, the trees not having yet taken on the colours of the "fall"; but the same well-to-do look is observable in towns, villages, and country houses, chiefly timber-built. The staple crop is Indian corn, the harvest of which, mostly reaped if not gathered in, reveals an undergrowth of great orange-coloured pumpkins, or squash, as I believe it is called.

There being no Pullman car at this hour on this line, we look democracy for the first time in the face; and whatever may be its merits, they are hardly of a nature to provoke love at first sight. Unwashed, unchanged, and unkempt men and boys—the latter of preternatural gravity—sprawl upon the seats in ingenious variety of attitude, with dirty boots and perhaps more dangerously dirty heads, upon the Utrecht velvet. There is none of the instinctive chivalry with which an English workman will recognize the presence of a lady, and yield to delicate nurture what it may be too truly gentle to claim for itself.

We take the steamboat on Lake Champlain—a vast peripatetic hotel, furnished with every convenience and even luxury. The views are at many points beautiful, but the lake, as a whole, can hardly compare with the finest to be seen in Europe. It is immeasurably less striking than Lucerne or Thun, and less appealing to the imagination than the lonely Scottish tarns, with their mysterious veilings and unveilings. But I fancy we do not see Lake Champlain at its best. These natural beauties have their days, and this one is not only somewhat unfavourable, but draws to an end some hours before we disembark, which we do in the dark at St. Albans, and go stumbling along with our hand-baggage, finding, and occasionally losing, our doubtful way to the railway station, from which we are shortly to start for Montreal. We feel with our feet rather than see that there are rails running close beside our path; and I experience a moment very nearly of panic when I hear

the rush of a train, and something of a shudder when I see it sweep round in a noble curve and cross the track upon which, in another second, it would have overtaken us. I never before so fully realized how cheap the individual life may be held.

LEAF II.

WE reach Montreal at eleven at night, and feel ourselves as much *de trop* in the hotel—a very fine one, and again the “Windsor”—as is inevitable with all hungry travellers who arrive when the waiters are weary.

Sunday, 21st.—Just returned from a drive in this light, invigorating air to the royal mount which gives its name to the city, having first made the round of the town, and seen the place at which the Congress was lately held. The panoramic view from the height is superb, and the town handsome and cheerful enough; but I find it difficult to do justice to strange cities, long lines of indistinguishable human dwellings being so little to my taste. Most things in the States are valued according to price. Our driver to-day amused me by judging everything by weight. Foxhounds he desired to disparage, weighed but so many pounds; a horse to be commended, so much; a Frenchman who with two successive wives had distinguished himself by being the father of twenty-two children, and who, our informant declared, was “as fine a Frenchman as ever stepped,” weighed two hundred.

Monday, 22nd.—A trip by rail to the St. Lawrence

river, where we take the boat for the rapids. Truly a mighty stream, and the entrance to the rapids between the wooded islands is magnificently picturesque; but the rapids themselves are less sensational than we had expected—possibly because the great Atlantic waves are too freshly remembered.

Our journey thus far has been an unbroken success. As our time is restricted, and we have great plans in our heads which we hope to execute after the visit to Wisconsin which is the main object of our trip, we cannot afford to linger long in Canada. I re-arrange our travelling effects, as we shall not again see our big boxes before we join them at Chicago, and feel that I reap the benefit of the organization which cost me so much in thought and strength at New York. We leave Montreal this evening.

Ottawa, September 22nd.—We have had a pleasant journey in a Pullman car, which is effectively a first class, although one may not call it so; at least, when in the States. A most beautiful effect of luminous after-glow seen on the Ontario river just at the spot which is said to have inspired Moore's Canadian boat-song, "Row, brothers, row."

At the station at Ottawa we, the passengers about to alight, are assailed by a strange chaunt, all the touters for the different hotels who are there with their respective omnibuses singing out their names in chorus. The house we have been advised to choose as the best in the place is very rough. We walk out in the semi-obscurity of the ill-lighted, ill-paved streets, and the Rideau Canal, its

banks encumbered with timber, looks dark and dangerous as seen from the bridge.

The following morning we drive to Rideau House, and E—— delivers a letter from the Foreign Office. All in confusion ; no room even ready for the reception of accredited strangers. I fear it is true that we English are niggards of courtesy. Call on Miss D——, and are introduced by her to her pretty and gifted friend, Mrs. H——, and her very agreeable husband ; the lady evidently fretting at the narrow field in which the talents she is happily young enough to place unmeasured confidence in are confined. The husband and wife kindly conducted us to the government buildings, which crown a magnificent site overlooking the river, and are of imposing effect. The style is Italian gothic, and the mixture of the cool, cream-coloured sandstone of the body of the structures and the red sandstone, which gives touches of rose to the arches of the doors and windows, takes the rawness from their newness and is very contenting to the eye. The nucleus of a public picture gallery, established by the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise, is of very feeble promise, although a portrait of Miss Montalba, painted by the latter, is remarkable as the work of an amateur. A canvas, presented by these ex-governors, which covers a considerable space of the wall, would certainly have afforded more enlightenment to public taste had it helped to feed a bonfire.

The air of Ottawa is still impregnated as with the two genial presences of Lord and Lady Dufferin. Their reign is remembered as a sort of golden age of good

rule and gracious amenity. In passing through this portion of our Greater Britain, seeing the riches of its soil, feeling the pure breath of its high heaven, and noting the strong manhood that is born of them, I could not but reflect how fruitful a field for the advancement of human interests had been left unworked by one whose position would have given facility to her efforts. It bodes ill for the continuance of monarchical institutions when the members of royal houses forget the conditions on which alone it is permitted to occupy high place. "He who would be the greatest of all must be servant of all." It has never been for purposes of self-pleasing that men have been lifted above their fellows. The great ones of the earth when other than ghostly shadows are heavily burthened with duties, but they get glorious help in the performance of such by the grace of their estate. What would not some of us, who are doomed to beat the air in our endeavours to spread a little light, give for the purchasing power of a smile or a persuasive word which, stamped by royal lips, have become as current coin.

The Marquis of Lorne, coming as he did when all hearts were sore for the loss of Lord Dufferin, has yet left grateful recollections behind him. The advent of the Princess Louise was hailed as an era in the history of the loyal Dominion; but a little rift which opened early was suffered to grow wider until it ended in mutual indifference. The Canadian ladies, in rendering homage to the representative of the Queen, were not accustomed to bare their shoulders in broad daylight to the keen

tooth of their native air. The Princess insisted both by precept and example; and old or young, well or ill-conditioned, declined to see the faces of the ladies without their shoulders. The proud spirit of the Canadian dames, more especially of the old French families, was roused; and the Princess, in her intermittent appearances upon the scene, presided over drawing-rooms which were very meagrely attended.

We leave Ottawa on the afternoon of this well-filled morning for Brockville, where the hotel, if smaller, has somewhat more of the appliance of civilization than that at Ottawa. We are amused at our table companion, a heavy, powerful Canadian, a strange mixture of shrewd good sense and simplicity, who, while showing a great deal of clumsy homage to the strange lady, addressed me from time to time in the heat of conversation as "my dear woman."

The weather very warm both day and night.

September 24th.—We wait four mortal hours on the quay for the boat which is to take us to Toronto, and, almost wearied out, are on the point of returning to the hotel for lunch when it is announced.

The steamer on which we at length embark is far from being so fine a one as that on which we traversed Lake Champlain, and is, moreover, horribly dirty. The passage through the Thousand Islands of the river St. Lawrence, is the loveliest thing we have yet seen, and the warm wind, though very high, allows of our remaining on deck, and, taking its balmy passage through and through the system, has effectually blown away my cold. One could

have floated in high content among these fairy isles, studding like jewels the broad bosom of this noble river, had it not been needful to renew the waste of life with food; but the eating of the unpalatable and manifestly unclean messes was an operation of such acute suffering, that I really felt it might almost have called for chloroform. Had not another will reinforced my own I should have chosen starvation in preference. We passed a tolerable night in the close quarters of an exceedingly small cabin, and are surprised at the amount of motion on Lake Ontario which we have now reached. We have left beauty behind us with the river, and conclude that a big lake, being a little sea, is at all times uninteresting and occasionally disagreeable; the little sea having little waves, and often a very short temper.

We reach Toronto at six o'clock of the evening of the 25th, instead of at ten in the forenoon, and are heartily glad to be quit of the unsavoury, ill-kept *Corinthian*. We are delighted with the aspect of Toronto, a busy thriving city into which the neighbouring country seems to have taken a walk, the streets being lined with long processions of tall, flourishing trees in full leafage. At our hotel, the Queen's, which leaves nothing to be desired on the score of comfort and cleanliness, we are able to recruit a little. We walk about and view the streets after dinner, and the following day drive through a pleasant park, rejoicing in delicious sunshine, to the University Buildings, which we take to be a truly admirable adaptation of the Norman style to modern uses. I speak with the utmost diffidence of lay opinion concern-

ing architecture, albeit it is an art which disputes with music the power of impressing me emotionally. What is certain is that the lines of this edifice are picturesquely varied, the details very rich in thought and carefully worked out, everything about it sound and true, and that the total effect was felt by us to be delightful. After spending some time in the interior, E—— was wrought up to such a pitch of enthusiasm that nothing would do but he must knock at the door of the manager or principal, and discharge himself of some of the overplus of feeling. We found a very intelligent Scotchman, to whom we expressed the pleasure we had been thankfully enjoying, and who received the tribute with apparent satisfaction. He told us that the design had been the work of an Irish-American ; that it had been a labour of love we needed no assurance, there being nothing stereotyped or perfunctory anywhere about it, but all heaped full of happy impulse and joy in creation.

In the afternoon we take the boat for Niagara, a short passage of about three hours over Lake Ontario ; walk up and down the platform and enjoy the pleasant view on the Lake at Youngtown, at the commencement of the Niagara river, and await the train which is to carry us on. We reach Niagara village, where we alight from the train, and I sit at the station and watch a glowing sunset, while E—— seeks out the old Swiss whose hotel had been specially commended to us, but where we are in doubt of being received since we hear that he is ill. E—— returns with the report that the old man is lying sick unto death, and in consequence we hire a carriage and

drive with our baggage to Clifton House, a change of destination which procures for us during the two days and three nights of our stay, the sight and sound of the Falls at the very best point.

We are greatly excited when, after watching the dying out of the rich clear light in the west, we hear the soft thunder of that voice, and see the silvery flash and gleam of the vast cataract descending in the twilight. It was doubly delightful to come upon it so unexpectedly; the mind had had no time to assume an attitude, but all was fresh, natural, and spontaneous. A little while later, and the purveyors for the public pleasure, which was to translate itself into personal profit, had not feared to play tricks with the mighty force, to illuminate a portion of it, the American portion, with electric light, and to bedizen it with colour. But it was impressive through all; it would take even more than that wholly to vulgarize the Falls of Niagara.

September 27th.—I awake at the call, the soft thunderous music of the Falls, and, half ashamed of what I am about, pass the time between waking and getting up in framing an answer in sonnet form. Neither of us certainly has shared the common feeling of disappointment at the first meeting with this wonder of nature, although merely as a wonder it is perhaps easy to imagine that it could be something more. Figures and bold description will prepare the mind for anything in the matter of height and size; but the great cataract, as seen on this September morning, is so crowned with beauty, that one falls wholly subdued before it. The shock we feel when

we see that this Hercules of falling waters has been set to work by an Omphale, and is patiently turning a paper mill before taking its awful plunge, is at first painful; but I at least am an epicure in enjoyment, and refuse to yield the delight that is left, in storming after that which has been taken away.

In all the pictorial representations I have seen of Niagara, the object aimed at has apparently been to justify the figures. The artists have been crushed beneath the weight of the hundred million tons of water said to pass over the rock in the course of an hour, and have given no notion of the grace and apparent ease with which this task for a Titan has been achieved. All the surroundings, if we except the paper mill, the horrible little railways, and the "elevators" which take you up and put you down in places where you never need to be, are of the tenderest sylvan beauty. It was with considerable reluctance that I left my point of observation at the hotel, where there are broad balconies and comfortable rocking-chairs, to drive about in a distracting manner to neighbouring rapids and other objects of secondary interest. The whirlpool where poor Captain Webb had the life beaten out of him, appeared a puny power in comparison with the great cataract, but the surrounding scenery is wild and beautiful. The descent to the rapids in the elevator railway and the subsequent return is a curious sensation. We had made the arrangement that for nine dollars (proved to be a gross but not uncommon imposition) all charges were to be included with the carriage, on hearing which

statement, the juvenile Yankee, whose privilege it is to conduct the steps of strangers along a path which no one could mistake, indignantly planted himself.

"I guess you'll have to find your road alone," he said ; "I'm darned if I give my work for nothing." And we took our way, amused at hearing this futile service dignified by the name of labour.

From the observatory overtopping the museum one looks down upon the mass of water, churned to a snow-white foam, seething and boiling in the turbulent unrest of ages, of what are called the Canadian Falls. No tree or shrub, no crag of dark rock, no hint of a definite unchanging line, or note of colour, occurs to break the uniform pallor, as the vast mass of the united lakes leaps from rapid to rapid to its last mad plunge over the horse-shoe shaped height, and a part of it ascending in a vapoury mist, hovers as a white cloud, a departing ghost, over the wan, fiercely struggling waters.

In our further drive to the Burning Springs, we see what our coachman, and others engaged in stoning it, inform us is a rattle-snake. It is a dusk, wicked-looking creature of from three to four feet in length ; but it had not made itself, and we are glad its sufferings are over, as, driving over its dead body, we pursue our course.

In the afternoon, E—— returns from the American side, in raptures at the varied beauty of the falls as seen from thence, and declares it impossible that we should leave without my having seen what he has seen. That night, however, from one of those checks to which the

poor human instrument is liable from time to time, all the harmony of creation is for me disturbed. The falls look sickly in their unearthly pallor ; their voice sounds importunate. I should be glad to get away from them, but am too ill to travel. It is well, for E—— is bent on waiting until I can visit the American side. This we do together on the 29th, and although I am still weak, having eaten nothing (there is no provision at Clifton House for the sick), I am able to enjoy the truly magnificent spectacle from many points. The side view of the falls from Luna Island, so called from the effects of Luna rainbow got from it, surpasses all. The torrent here flings itself full-breasted over the precipice, and as we watch it, descends, a sea of diamonds, into the arms of a rainbow, not now a lunar, but a solar one, a triumphal arch of light and colour. It was curious to feel one's self in safety so near this vast and deadly power ; but about Niagara there is a syren beauty which charms away all sense of terror. On the fallen trunk of a tree which served us for a bench, we sat some time in the last of the Three Sister Islands. Before, all around us, were the rapids ; they were hurrying, almost leaping upon us as we sat there. The barked, limbless trunk of a tree cut the sight of them in two ; to the left the waves were beating upon the wreck of a raft. The elements of the scene were in themselves anything but peaceful, and yet a strange peace seemed to fall upon us as we looked. Was it that the final catastrophe was so near at hand ? I could not but think that these rapids, so fresh to the sense, so musically fresh to the ear,

carrying forward the thought to the final plunge, would offer a great temptation to one who was weary of life.

At 1.30, we started by train for Chicago, sleeping, not too uncomfortably, in the train. An old man, who appeared to be a power on the line, entertained us with characteristic, somewhat boastful eloquence, and shocked us not a little with his detestable habits.

Arrived at Chicago on the 30th. A city laid out on a Brobdignagian scale, still in course of erection. Several public buildings of vast proportion, some, notably the new Court House, of great beauty. The last named struck us even as a work of genius; all that is most energetic, all that is best, in the struggling life of this great trade centre, having found expression in it. This city is really a marvel; but it is one that lies heavy on the heart; in any case, it does so on mine.

The signs of a material prosperity so disproportioned to any higher need or use to which it could be applied, are overwhelming to the spirit. The hotels, the warehouses, the retail stores, are many of them vast palaces. In one shop, that of Marshall and Field in Washington and State Streets, there are fifteen hundred employés, and we were agreeably surprised at finding ourselves attended to with some civility; for in Chicago democracy is rampant. The girls in a toy shop at which we made some purchases tossed their heads or lent a deaf ear to our demands, and spurned us from counter to counter in pursuit of what we wanted, snatched our money, and almost threw our newly acquired possessions in our faces. We should have left the shop altogether

unserved, had not E——'s temper broken into sudden ebullition ; whereupon the little bully who had been the last to ill-use us got a shock, and became suddenly amenable. The wares in these magnificent stores are, for the most part, hideously vulgar, especially the furniture and wearing apparel ; much, on a bigger and costlier scale, such as might tempt the money out of the pockets of the thriftless, well-to-do hands in one of our own mining districts. The fancy goods in the way of wearing apparel, are showy and trumpery—heavy cotton-backed fabrics, thinly faced with satin and ornamented with tinsel, beads, bugles, and such like ; little or no fine fur for women's wear, no real lace that requires any knowledge for its appreciation. The people of Chicago, all wealthy as they are, have not yet learnt how wealth can be decently squandered. The streets and pavements are dirty and ill-kept ; the floor of the bar which belongs to every great hotel, as filthy as the street. There are naturally few flower shops, and in those the flowers are of common sorts and in bad condition. Luxury in flowers is a sure gauge of the measure of material refinement and culture of the beautiful. The whole city, and all within it, appears to belong to the proletariat. The streets, as busy as those of the city of London, are crowded with one class, the faces of the men eager in the pursuit, those of the women in the scattering, of money ; for the American woman, both at home and abroad, is the most passionate shopper in the world. Here and there may be seen a man having a dangerous look, a look somehow suggest-

ing a bowie knife not far off, and of wild experiences in the background. There is such an air of battle and struggle in this busy world, that one cannot but look upon the Chicagoites of to-day as the true heirs of the Indians who existed on the same ground but yesterday in a state of perpetual warfare. They don't take each other's scalps, it is true, having learnt how little they are worth (barren honour being of all things the one at the lowest discount); but I think it to be pretty well understood that there is nothing about a man that could be estimated by dollars which is not held by himself and his fellows to be fair game.

Few things in America as yet have interested me more than this great industrial centre; it seems so to embody the spirit actuating the Anglo-Saxon race in its present stage of progress in the West. Of course that point is one of active transition, and as yet everything strikes a casual beholder from the Old World as raw and inchoate; but none the less is the energy which has reared this giant city from the ashes of the fire which swept it from the earth only fourteen years ago, among the greatest wonders of material progress. The practical application of science is here in advance of anything we can show at home. Telephones are in constant use, and omnibus cars move along the streets without horses or any visible motive power, the cable by which they are worked being concealed in a groove below the level of the street. But perhaps of all things the confidence of this old-young people in the future is that which most impresses me. The idea of

a city with them does not seem to grow—it leaps into life.

Around Chicago there are fifty miles of boulevard, intersected by parks, twelve in one direction right on end. Fifty or sixty years ago the wigwams of the red man were all that were to show in the way of architectural display. Eleven years ago that which is now the heart of the city was sown with the cinders of the recent fire. That calamity has given rise to special precautions to secure the new edifices from its recurrence. Walls and flooring, in the case of the public buildings, are lined with earthen cubes, rough without and highly glazed within, divided into four compartments, and thus completely fire-proof.

Having walked the streets of Chicago, and peered about me with curious intent, I cannot call to mind having seen a single man or woman whose appearance unequivocally denoted a lady or gentleman: plenty of good-looking, even handsome, people, and mostly in good clothes as judged of by cost; very generally young and amazingly self-confident; people who it might be assumed, from their facial expression, were as little dependent upon human sympathy as it is possible for live men and women to be; ladies and gentlemen very probably in the making—and progress in this, as in other departments of industry, is doubtless rapid in the States—but assuredly as yet only the raw material. It does not take long to warn a person with moderately quick perceptions that in this city of amazing mechanical appliances mortal help is a thing

not to be thought of. It is altogether an outworn idea, not a Yankee notion at all, but something to be classed with spinning-wheels and pillions, the demand for which would be met with incredulous scorn. As an example of the kind of response a stranger's appeal for aid is liable to meet in the West, I will give a case which, though not our own, is perhaps more typical of what generally befell us than any one instance which I could cite.

A mild gentleman, whose speech was rendered hesitating by the haste and speed around him, addressed a street boy in State Street: "I want to go to a Hundred and Twenty-seventh Street," he said.

The boy looked sharply into his face, doubting the evidence of his ears; satisfied himself that the mild gentleman was capable of the foolish question, and retorted, "Then, why the devil don't you go?"

A certain hankering for literal truth obliges me to state that the urchin did not say "devil," as I have more mildly put it, but rapped out broadly the name of the place where that dark potentate is supposed to dwell.

We delivered only one of our letters since our stay was to be brief, and it is but fair to Chicago to say that the courteous and erudite gentleman who is the chief librarian is well satisfied with his residence. He had the good taste, while offering us kindly service, not to press upon us the sight which it is said no stranger can escape—the making namely of pigs into pork; and we quitted the city without having seen the blood of a single victim, or heard so much as a grunt or a squeal.

LEAF III.

WE left Chicago on the 1st of October, and met three of my husband's brother's sons on the platform at Milwaukee station, where we stopped awhile to change carriages. The younger came on with us. It had rained at Milwaukee; later on it began to pour. E— was uneasy about me, hearing that the vehicle which his brother John would bring to the station for us was an open one. I was distressed for John, divining how much he would bewail his want of means to do better for us. The train stopped, and we got out at the little roadside station, all in the heartless deluge. The poor fellow was in waiting with his little twelve-year-old daughter Marie, and his rough, double-bodied, country trap and pair of greys near by. Worn and white and thin as he had grown, he was speechless, even trembling with emotion. He could but shake our hands in silence, and look the welcome which his tongue refused to utter. Swathed like mummies in our many wraps and waterproofs, we ascended the buggy with some difficulty, and drove off under our umbrellas in the steady downpour over the uneven road. It was a strangely silent meeting; the mortal years since we had met, and the heavily charged sky, seemed to be

weighing upon us. The mile that we had to drive appeared interminable; and shaken and excited as John was, and his eyes a little dim with tears, I am persuaded we incurred some danger that night on the dark and rough bit of road between the station and his house. At his gate stood a muffled figure with a lantern, the figure proving to be that of the unknown wife and hostess, come with her welcome into the rain. The getting down was worse than the getting up had been; and brother John afterwards acknowledged that he had feared his horses would have started for their stable before it was safely accomplished. There was just an introduction and shaking of hands under the umbrellas, and we were off again, threading our way through the wet bushes of the garden, mounted on the little wooden path or stage which did duty for the gravel, which was riot. Once in the house, our tongues were loosed. We threw off our dripping waterproofs, and came forth dry and whole, laughing at the consternation of our hosts, and especially at John, who seemed to expect that I might have dissolved as sugar or salt. There were the children—Adèle, a lovely little girl, and Willie, a bonny boy—to be made acquaintance with, and Marie to be looked at in the light, which showed her also to be a pretty child, with that fair proportion and delicate finish of feature, which would seem to be the peculiar gift of the American soil to settlers of all nations. But in America we seemed hardly to be; this village of New Holstein—and indeed the whole district on this side Milwaukee—appearing rather a bit of the Fatherland transferred from the Old World to the New.

A sharper contrast than that afforded by this part of Wisconsin to Chicago it would be difficult to bring together—the restless ambition, passionate striving, unbounded hope, and worldly wealth of the one; the limited aspiration, patient industry, and frugality of the other. Our stay at New Holstein gave us an opportunity of seeing life from a point which to us was wholly new—life such as is led in a locality which a few years ago was the bush. This entire region was covered with unreclaimed forest when John P—— and some half-dozen others, young friends and neighbours in the Old World, came out, bought land of from a hundred to two hundred acres apiece, and began life—the hard life of settlers—in a new country. Nothing less than youth, with its strength and hope and youthful love of the new and strange, could have tided men over hardships such as these encountered in the early years. Little by little the bush had to be cleared before the work of agriculture could begin. Help was not easy to obtain, and the wages of labour so high that they would have swallowed up the profits. There was nothing for it but a hand-to-hand fight with nature. The men whose youth was spent in such rude labour bear the unmistakable signs of it in their now advancing age. All of those still living—men of from fifty-five to sixty—have pushed through in some way, none have attained wealth as the result of their life-long struggles. The wives—all German bred, mostly German born—have fared no better than their husbands, their labours, as is the case with working women, being even more incessant than those of the men; and in

addition to household toils, they have, most of them, borne many children. It is no wonder if they are prematurely aged, and if grace and physical charm have vanished before their time. These excellent souls are fully conscious of the hardship of such perpetual service; but, for all this, it is a peaceful, virtuous, and, as the world goes, a contented community; and since there is little ambition, there is little of carking care. For people with the instincts and needs, material and moral, of peasants, and nothing more, such a state of things might be found the perfection of attainable happiness; and, indeed, in the simplicity, friendliness, and homogeneousness of the little society, there is a distinct charm that must be felt by all true hearts. In a thousand ways you are made aware that the atmosphere, albeit Republican, is other than that of America, that, in effect, it is essentially German. The children learn English at the school, where all, Protestants and Catholics, are educated together; but few of the older people speak it, and German is the language of the home. German also are the large families, for those of the Americans rarely exceed two or three; German is the good housewifery, and German is that contempt of the body, of its beauty, and, in a degree of its health—all of it save the palate, which has always struck me as sorting so oddly with German sentiment and German thrift. The fare in these homely households—and notably in that of which we found ourselves members—is dainty and far more cunningly prepared than we had met with at any of the great hotels since the Windsor in New York; and this appetizing

cuisine, with its artistic *hors d'œuvres* in the shape of schnee-bälle, sandtorte, chocolate and countless other cakes, is all the production of the ever-kind and busy hostess, and is of her manifold labours the crown and pride; that, I imagine, which entitles her to chief distinction among her compeers. What with the unwonted assurance of cleanliness, and the wholesome flavour of these productions—the sweet rye bread, perfect butter, milk, and cream,—the warmth of kindness, the long nights, and almost too long days of rest, I feel myself better in health than I have been for long, and am beginning really to pick up flesh.

I have said that Republicanism is here fully at home. Never before have I seen anything so nearly approaching to the ideal of equality and fraternity. There exists but one class; the servants even, though not dining with us elders, take their meals with the children. The result, setting aside personal habits, for which there certainly exists no ideal standard, is so largely a gain, that it appears with the kindly German nature to have led rather to a general raising of the tone than to that universal levelling which is elsewhere apparent. One is never met on any side by a word or thought which can offend, while of the poorest, which are all that stand for the lowliest, the voices and manner are as gentle and self-possessed as they are kindly. It is a relief to find that there are balls, and rather frequent balls for the young people, since for the seniors, life would certainly be more tolerable without its pleasures! A drive over rough roads to a distant farm, and a visit

to its inmates of from three to four hours, broken by coffee and cakes or by supper, according as it is timed, must at best be a ponderous amusement. But when the male portion of the company sits and smokes, uttering its thoughts at intervals in the short sentences which seem proper everywhere to the bucolic mind, and when the females of their kind renew in suppressed tones, undeterred by the awkwardness of long pauses, subjects which it might be supposed had dropped to sleep, the effort to keep up an appearance of enjoyment can hardly be pronounced recreative; nor do I think it can be classed under the head of that "change of work," which is said to be "as good as a rest." It is probable that the presence of strangers may have banished subjects the most congenial and suggestive, thereby imparting an air of constraint beyond what is usual at these meetings; but in any case, many consecutive hours spent in presence by two family groups, without music, without cards, without any influx of new ideas, any keen or experimental interest in politics or the course of the world, could never be very diverting.

For reading, where the battle of life is so hard, there is of course little time, and less for women than for men. Nor, as far as I can gather, is the imagination of these estimable people, upright and self-sacrificing as they are, deeply touched on the spiritual side. They rarely visit the inside of a church, and the schools, open as has been said, to Catholics and Protestants alike, are bound to forbear all religious instruction, a deficiency which, in the majority of cases, seems not to be supplemented by the parents.

Without aspiration, without dream of God or heaven, what in seasons of loss and sorrow becomes of the sensitive German heart?

All this notwithstanding, it is interesting to see how the worn man whose body has been so hardly used by toil, and whose mind has been denied the advantages of a brisker friction with the minds of others, has developed in this simple life, and how far, as it seems to me, he has distanced in all which constitutes true worth, the light-hearted companion who made himself so pleasant and at home with us during a few weeks long years ago. All within has been clear gain, nothing loss, since that time, and I doubt if in a busier world a heart could have been maintained so fresh. Even the old gaiety is there, though it shows sometimes a little pathetic—the boyish mirth in the faded eyes, the irrepressible laughter shaking the toil-worn frame. Severed as he had been from his family for half a life, not a link from the chain of memory had fallen. For all his tenderness to those who fill his home, the place of the long-parted brother was found as warm as if affection had been constantly kept alive by contact. There is room in this good German heart—and German it shows itself by a thousand signs to those who know—for the past and present, the old and the new. Even the dear first wife, with all his loyalty to the second, has never been dislodged. It would seem that even in America, where women have learnt to assert themselves, the privilege of the German to two or more wives in succession is maintained. It is only in England that, happily for some

of us, these Teutons have occasionally been taught to do with one !

The house, a fair specimen of others of its class in the neighbourhood, is a pretty enough little homestead, standing back from the road, in a garden shaded by trees, at this time rich with the varied tints of the autumn in these parts. The garden, the care of which is a labour of love performed in the intervals of more peremptory work, is a little wild to our thinking, but still, in October, full of flowers, none the less thriving that they have struggled for their own existence. The cottage is entered by the common room, that which in English farm-houses is called the "house place." In the rear is the kitchen, and on the right the parlour. In this last there are three windows and a second door which shuts off the staircase leading to the rooms above. These are four in number, small and low, with all appliances for the toilet and the stowage of clothes of an almost unimaginable simplicity, but perfectly clean and orderly, the chamber destined to our use being decorated with flowers and leaves. All before the house is a verandah, where in such fine weather as the present, the family resort in the moments of leisure.

In the mornings, after breakfast, the brothers usually walk off together ; linger about the farm, looking at the stock or the winter crops, or saunter into the houses of friends ; the younger of the two, though he looks the elder, proud and happy, and with a certainty of neighbourly sympathy in his joy which is never disappointed. It would almost seem that others beside John had

relaxed the stress of labour in honour of the occasion, for all on whom these calls are made are either found or readily fetched. The estimation in which John is held is clearly shown in the reception of his relations.

While E—— and his brother are thus engaged, the children at school, and the house-mother busy in her multifarious tasks, I am generally to be found in the parlour, feeling to myself just as useless a person as the "queen" who, "in the pantry, was eating bread and honey." The occupation of Mrs. E—— as contrasted with that of Mrs. John is something pitiful. Mrs. John having washed and dressed, breakfasted and despatched the children, has been making bread, and is now churning butter. She will soon be cooking the dinner, and will afterwards be dressed for company either at home or abroad. I have never heard her utter a hasty word, or seen so much as a cloud on her face, always self-forgetful and occupied with others, and seemingly pleased with the good things which fall unearned into their laps. But I know that she is often very weary, and sometimes anxious lest strength should fail for all that is required of her before Marie is old enough to lighten her duties. When I say that all the work that I have here found to do is the making of clothes for Adèle's doll, some degree of self-contempt on my part will be understood. To judge from what I am told (which I do not believe), there is not a stitch wanting, a tape or button to be renewed, for anything in human shape about the house, excepting only this puppet that arrived with us. Sometimes in the afternoon John takes us for his

favourite drives or to return the calls that are made on us ; once we walked to the bit of the wilderness which he still keeps on his farm in its primitive state. We like to be present at the home-coming and milking of the cows. In the evening, up to supper-time, we sit in the verandah, talk, and admire beyond expression the wonderful sunsets. On one of these occasions John suddenly left his seat, and leaned, craning over the lattice-work fence of the verandah, into the twilight garden. Scarcely had he done so, when I felt stricken as if shot by an odour so horrible and so penetrating that my hands went up to my nose, and my head went down into my lap, in the vain endeavour to shut it out. A cry arose simultaneously on all sides : "A stink-katze ! a stink-katze !" and John and the children and the dog were immediately scattered in various directions in hopes to scare the dreadful creature from the premises. It was indeed a skunk that had made the usual proclamation of its hated presence. Not long before, one of John's cowsheds had been made uninhabitable by such a visit, the cattle refusing to enter it until it had been fumigated and whitewashed. Jürgen came from the bedroom to which he had retired for the night, the familiar fear having dissipated even the first approaches of sleep. John and the young ones were wild with excitement ; Sport, the fat bull-dog, almost crazy. Puff after puff as the wind blew our way came up with a force which almost knocked us down ; and still there was nothing to be seen. Presently the soft evening breeze regained its sweetness, and all was again peace ; but I think that the

memory of that crystaline sunset will ever come back to me, dashed with the smell of the skunk.

I am told that the animal, which knows so well the value of its own power of repulsion, using it on all occasions as a weapon of defence—a creature detested of man and beast—is very pretty, even engaging in its aspect. It must also be singularly blunt in perception, or hardened to opinion, since, hated as it is, it is very confident in approach. Instead of flying before the face of man, as is the wont of wild animals in general, the skunk, with its white breast and in its handsome dark fur, will come dancing up delicately, its tail in the air, foot over foot almost crossing each other in their dainty steps, and with what you might swear was a smile on its little cat face; then, while you probably stand dumbfounded by its assurance, will make mien with feline cajolery to rub itself against your legs, when—poof! you fall, felled like a tree, strangled with the breath that does not dare to come out of your nostrils, and like to die of the infernal stench.

The elder people here, those who, although his seniors, have come out to settle later than John, when they feel to be very cosy and comfortable, continually drop into low German. The delight depicted on these faces, so full of simple kindness, when E—— replies in the tongue of his childhood, which he remembers as if he had never spoken any other, is only comparable to that worn by grandparents when listening to the lisplings of another generation. Fired by this success, I also make some ambitious attempts in the same direction, which meet with what might be called a *succes d'indulgence*. In short,

nothing that we do but seems to redound to our credit with these ready-made friends who have long known all about us to the minutest particular.

The end has come to our peaceful and pleasant time at New Holstein. The parting has been too sad to dwell upon, only we have persuaded ourselves, and I hope truly, that the visit must be renewed at some future date.

The whole family were at the station to see us off. Jürgen and Willie—the “Dicke”—had gone in the cart with our luggage; John, his wife, and Adèle were with us in the trap drawn by the greys, Marie was running in advance, and Sport was bringing up the rear. Just as heartless as the rain which had tried to damp our joy at meeting, was the sunshine which now laughed down upon our regret. True as this was on every side, it was John's sorrow in losing again the brother, whom he had found so intact, that weighed the most heavily upon us all. Well, it is over; we are thankful for what has been, and the ocean will not seem so wide to us now that we have once found heart to cross it.

New scenes invite us; we are again for Chicago, where we rest for the night, and from thence we recommence our interrupted journey to the Far West.

Chicago is all alive with the excitement of the Presidential election. A torch-light procession in the evening, the rough-looking population very orderly and self-restrained with all its eagerness, which there is reason to think is more in semblance than reality, as the fundamental difference existing beneath the party colours, Republican and Democrat, is probably felt not to be great.

LEAF IV.

October 11th.

AS I write this we are on our way again, on and still on towards the West. We have been travelling since yesterday at noon ; have spent one night on board the train—the “celebrated,” over-much touted Burlington line—on our way to Denver, and are about to spend another. We expect to arrive early to-morrow. It is amusing to contrast the inflated descriptions which are issued to travellers gratis, with the reality of what we have seen on this first eight hundred miles of our way from Chicago. A less interesting tract of country, from the point of view of the picturesque, than that which the line traverses through the States of Illinois and Iowa, it has never happened to me to behold. Fine cattle there are grazing the hedgeless, and generally treeless, fields, and prosperous-looking farmsteads on the earlier part of the way ; fields, too, of many broad acres laid down with Indian corn. To the husbandman all this has an interest of its own, but to the ordinary traveller it soon becomes monotonous. The little of wood that we pass has taken no colour from the “fall,” and the soil as we advance through Iowa, becomes sandy and hungry-looking, and

the vegetation duller in tone. Still, we are interested in looking out upon the new "locations" that have sprung up, some probably counting their age but by months, upon the track of the great iron way. They are all built upon the same rectangular plan; a main street running straight down to the line, a public-house and a general store facing each other, a church and school-house in the rear, and little wooden houses, looking like child's toys set down without any preparation, all dotted about. In these very young villages there are as yet no enclosures, no fields, no gardens, but the length of a cow's tether will here and there indicate the extent of its owner's landed possessions.

We missed the sight of the bridge over the Mississippi, and the view from it of Burlington, which the guide books describe as so magnificent, it being dark when the train reached that point; but we had thus far so little appreciated the paradise they had assured us we were passing through, that we were inclined not to account our loss too heavy. What had indeed been surpassingly lovely was the sunset, with its indescribable clearness, its look as of heaven opened, and its delicate variation of tints; and no less exquisite was the starlit night, which, although I did get a few hours sleep, I had abundant opportunity of contemplating. The sunrise the following morning was a glorious succession of changes, dark, upright-standing clouds, like battalions of fighting men, catching the red illumination on their fronts as they moved forward over the crystal clearness to melt into the roseate blaze.

A trifle tired in the early part of the day, but both of us well upon the whole, and bearing the long jolting seemingly better than our neighbours. In the car of which we have a section, there are no less than eight children—two families, one of three, the other of four little ones, and one little girl travelling under the care of her uncle, the guard. The family of four is rather a noisy and restless one; that of three, remarkably well-behaved. It comprises a boy baby, who has the aptitude of a Mark Tapley for coming out bravely under difficulties. He clearly does not derive it from his mother, unless, indeed, little vampire that he is, he has sucked it all out of her. She is a pallid blonde, with an air of indifference to things in general; and not much wonder either, for this very cheerful and eager baby had been in such haste to be born, that he had actually come into the world when the one he supplanted was only eleven months old.

We see a great deal in print about the splendour of the railway cars, and the luxurious travelling in the States. Well, the cars, that is, the Pullman cars, are certainly admirably contrived, and the workmanship of them, as seen in the ease with which the sleeping apparatus is adjusted, as perfect as workmanship can be. The commissariat also, though a little messy and unwholesome, as cooked food is apt to be in America, is as good as can well be expected under the difficult circumstances; but when luxury is talked of, let no one accustomed to the gentle amenities of life suppose that his cultivated sensibilities are going to be put to no strain. The fact

that you are in a democratic country is pressed upon you from every side ; no exclusiveness is here possible. The seats in the ordinary Pullman sleeping car face each other two and two, and there are means of adjusting a table between ; but these sections, as they are called, are not divided off, the whole car forming but one room on wheels. It does not often happen that the company in these sleeping cars, the extra price of which makes of them practically a first class, is of the rudest ; and where this is not the case, the greater circulation of air in the interior, and the larger space visible to the eye, takes something from the tedium of a long journey. The worst is, the close quarters into which you are brought with so many strange people, when at night the white jacketed negroes have turned each section into a couple of beds, one above the other, and have let down the curtains on your slumbers or meditations. Very droll it is to mark the bulging of the curtains, as the struggling bodies behind are getting in or out of their apparel. As for the beds, when you once find your way to them, they are comfortable enough, wider and better than the berths at sea ; but the washing apparatus, and the one little closet in which to use it, is sadly inadequate, and cleanliness for the time being can only exist as a memory, or hover before you as a blessed vision of the future. Few have the callousness to take off their clothes and go systematically through their ablutions on the inside of a bolted door at which half a dozen women and children are keeping up a devil's tattoo.

I lay in my berth the second night on our way from

Chicago to Denver, resting body and mind ; and looking out upon the earth that seemed as in swift flight, and upon the steadfast heaven above it, the Great Bear—the Plough, as I then preferred to think of it—nearer to the horizon by many degrees than with us, appeared to be pointing significantly to the virgin soil which had as yet never known tool or tilth of man. All for some hundreds of miles was at present wild prairie, but the iron road had invaded it, and the pioneers of progress were not far off. The horizon line of this surface, totally without incident, appeared so near, that it seemed as if one might have fallen off the world and have had nothing to hold by. The sea is ruffled by its waves, but the globe of the earth in this aspect looked smooth as a melon.

The colour and clearness, the light and glory of the heavens by day and night have been as balm to the sense, aching often for the lack of the beauty so abundantly promised.

Denver.—This boasted city is at present little more than a great idea in outline ; but its situation, with the long chain of the Rocky Mountains spread out before it, is magnificent. There are miles of avenues of trees, almost all poplars, intersecting each other at right angles (they tell you the number of these as if they were dollars ; they are several thousand). There are also many pleasant and well-built suburban houses, some handsome ones in course of erection in the city, and a few completed public edifices, the most conspicuous being that of the Court House. If Chicago is in its precocious youth, Denver is still in its infancy ; but it is a

vigorous child, and promises an early maturity, when it will doubtless merit that title of the "Queen City of the West," which has been rather too early bestowed upon it. It is curious to note how its future, vast proportions seem to exist already in the minds of its projectors; instead of its new streets and buildings being huddled together as with us in our urban beginnings, they are placed here and there at suitable points, with a confidence that the connecting links will soon be established. We have since driven round and about the city; and its streets, in parts only indicated, and its long vistas of trees stretching out in every direction, give us more and more the idea of a vigorous sketch.

No wonder that the air is so light and invigorating; Denver is more than five thousand feet above the sea. But its fine season is short—too short for the culture of many fruits—and while there is no dew, and hardly any rain, there is a long winter and much snow.

We are off again for Colorado Springs, or, rather, for Manitou, five miles further on, where we hope to remain awhile, and recruit ourselves from the fatigue of continuous travel. The line runs parallel with the chain of the "Rockies," and the scenery becomes now for the first time really engaging. The mountains, dark and rugged where they approach the eye, aerial blue where they recede, are finely contrasted by the groves of ever-present cotton trees, passing through all varieties of autumnal shade between vivid green and brightest gold. Dark conifers, seen here and there within this gorgeous belt, give strength to the landscape, and the

otherwise uniform tint of the middle distance is broken by what looks from the train to be gorse in flower, mingled with some low, bushy growth passing through wonderful gradations of ruddy brown, purple, and grey. The immediate foreground is little interesting to the eye. The earth, of a pale ashy hue, is covered with short tussucks of grass, the colour of which is a sickly yellow, with plentiful weeds interspersed. Seen thus in passing, the bosom of mother earth does not in this region appear to overflow with those daintily devised floral forms which move us to passionate love and sympathy in some countries of which the main beauty is less incontestible. Of course, I have not seen it in spring, which is nature's most mirthful season, or in summer, which is its most consolatory; but it is difficult to fancy that this pallid soil laughs out as our own does in buttercups and primroses, and I can nowhere on the hills detect traces of the heather with which the Scotch moors are at this time jubilant. That clean, sweet, peaty soil of the Highlands which bears it, I have more than once gathered up in my hands and inhaled with a sort of rapture. But my conscience smites me as I write, or, rather, as I try to write and cannot, for the beauty which makes appeal on either side. If in such a plentitude of the loveliness that is, I cast a thought to what is absent, it can only be that as we advance on the road of life our sentiments become clogged and tangled with the infinite of the things that we have seen and known and loved; so that all else, even as our later springs, bring to us

"The instantaneous, penetrating sense
In Spring's birth hour of other springs gone by."

We are mounting, constantly mounting, and have already seen signs of the fantastic formations which distinguish the region to which we are coming.

We pass Palmer's Lake, a charming spot in the mountains where apparently people drink waters, and come to Colorado Springs—springs where no springs are. The town, or village, with its three or four great hotels, lies flat on the plain of the prairie, and the visitors who come here for their cure have to drive a distance of five miles for their baths and waters. Luckily we have been well advised, and we do but step out on the platform and change our train for a branch of the Rio Grande, which takes us, steadily rising, to Manitou, a lovely village in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, where we halt for a rest of a few days. The season is considered far advanced, and only the Cliff House, one out of the four large hotels, is still open ; but that one, fortunately for us, has the best situation of them all, a kind and attentive hostess, and pleasant little bed-chambers and sitting-rooms combined, reached by an open gallery with an outlook upon Pike's Peak through the foldings of the mountains. This gallery, or verandah, is furnished with rocking-chairs, and here you may sit all day, watching the changes of effect, listening to the dribbling of a little fountain, and "waste the time" contentedly without even the aid of "friends." I am writing in our sitting-room, within a few feet of this babbling water, with an open door, out of which I look continually, watching with some anxiety the clouding over of Pike's Peak, the ascent of which E—— is making at this moment. This

mountain, 14,000 feet above the level of the sea, is one of the highest of the "Rockies," and exceedingly tempting to attack, it being possible to ride the whole way, twelve miles of continual ascent from Manitou, to the summit. The peak has been quite blotted out, but I now see its outline again; the party should just have reached it.

Our first drive, the morning after our arrival, was to the mountain valley known as the Garden of the Gods, and through it, making our exit by the natural gateway formed of narrow towering cliffs of red sandstone, to the lovely little Glen Eyrie, at the termination of which stands the summer villa of General Palmer, president of the Denver and Rio Grande railway. The so-called Garden of the Gods is chiefly remarkable for its seclusion by the surrounding mountains, rocks, and ravines from the neighbouring district, and for the fantastic forms into which the action of the elements has chiselled the layers of brightly coloured stone. Some of these layers of rock upheaved, stand on end, towering into the clear blue, like cathedral spires; others stand in groups, looking like a petrified menagerie or happy family of beasts and birds, but the form most common is that of the mushroom. One wearies a little of the perpetual claim made by the conscientious driver on your wonder and admiration of this show, and it is not until you find yourself at the entrance of Glen Eyrie that the enchanting character of the beauty of this region is able to entirely subdue you. I* had waded through whole galleries of photographs without deriving the faintest idea of its quality.

To begin with, colour in this mechanical art is ever a dead letter, the yellow and gold tints, which prevail largely in these climes, and especially at this season, suffering the most melancholy eclipse; and then, even in the matter of form, it is not the beautiful or impressive which has in most cases arrested the photographic artist, but simply the grotesque. As our eyes revelled in the delicate gradations, the subtle harmonies of colour, the bare grey stems of the cropped brushwood showing like a cool atmosphere between its purple browns, its golds and greens, the feeling kindled within one was only comparable to that which comes at the call of music. The remarkably pretty cottage of the gate-keeper has one of the most beautiful outlooks ever seen through windows. Going and returning, we had to pull up; we could scarcely bring ourselves to leave it. The soft sweep of the valley, with the colour that, like the strain heard by the Duke in "Twelfth Night," had "a dying fall"; a sky the intense blueness of which was heightened by the contrast of the shimmering golden groves on either hand; the course of a stream that wound, a serpent of emerald, through the pale prairie grasses and alfalfa; and the groups of pines resting on their shadows, deep notes which carried you on and on to the grand dark wall of the "Rockies," which bounded and crowned the scene. It seems impossible, as I have said, to express the emotions proper to such an aspect of nature in other than terms of music. Continually as we wound our way home some chord of colour, some tender modulation, would transpierce the sense with a pleasure as keen as pain.

In the evening we walked to the toll for Pike's Peak, past the Iron Springs, on the way to Engelmann's Cañon, and I thought I had never before been on my feet amid such imposing surroundings. We saw some blue birds, which I have since learnt to be jays, and some pretty quick little creatures, about four inches in length, spotted with white along the back, which they call chipmucks. There is everywhere growing a sort of stiff, spiky grass, seeming to have some relation to a yacca, which I am told has a large purple flower. It is difficult to gather exact information here, or indeed anywhere; but our driver informed me it was called a soap weed. (Query: is it the amale plant?)

One day we had a drive of some miles up the Ute Pass, which was throughout its whole length finer even, and finer by far, than that of the day before; and I have never known E—— so bewitched by scenery; he talks quite seriously at times of crossing the Atlantic again for the pleasure of spending a summer among these glorious cañons. It is truly a wonderful spot; for, 6,124 feet as we are above the level of the sea, the mountain air, now in the middle of October, is soft as balm. By this time, half-past three, E—— should be well on his way down from the peak, which for the last hour and a half has been clear of clouds. I am going to the Iron Springs, there to sit and wait until he comes.

I took my lonely walk up the beautiful glen, and sat down, anxious expectancy of E——'s return alternating with thoughts of those, and more especially of one whose birthday it was, at home. It was a relief when a little boy, to whose sharp eyes and more accurate knowledge

of the trail I had made appeal, announced a horseman on the mountain-side ; and a complete satisfaction when a quarter of an hour later, I espied the one I had come forth to meet at a distant turn of the road. The cloud I had seen had of course boded no good, and the party had arrived at the summit in something like a storm of sleet and snow ; but the wind had come and made a rift in the screen, and then such a wonderful picture had been unfolded, of sunlit mountains beyond a burnished many-coloured plain, that the delighted beholder felt sure that the part was better than the whole, which in landscape is usually the case. As E—— was hot, and the slower paces of the mule very uncomfortable, he rode on, and I walked home alone as I had come, only more lightly.

I am particularly fond of this Engelmann's Cañon, and could, I think, like nothing in the world better than to spend a summer here with all my belongings. I hear that in spring and summer the flowers alone would go far to make a reasonable creature happy ; and then there are the trees, the birds, and the merry little chipmucks, all under the protection of the mountains which rise on either side, and seem to block up the pass, but which in this Colorado atmosphere do not darken or depress. There is also a stream whose music is heard from below, and all about the sides of the hills pretty cottages, often little more than cabins, for the accommodation of visitors, and not a few tents, which supply all the shelter that is needed even by invalids from May to October. In this perfect climate, numbers of people are living in health to-day whose thread of life was supposed years ago to be fast running out.

LEAF V.

TWO tiers of verandah or balcony give a pleasing aspect to the hotel at which we are staying. When we alighted on our first arrival the guests were sitting in little groups about the door, and regarded us with that wholly unsmiling scrutiny characteristic of Americans. While our baggage was being conveyed to our room (that corner one which I have since heard they call the Bridal Chamber), I took a vacant rocking-chair, and began to look about me. The momentary lull which our advent among this company had caused, was broken by a voice from the road beneath the lower verandah, calling up to some one seated a little in the rear of me. It was a man's voice, and, judging from the faint despondent tone, a weak and a weary one.

"Anna, I have lost my keys."

"Have you so?" was responded.

"I saw them last on my drawers, in my room—just behind you."

"Then, I guess you'll find them there," was the calm conclusion. If the poor gentleman had made the worst of his fears with the view of obtaining a little filial help, his *ruse* was not successful. I turned, and saw a pretty

young face, with eyes softly fringed, and a delicate nose, which, having declined to have anything to do with this dialogue, the tone of it had been in a high degree what is erroneously called nasal.

Later on, it was the relation of the quite small children with their parents which furnished us the most amusement. These sucking citizens of the American Republic must in no way have their liberties infringed. That first evening as it approached supper-time, a little maid, not yet turned ten, was loud in her expressions of impatience for the meal.

"Are you going in to supper?" she asked of her mother.

"Well, yes, I reckon I am."

"It don't look like it," said the child; "but whether or not, I am. I'm hungry, and I've got that pound of flesh to make up that I found I'd lost when I was weighed down at the *dépôt* this morning." And the little creature rose, and swung with her long legs and short petticoats past us all and out of the room.

When, about twenty minutes later, we two went also into supper, we found our young friend alone at a neighbouring table, steadily ploughing her way through a repast, which, judging from the numerous empty dishes which surrounded her, must have been copious and very varied.

"Henry," said the little woman, addressing the negro waiter who hovered near, "another beef-steak!"

The African vanished with a flash from his eyes and teeth as he glanced at the empty dishes, and shortly

reappeared with a full one, the contents of which the child regarded for a while, and pushed away from her with grave displeasure.

"I said beef; and when I say beef, I mean beef," she announced with emphasis. "What you have got there is mutton."

"You are wanting to make up your lost pound," said E——, bursting with laughing.

"And I guess I'll do it," returned the child, her face set towards the door in momentary expectation of her second steak. She did not share our merriment; she was terribly in earnest.

Two little girls, one six and the other four, friends of the seeker after the lost pound, were occasionally to be seen either singly or together at one of the tables at which breakfasts, dinners, and suppers were served, each ranging over a period of two hours. The children came when they listed, subject to no rule, and did, ordered and ate all that seemed good in their own eyes. Their utter insubordination made the despair of an Irish nurse.

During the last two days of our stay, an engaging little damsel of barely three was my neighbour at table, and I was amused, if a little sorry, to hear from her own lips that she was the victim of what she called "bad dreams." These I found, upon question, took the form of falls from the backs of elephants, heavy puddings weighing upon her chest, hobgoblins in swift pursuit, and frights from all manner of bogies, accompanied by a general incapacity on her own part to run or to cry out.

As the little creature's final meal comprised roast meat with pickles, fish cooked in cream, sugar-cured ham, strawberry tart, assorted cakes, and nuts of various descriptions, these attacks upon one of her years, though doubtless very cruel, could hardly be looked upon as unprovoked.

As interesting as any of the company here, are the two negro waiters, who perform between them the whole service of the table ; and that, as there are a good many people coming and going, demands often very brisk movement. Charles and Henry these coloured gentlemen are named respectively. It is Charles who has appointed himself the special guardian of our interests. He is a young African of four and twenty, good-looking and alert, the wool of his bullet head closely cropped, his skin blue black almost as a sloe. His round cheeks, without a hollow, or a crease, show a freshness unknown to the white American at any age. His great eyes are like black diamonds, and his teeth white and even as a row of pearls. Your order given, he disappears with somewhat ostentatious haste through a door, always ajar, which leads to mysterious regions beyond, and as soon as may be, a sharp kick is heard on the other side of this barrier, and, presto ! the door flies back, and Charles rushes in like a whirlwind, his left arm before him in the position of a boxer on guard, his right raised high above his head with the hand belonging to it turned back at an acute angle balancing a tray on which are closely packed some dozen and a half of dishes. With these he flies to a stand in the remotest corner of the room ;

his motion is so swift and smooth, it is more like that of a projectile than of a man upon his own feet; it is almost as if he had kicked himself, instead of the door. His entrance is so sensational that every one pauses to look, and you feel sure that the life of Charles is culminating at such times in one of its great moments. But the triumph does not end here. The tray is caught up again, and the little dishes with all their various messes are distributed, six or more to a person, with the celerity of a sower scattering seed. After which Charles retires for a moment, wipes his brow, and rejoices in the conscious possession of faculty. It is evident that he delights in a vocation in which his gifts, natural and acquired, have carried him so far; and for me, I am never weary of admiring such perfect skill. As for the style in which he chooses to work, I apprehend that every artist has a right to his own point of view.

Our last long drive has been to the Cheyenne Cañon, taking Colorado Springs on the way. The latter is a sort of Denver on a smaller scale—the same wide streets, bordered by the same avenues of cotton trees, and the same fine panoramic view of the “Rockies,” only they are here a little nearer. The Cheyenne Cañon is magnificent; beautifully wooded, with rocks rising to awful height on either side, here a sheer wall of precipice, there a gable, and anon a mass standing up abrupt and isolated as a steeple. The river in the midst rushes, sometimes brawling, chafed to foam over fallen boulders, and at others spreads itself abroad, and repeats, as with loving fidelity, every, the minutest, detail of its wonderful

surroundings. The whole grand pageant which the channel unfolds is coloured as nature in these parts alone knows how to colour. We met and talked with an old wood-cutter, whose lonely cabin was near the entrance to the cañon, and found him as cheery as the intercourse with nature is often seen to make lonely people. Exit from the further end of the cañon is wholly blocked by the cliffs which tower on every side, and from one of these descends the waterfall which feeds the river, and at this point covers the whole of the basin which receives it. The rock near the waterfall is climbed by many flights of stairs, which I made no attempt to scale beyond the second, but which E—— mounted to the summit. He was some time absent, viewing the cañon from different points, and near the log house of the little ranche, which was the only habitation within sight, he was addressed by a boy, who asked him if he was "the gentleman who had come to kill the lion."

"The lion! no; there are no lions in these parts," said E——, smiling and confident, thinking, of course, of a huge beast with a mane, and a tail strong enough to fell an ox, with a bunch of curly hair at the end. "There are no lions in these parts."

"Ain't there, though," returned the boy. "They are all over the woods; and this one that father and another are gone to shoot—and I thought you were coming to help to shoot too—has eaten our calf, and mother is afraid that it may eat our cow."

This was certainly coming to particulars, and it seemed worth while to ask where a creature with so voracious an

appetite, whatever might be its proper name, had been last seen.

"Down there in the cañon," said the boy; and I believe the information brought E—— back to me sooner than he had intended. The wondrous tale being told in the hearing of our driver, an intelligent man, who received it with great seriousness, I leapt to the conclusion that the beast which had been seen was a puma, a creature that existed in my mind as the very type of hungry unrest since I had beheld it pacing with quick turns up and down its cage in the Zoological Gardens, unsatisfied, and, as it looked to me, insatiable. We ate our lunch without much thought of the beast, whose larder might be supposed to be still pretty full with the fragments of the calf, and after we had finished we walked off together to the mouth of the cañon, directing that the trap should follow. We had agreed beforehand to do this, and my pride did not allow me to cry off, although I confess to having felt a little nervous, especially in that part where the cañon narrows, so that, had the "lion" met us by the way, we should have come to very close quarters indeed. E——'s assurance that the "lion" would not pass, did not entirely satisfy me, seeing the little opportunity he had had of studying the habits of wild beasts. I felt at the moment that I should have preferred an African or Asiatic lion, who would have made short work of me to this American one, who would probably keep his victim longer in suspense, and should have been glad to know that these creatures hunted in couples, so that there might be a puma apiece for us,

since I regarded the fate of the survivor of such a catastrophe as far worse than of the dead and done for. A good many thoughts rushed into my mind between those two walls of cliff, amongst others a comforting remembrance of the fact stated by Livingstone that, having found himself on one occasion within the jaws of a lion, the strange fascination which snakes and animals of the feline order appear to exercise at will, had deprived the situation of all its horror. I had often dwelt on this before, and gathered some faint hope therefrom, that "nature red in tooth and claw" might, through the operation of some mysterious law, inflict less anguish than to us it seemed; but I had never had occasion up to this time to apply the consolation to my own case. It will be seen that I was prepared to meet the worst that could befall.

The old woodcutter confirmed the story of the lion as it had been told to E—— in every particular; but I derived some practical assurance from seeing that he was calmly at work, with no weapon at hand but his axe. I was sure that life was worth as much to this cheery old man as to us. The fact is, that the puma, unless brought to bay, will never attack a man.

Saturday, October 18th.—On again after the setting sun. I am ashamed of what I wrote not a week ago about the soil of Colorado. I looked on this rich nature in its season of rest with the eyes of an alien, and in such eyes there is no divination. Since then I have learnt to know it a little for myself, and more through others. Even my own recently gained superficial knowledge would suffice to make me love it in a degree. What I hear is, that it

is simply one of the most exuberant portions of the terrestrial globe, and that its pallid-looking soil, baked throughout the summer and autumn months, has gathered a rare quickening and nutritive power from the sun, and that the wealth and variety of its flowers from March to September, not to speak of its grasses and cereals, is bewildering.

In the train from Manitou.—We have passed through the wonderful St. George's, or Royal, Cañon in what is called an "observation car"; that is, one which, being without a roof, permits you to see the soaring heights of the jagged cliffs through the chasm of which you are whirled. The astonishment and the awe of it take away your breath, and you know you are laying by stores for memory; but it is not in this way that the deep secrets of nature, hid in such solemn and heretofore impenetrable recesses, are to be won from her. The Indians, who may have made a perilous track through this pass before the iron horses of the white man were so much as dreamed of, I have no doubt had access to much more. Something of this the white man might perhaps yet win from the red, but for the arrogance which makes communication impossible.

We are passing through a tract richly but not densely wooded. The distance is lovely—a mountain range, cones that make as sharp an angle and are as clearly cut against the sky as those of pyramids. I grieve to rush through scenes of such surpassing beauty. I long to linger amongst and to explore them, making them part and parcel of my being, and feel to envy a man mounted

on a mule, past whom the train flashes as he jogs on shaded by his *sombrero*.

The Marshall Pass—up and still up, the iron road winding its sinuous way round the bluffs and spurs of the mountains, two strong engines in front, one in the rear, those ahead visible, now on one side, now on the other, in the abrupt curves of the road, the horses of man's making gleaming with fiery eyes, sending forth sparks, panting and groaning as with the weight they bear up the steep grade. The scenery is to the last degree impressive, the awe of it deepening in the gathering twilight, of which we are nevertheless impatient. The pace is wonderful, seeing how we rise. We overtop height after height, at which but a few moments before we looked up. The road winds in ever sharper curves, until the great mountain becomes figured in the imagination as some vast power which is being wound at the command of man in the ever-tightening coils of a serpent. We reach the summit, and it is wholly subdued. It lies under the foot of the tyrant of creation. We are all among the snow-sheds, eleven thousand feet above the level of the sea, and we have had our tea brought and laid out upon a table in our section of the car, and have laughed at our comfortable bourgeois attitude in the midst of such thrilling scenes.

My eyes opened this morning upon the desert, scarcely visible in the grey dawn, and further obscured by the heavy clouds from which there had been a downpour that had turned the waste of sand into a waste of mud. We are now, at 10 a.m., come to

a stand, waiting by one of the rare stations in the desert until a bridge reported by telegraph to be partly destroyed by the storm can be repaired. A gang of workmen is at this moment engaged on it. In the meanwhile we are going through a new experience. I have just returned to the train, having had a walk upon the plain and on the platform, and gathered some of the weedy things which grow in the desert sand—rabbits-brush, now ripening its seed, greesewood, and wild sage. The greesewood, which is only eaten by the cattle after the first frosts have touched it, is then found wonderfully fattening. At a quarter to twelve we are still waiting.

Nothing more desolate or chaotic than this region could be conceived by the imagination. There are tracts where for miles on miles not a blade is to be seen. The train—which only started at two—has somewhat slackened its speed by reason of the looseness of the soil, and now rolls on through an ocean of mud, broken here and there by distant rocks which surge up out of the mud like islands in a stagnant sea. To some of these the strongly marked stratification gives the appearance of battlemented strongholds. About the base of these foot-hills some violence of nature would seem to have heaved the sand into waves, and then left it transfixed for ages. There is something indescribably weird in this dead, opaque, and silent ocean. And yet under some aspects this desert region has a charm, and a most subtle, penetrating charm, of its own. Occasionally you come upon a tract of which the flora—the little tussucks of moss, the reeds, the grasses—appear to be singularly

varied and interesting (one hears that the soil throughout is susceptible of cultivation), and the effects of morning light upon the distance are beautiful and fantastic as a dream. The strange battlemented foot-hills, when viewed afar off and with the rose of the dawn upon them, have the vague, tender, floating aspect of cities seen in mirage, and must have given rise to a wild longing for shelter and rest and human help in the breasts of those poor Mormon pilgrims, who passed over these pitiless solitudes in seeking the land of promise, whereof the trail was marked by bleaching bones.

Half-past twelve, and we are still waiting; but the clouds have lifted from the mountains, and the sun is again showing out upon the plain. We start again at twenty minutes to two.

We pass over the broken bridge, a crowd of men watching our passage. An intelligent fellow-traveller has been entertaining us with an account of the manner in which houses are lifted from place to place. Nothing seems to be impossible to man in this country. The change of "location" of frame-houses is frequent and of easy accomplishment; but solid brick or stone houses are also removed by being put into a frame and pierced here and there, as occasion requires, with iron bolts or rods. The brick building offers the greatest difficulty, but even that is not found impossible. It is quite unnecessary for the inmates to quit their migratory domicile, and accordingly they usually elect to remain, and are transported in their own armchairs to the new site with no interruption to their customary habits.

LEAF VI.

WE reached Salt Lake City at last, but too late at night to see the descent upon it from the mountains, which is said to be so fine; have to trudge to a distance from the hotel (the Continental), tired as we are, to get some supper, the cook having taken himself off, and the offices being all locked up; made good use of our time on Monday morning; called at Mr. Goodwin's* office, met him at the door, when he arranged to come to us at our hotel at half-past seven; sought out the office of the *Woman's Exponent*, a fortnightly paper devoted to the interests of Mormonism and woman's suffrage, and introduced ourselves to the editress, Mrs. Daniel Wells, who was very kind to us, and abounded in the information I was most desirous of procuring. From her we were able to gather an idea of the aspect which this strange faith presents to the educated minority of its female professors.

Mrs. Wells was born in Massachusetts, and from her earliest years evinced a taste for literary pursuits. She shared the fate of most clever and precocious children in

* Editor of the *Salt Lake Tribune*, one of the most active enemies of Mormonism.

having her opinion of her own powers prematurely exalted. Coming of a Puritan stock, she was brought up in a practice of obedience still to be seen in some portions of the eastern States, but strangely foreign to American manners generally. It appears that the parents adopted the Mormon faith while she was in her early teens, and she followed them as a matter of course. Her mind was, however, active and inquiring, and she soon began to study the grounds of the new revelation for herself, and became satisfied (easily contented woman!) that it was the truth that had been offered to her. There was no talk in those days of the "peculiar institution" of these parts—that of the plurality of wives. She married a man of her own Church, and when this further revelation was imparted to the Prophet, it is clear that Mrs. Wells fully realized that a trial of faith very much harder to bear than external persecution, was coming home to her and to her sisters. Anxious as I was to learn about this early part of her life, I did not press the point. I had heard from a lady at Manitou that she had been a widow, and had married again into the position of what is here known as a plural wife. I ventured to take up the dropped thread at this second act. Mrs. Wells admitted the fact of the plural marriage, but did not volunteer information on a subject which is naturally delicate, if for no other reason than that polygamy violates the law of the land. She freely, however, answered all the many questions I put to her on less personal topics. The families of these polygamists of the West, unlike those of the East, are very large. Two or more wives frequently inhabit the same

house with the husband, quitting it only when the family becomes too numerous for the accommodation. The Mormon girls exercise freedom of choice, as elsewhere, and the marriages are no longer contracted as early as was once the practice. The already married men would appear on the whole to be preferred to the bachelors, a fact only to be accounted for, either on the supposition that a plurality of wives among these people implies easy circumstances, or that fanaticism among the women dominates natural sentiment.

Not long after our interview had commenced, a lady, a handsome young woman with a rather defiant air, came into Mrs. Wells' office, accompanied by a little girl. They re-arranged their waterproofs and went out, when our entertainer informed us that the lady was her daughter, and the little one her grandchild, the former being the plural wife of a person of some importance in the Church. This first marriage in her family, made under these circumstances, had occasioned the mother much anxiety. The knowledge she possessed of her daughter's character and temperament suggested doubts of her fitness for a position known to be one of trial; for it was noticeable that this Mormon lady made no attempt to disguise the suffering incident to such a position. She admitted that the condition of a woman, sharing with another, or with others, the home and the heart of the man she loved, was one of perpetual sacrifice—a sacrifice that would be unendurable but that it was laid upon the altar of her faith. When her daughter had chosen to take up this cross she had

put up earnest prayers for her and wept bitter tears. The daughter had now been married many years, had five children, and things had seemingly gone better than had been expected, for the mother declared the husband to be a "just man." She further said, what may readily be believed, that the situation of a man so placed, was one of extreme difficulty. Much, according to Mrs. Wells, depends upon his judgment and tact. It is forbidden to a Mormon patriarch to show favour among his wives; it is his duty to part his affections, or seem to do so, in accurately equal shares. He must never, in the most impassioned moment, admit that the balance has swayed. Mrs. Wells confessed that the Mormon ideal in this respect was not invariably reached. We asked for a few numbers of the *Woman's Exponent* and received in addition two little books—a poem on the rise of the Church of the Latter-Day Saints, and a pamphlet on the practice of plural marriage.

With these as gifts, and a large work, entitled, "The Women of Mormondom," as a loan, we were about to take our leave, when Mrs. Wells called our attention, as a matter of curiosity, to a photograph hung against the wall, representing six youths of apparently nearly equal ages, the sons of one father and of six mothers. A feeling, akin to what one might experience in being brought suddenly face to face with some object monstrous to sense, came over me in contemplating the likenesses of these six good-looking youths, whose births had been so nearly simultaneous! Luckily no remark was called for, as Mrs. Wells, leaving us to our own reflections, passed

into an inner room whence she returned with a companion picture of fourteen daughters owned by three mothers. The impression made on us was no longer so novel, and leaving the chief issue on one side, we contented ourselves with commenting on the attractive appearance of one of the young ladies.

"That is my second girl," said Mrs. Wells quietly. It was only thus incidentally, and I think by accident, that we learnt that she had taken her part in furnishing subjects for one at least of these pictures. Before we left, we had accepted an invitation to see her at her own house on Wednesday evening, and made an appointment to call in the afternoon and accompany Mrs. Wells on a visit to Sister Smith, or Mrs. Eliza Snow, one of the widows of the Prophet, and a high priestess of her order.

This visit was singularly interesting. Leaving Mrs. Wells' office, we passed through the back precincts of a dwelling which she pointed out to us with the words, "This is my husband's house," adding, "You have now seen a Mormon's back yard, in which our enemies will tell you we have all sorts of horrors concealed." The home of Mrs. Wells herself—that to which she had invited us—is some blocks off.

Nearly opposite to the handsome house of President Taylor, the present chief, is that to which we were bound—the former residence of Joseph Smith, now occupied by various of his widows. After a trifling delay, we were introduced into the presence of an old lady with a mild and serious face, spare frame, and the sort of dignity which comes from the possession

of, and living up to, an idea. She had the high narrow forehead of a visionary, was upright, and her black dress hung upon her with a certain homely grace. She received us at first quietly, and rather coldly.

"You are from England," she said; "you show some courage in coming among the Mormons, seeing the sort of people we are said to be."

We replied something to the effect, that to believe nothing that we hear and only half that we see, would be cutting the sources of knowledge too short, but that we were come to Salt Lake City to take an impression for ourselves. Soon after commending us to the good offices of our hostess, our introducer rose to depart, saying that she had business in the office awaiting her. Having felt the way with a few questions, Sister Smith took from her neck a chain to which was attached a large ornamented gold watch, a relic, as she told us, most precious to her, it having been the property of the murdered prophet whose wife she had been. From this the conversation drifted naturally into subjects connected with Mormonism, and the trials its possessors had undergone for their faith. She saw in these trials the seal of its truth; and gradually finding that she was talking to willing listeners, the fire kindled, and the old priestess unfolded to us the inner life of her singular faith, expounding, and at last I could not but feel almost exhorting, in the spirit of a Hebrew prophetess. The face that had been cold to us at first grew full of human love and pity; the dim eyes that had looked upon the world for eighty years were tearful, her voice vibrating

with emotion. She was sorrowful, struggling with the thought that she possessed a treasure of living truth which she was unable to share with those who owned themselves in darkness, or with only that little light which is as "a lantern to the feet." I do not envy the condition of that soul that could have watched the earnest face of Sister Snow, and not have felt lifted to some meeting-place of sympathy far above prejudice and even knowledge, and in spite of the impediment of a repulsive creed. All that can be found in this singular communion as food for the higher life would seem to have been seized upon and assimilated by this earnest adherent, who was now giving testimony of it in a full tide of natural and simple eloquence. We were both of us deeply touched; and well we might be, for the situation had in it an element that was indeed pathetic. We, wanderers in a darkness, only not absolute in that it was felt; she, nearing the end of her pilgrimage, and speaking to us from a height which she had reached by the aid of what in our eyes was a false light. Alas, for us poor striving children of men! Who shall help us if in our wanderings we have no pity for each other?

The work in which we had interrupted this sister was one well suited to her tender and idealistic nature. Formerly at the head of many practical movements for the advancement of the women of her people, and still the president of the Women's Aid Society, whose branches extend wherever Mormonism is known, her present occupation is chiefly with the dead; obtaining and tabulating registers of the ancestors of prominent

Mormons, with the view of incorporating them through prayer, and by vicarious baptism, into the Church. She had long since completed this work for the Puritan stock from which she herself is derived, and was now engaged on behalf of other families more occupied with worldly cares, or less zealous for souls than herself.

All that is distinctive in the Mormon cult rests upon the authority of Joseph Smith. Doubt the good faith of the Prophet, or the reality of his mission, and the whole edifice crumbles to the ground. He it was who received from the Angel Moroni, instructions where to find the plates inscribed in the Adamic tongue, together with the book of Mormon, falsely called by the Gentiles, the Mormon Bible. He it was who, all unlearned as he was, a youth yet in his teens, translated this record of the ancient dwellers in the American continent; and he it was also, who some years later, accepted from an angel with a drawn sword, and under threat of destruction on refusal, the command to practice and to diffuse the doctrine of polygamy. This last forms at once the strength, and the great stumbling-block of the system; the strength in that the great violence done to natural feeling, exalts the imaginations of women with the idea that they are building up their Church with sacrifice; no less than the objective fact, that the Mormon population is through this system, at this time, receiving a great numerical increase; and the stumbling-block and stone of offence in that it must bring this people sooner or later into bloody collision with the American Government, and is in itself a retrograde movement, one which, under ordinary

conditions could but be subversive of the interests of the race in its actual stage of development. The basic idea of its present necessity in the Mormon system is, that myriads of souls destined to eternal felicity, are waiting for the tabernacles of flesh in which to accomplish their probation for higher spheres ; and that the need for providing such is now imminent, the coming of Christ being at hand. Hence the call to "gather," to leave father, mother, husband and wife, if need be, and take part and lot with the "saints" in this New Jerusalem which possesses some converts with a fever of unrest, akin to that experienced by migratory birds. One practical benefit, and one alone from the point of view which these people call Gentile, is to be discerned in their dispensation of the plurality of wives. That one touches the most festering sore of our modern civilizations. Where polygamy exists—an ordered institution such as it is seen at Salt Lake—there is little or no prostitution. Some few years since, when the Gentile population was smaller, the horrible evil was unknown. Polygamy may, therefore, further be looked upon as a sacrifice made by women for women ; by women who, in abdicating their natural rights, withhold from the deepest mire of pollution their frailer and more tempted sisters. But what then, in this self-surrender, becomes of that growth of self-restraint which it is to be hoped the ages are gradually maturing in men ?

Before we took our leave of Sister Eliza Snow, she presented me with two volumes out of the nine published ones of her poems. Her writings, like her other minis-

trations, are much prized in Salt Lake, and I have no doubt partake of that fervour of spirit shown in her conversation; but I have been too busy with "The Women of Mormondom," by Edward W. Tullidge, to make acquaintance with them at present.

On Tuesday (the 21st), we visited the great Tabernacle, and walked round the Temple which is in course of erection. It is the most important building yet raised for the Mormon worship, and although somewhat hard and monotonous in effect, looks as if intended to stand for ages. It is faced throughout, to the depth of nine inches, with slabs of a beautiful granite.

The acoustic properties of the tabernacle are remarkable; a voice, even a whisper in the auditory, being heard in the remotest part; a pin dropped upon a hat was distinguishable at a distance of many yards. The Tabernacle is a plain oval chamber of vast size; having a roof entirely unsupported, built on the principle of the arch. This roof is still festooned with the wreaths made to decorate the great festival held at its opening.

Taking a drive in the afternoon in a tram-car to Liberty Park, we were sitting on its arrival at that destination, waiting for its return, when the driver followed his little boy into the vehicle, also to abide the time. A few words on the intelligent interest manifested by the little five-year-old fellow in the "machine," drew forth from the father a statement of the many means of education existing for persons of all ages in Salt Lake City. He told us that small children like this had their primary associations, presided over by a president who would

perhaps be fifteen years old or a little upwards. These juvenile meetings for mutual improvement are as strictly ordered as are those of the ages in advance of them. Young men and young women have each similar assemblies, and there are occasions (I conclude of a display of learning) when the ladies invite the gentlemen, and *vice versâ*. The man, judging from his speech, was a native of Scotland. He had a strong, determined face, the expression of which grew very bitter in speaking of the persecution to which his co-religionists had been subject. E—— put in a word for the laws of the land, which could not suffer violation with impunity. The Mormon retorted that his people were peaceable, and offended no law, the United States Charter allowing to all its citizens freedom to worship God in their own way. We ventured to suggest that there were necessary limits to such freedom ; that no government, for instance, could allow of practices such as pertained to the religion of the Thugs. The man replied that the persecution his people underwent for their peculiar institution of polygamy was founded on a pretence ; that their persecutors were polygamists themselves, with this only difference, that they were hypocrites and heartless to boot. They entrapped, ruined, and had children by various women, and then disowned and deserted them. We said that if men were evil, we should not make them better by bringing down the law to their level. The Mormon denied the evil, and quoted the example of Abraham. I confronted Abraham with St. Paul and other later lights, but hastened to shift the discussion from the

polemical ground altogether too wide to be traversed in such time as we could give to it, and suggested that a concession of this particular privilege of their creed to the enactments of the government which gave them protection, would be worldly wise if it were nothing more. The dark face grew darker in the handling of this perilous subject, and the jaw, and all about the bitter lips, blue-black where the beard had been shaven, more determined.

"There was no talk," he said, "among our people of polygamy when the persecution began; they just hated us as the wicked hate the righteous, when and wherever they may find them. The revelation of the law of celestial marriage was not made known to the faithful till shortly before they were driven from Nauvau, nor to the Gentiles till long after the Mormons were settled in Zion. Joseph Smith had practised it; he had *had to do* so, because his time on earth was short. They slew him; he was a martyr to the faith." The man jerked out the sentences, and hurled them wrathfully at the two inquiring "Gentiles."

We could not but feel that in this car-driver, we got a glimpse of what Mormonism might be in its more militant aspect. If the marriage covenant of ancient Israel was welcome to him, the "sword of the Lord and of Gideon" would have been no less so. We were not sorry when he took his little son by the hand, mounted with him to the box, and drove us (his only passengers in this outskirts) back by the way we had come.

Our acquaintance lying not at all among Mormons or

their connections, we had no introductions to people in Utah, with the exception of the one we had delivered to Mr. Goodwin. We were told, however, that a visit to President Taylor would not be ill received. E— had accordingly called at his office, had seen the potentate, and the following day had been appointed for us both to call on him at his house.

LEAF VII.

IN the meanwhile I had a visit from a lady, a Mrs. Hannah King, who presented herself as a country-woman. I had already heard of her from Mrs. Wells and seen something of her in certain numbers of the *Woman's Exponent*, and in a little paper-covered book; her eager temperament being very apt as it seemed to overflow in verse. She was a kindly, pleasant-looking, middle-aged woman, with soft brown curls and expressive eyes, and few marks upon her of the struggles and sorrows, which, judging from what she related to me of the story of her life, she must have passed through. As it is a somewhat typical experience among the "saints," and as she made no secret of it, I will give it in brief.

Mrs. Hannah King, then, or Mrs. King as she would have been in those early days, was the wife of what is called a gentleman farmer—a man farming his own land, in one of our English counties. She and her husband were both members of the Established Church; and she described their condition as one of great content and material prosperity. A quiet little work-girl who had rendered her occasional services to this family for some

years, one day desired as a favour that Mrs. King would grant her a few moments of speech in private. The request meeting with ready acquiescence, the girl after a little exordium in which she spoke of the gratitude for kindness, and some strong inward prompting which moved her to it, made the, to Mrs. King, startling confession that two years before she had been baptised into the Mormon Church.

Sorrow for the girl, mingled with something of curiosity, caused Mrs. King to inquire into the particular tenets of the strange religion she had only heard vaguely denounced. The young sewing-girl seems to have defended the cause of Mormonism with much ability. She was all alive with the glow and excitement which a flood of new ideas produces on minds of a vaguely imaginative order which education has left sterile. The brotherly love and concord of the "saints;" the spirit of prophecy still active among them; the healing of the sick and other miracles of common occurrence,—these and other claims of the Mormon Church received into the believing heart of this convert, were urged by her with a fervour of conviction which seems to have been infectious. One common feature, a passionate religiosity, is naturally seen to distinguish the more earnest female disciples of a creed so cruel to the sex as this of the Latter-day Saints. Mrs. Hannah King found or fancied in hearing "how these Christian loved one another," that she had long suffered unconsciously from the coldness of her own communion. She took the Mormon books which the girl offered for her perusal, and dismissed her, with a dim, uncomfortable

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consciousness that some stone of offence had been rolled into her life. Alone with the Mormon books, she feared to open them ; she looked on them as the messengers of an undesirable fate ; but a spark had been kindled, and the thought of them burned within her. In this way she hovered about them for some time, when one day she locked herself in her room, laid the several small volumes on her bed, and knelt beside them in earnest prayer. She rose and read ; read and read again ; begged more books of the little sempstress, and underwent a period of violent struggle, in which the thought of the loss of "position" consequent on putting in her lot with persons drawn chiefly from the lowest grade, seems more than all else to have been the drag upon her progress in the new faith. Since the low estate of the "saints" was held to be a mark of their calling, this cause of repulsion was the more readily combated as a temptation of the evil one ; and a young Mormon priest, one of those who without "scrip or staff" are fighting the battle of Zion in most of the low places of the earth, coming upon the scene at this time, Mrs. Hannah King wholly surrendered, and a day was fixed for her to be baptized into the Mormon Church. A young daughter of fifteen, whom the mother described as lovely, replete with all graces of mind and person, and who evidently shared that mother's impressionable temperament, had not been an unobservant witness of the drama that had been enacting. The locked door, and the silent preoccupation of her mother had attracted the girl's attention, and she had come upon the books in their secret repository. She, too, had satisfied

her curiosity and her young thirst for the new and strange at the same source, and came with her entreaties to her astonished parent, to be suffered to partake with her in the ceremony of baptism. It was a relief to hear that Mrs. King had strongly set her face against the demand, and not too great a surprise to find that with the intervention of the Mormon priest, her objections were in the end overruled. There were reasons, as will readily be believed with a woman who possessed a "Gentile" husband, that the rite should be performed with utmost secrecy, but no very long time elapsed before place and occasion were found, and the deed accomplished.

It was in a quiet reach of the river Cam, in the dead of a night only lighted by stars, that Mrs. King and her young daughter, dressed in long white robes and caps as for confirmation, went down together into the waters of baptism. I seemed to see the slim figure of the little neophyte offering herself up in a sacrifice the nature of which she could so little understand, and I shuddered at a picture which the mother with tearful eyes described as the fairest she had ever beheld. I understood too well how acceptable such sacrifice must be to the villainous elders who have the pick of these tender offerings. A girl still younger was the next to catch fire; and soon there came upon the trio and the apostolic serving girl that impulse to "gather" to Zion, that fever to be up and away to the promised land, to which I have above alluded.

The position of the husband and father in all this, was a puzzle, only to be solved on the supposition that

natural affection was the one note of an otherwise silent nature, and that he let everything go for the sake of retaining his hold on his family, who, possessed as they were, would have left him and "gathered" at any cost. Gentile and unredeemable as he was, he sold his prosperous farm, and with the work-girl, and one or more others whom they helped out, started with his wife and children for Salt Lake City. The fair little neophite died, almost within sight of her hope; for the second daughter, now a little over sixteen, a less enviable fate was in store—she was married, soon after her arrival, and married, as her mother announced with curious satisfaction, "into polygamy."

Poor Mr. King, who wanted nothing in Zion but a certain acreage of cultivatable land in honest exchange for money, had a district awarded him which the brethren must have known, if he did not, was incapable of bearing anything but sage-brush. The alkali was so abundant in this soil, that its surface was as "a leper, white as snow." He seems to have accepted this final deception with the quietude of one whose feelings have been deadened with many blows. If their combined effect had anything to do with his death, their action was slow, as his struggle with this refractory soil lasted for ten years. I wondered again within myself, when Mrs. King came to the point of burying him, what manner of man this was, who, unallured by either of the gross paradises, earthly or heavenly, of the "saints," had exchanged his fruitful English farm for this wilderness, and had never uttered a complaint. If I admired his stolid reserve, I was

amazed at his wife's capacity of faith in her fellow-men. Hard fight as they had had together, and alone, in staightened circumstances as she now lived, no doubt of the sharp practice of which they had evidently been the victims, seemed ever to have darkened her mind; while her recollections of Brigham Young, who must have been the prime agent in their misfortunes, were of the most animatedly delightful description. Eager to rush into print, and ready to come forward in many ways as she had shown herself, she did not seem to suffer under that degradation which the system inflicts upon the sex, but spoke of the social life of Salt Lake City as all that was most desirable, and the spiritual consolations of Mormonism as unlimited. Her last words in taking leave were to adjure me to speak well of it. "Be careful how you disturb or impede its action," she said; "be assured that it is the Lord's truth!" I would not promise always to respect it as such. Mrs. King's story, as it had fallen from her own believing lips, had impressed me disagreeably. She herself was happy and convinced; a kindly and well-meaning dupe as it seemed to me; a good woman at heart I am sure. There are people who are capable of maintaining some sort of spiritual life on chaff.

LEAF VIII.

THE following morning at eleven we were due at President Taylor's, and we took our way under the cotton trees whose leaves hung like plates of gold in the brilliant October sunshine. The house of the chief is, as might be supposed, the handsomest in the city; although, looked upon as the abode of so many queens of Mormondom with their several courts of children, it is not a very large one. It is a stone edifice, and stands in its own garden opposite, on the other side of the street, to the Lion House in which we had visited Sister Eliza Snow. We were received by an elder, who was also I believe a secretary of the great man, and were by him ushered into what was evidently the chief reception room, a comfortable, substantially furnished, and rather gaily-coloured apartment, heated by pipes and a blazing coal fire, and into which æstheticism had evidently not found its way. The music-stool before an open cottage piano was now tenantless, but we had heard the instrument rather roughly hammered as we came in.

The president did not keep us waiting. His age is, I believe, seventy-four; a tallish, well-made man, still

upright, but giving no promise in his gait and general aspect of the possession of the force needed in a position of such arbitrary authority. If President Taylor has ever possessed this, I imagine he possesses it no longer. He carries his head well. His abundant, accurately parted, and very white hair is smoothly combed; his brow steep and narrow; his eyes mild but scarcely kind; his nose well formed: altogether a handsome man, who might be a comfortable English gentleman—a country squire, only that for that he is too well dressed,—a well-tailored and well-groomed old gentleman, with broad-cloth and linen of the finest. In describing his face I have paused at the mouth, which, with the sensitive muscles moving it, is the tell-tale of the human countenance. Many lies are exacted of the president's lips in the cause of the Church, and the subjugated muscles may have lost the power of spontaneous play; the thin lips are widened into an habitual smile, which, like the mild eyes, has no warmth in it. He received us very politely, but I think that, shut within his wall of mountains, he had lost the sense of relation with the world without. He was soon reinforced by one of his numerous daughters, a rather pretty girl, whose morning exercise on the piano we found we had interrupted, and after that by a young lady whom she introduced as her cousin, and a little later by the president's sister, the mother of the latter. But before this the door had been quietly opened, and the upright, slender ascetic figure of Sister Eliza Snow had appeared, black-robed as we had seen her, but wearing her bonnet and mantle. She had been

specially invited to assist at our reception, and I imagine is generally brought to the fore when Gentile visitors are to be impressed by the "sweetness and light" possible to the women of Mormondom. Indeed, this charming old lady, wearing her years with so grave a grace, mellowed but not humbled by time, burning with an unquenchable zeal for her strange faith, might have been proudly shown as the witness of any creed. I was happy to meet her again after the reluctant parting of the previous interview, and pleased when she renewed her exposition of the Mormon faith as sublimated by her own idealistic temperament, and kept to a certain extent sane by a life of far-reaching benevolent activity. Even, with her, polygamy was the very core of the creed, though, in urging its necessity, she dwelt not at all upon the personal exaltation looked for in other spheres by men and women through its practice, that "other-worldliness" which is its strongest argument with natures of a lower but not the lowest type. A fanatical believer in the revelations of the "Prophet," her one thought was of the urgent souls who were pressing for incarnation on this earth as a point of departure for the higher glory of the heavens. These Mormons seem all to make to themselves an exaggerated picture of the wickedness, in which the outer world is lying; and certainly there is much in what is called the "advanced civilization" of the United States—the check that is put upon population, the lack of domesticity and laxity of manners generally—to furnish them with data for their opinions.*

* The whole of these "Flying Leaves" were written before (at

President Taylor, having been talking with E—— on the hearthrug, now seated himself in an armchair near the fire, and his conversation took a wider range. He spoke of the Prophet Joseph—a favourite theme, as in the belief or non-belief of this man's announcements Mormonism either stands or falls to pieces. He told us of the simplicity and directness of his character; of his remarkable gifts of healing the sick, of tongues, and of prophecy. He said he had been called an "ignorant man," but that the characterization was utterly false; he had been an ignorant boy, as most boys are "ignorant," but that as a man he was instructed beyond the common, even in knowledge such as it is accounted by the world. He went on to speak of his visions, taking us in his colder guidance over the ground we had already passed in company of Mrs. Eliza Snow, whom it is difficult for me to think of as in any way connected with the suspiciously gifted individual who was her husband. When the conversation, which was naturally rather one-sided, came to a pause, we had a little music, or more correctly a short performance on the piano on the part of each of the young ladies, which left us hoping that the societies for mutual improvement were stronger in the cultivation of science than of art. It did not appear that the want of skill was felt by any but ourselves, nor when E—— gave the company a song or two of Mozart's, were they able, I think, to recognize it as something better; though possibly in this I may be mistaken. Of pictures, so far as the close of July last) that thunder-clap of awful revelation broke over our summer world in England.

we could see or hear, there were none, or worse than none, in Utah; of verse there was a crop as abundant and valueless as the sage-brush of the surrounding desert. Culture, as it exists elsewhere, has not yet penetrated into this hitherto secure retreat at the further foot of the Wahsatch mountains. The one thing in Utah which represents it is the great organ of the Tabernacle, almost the largest made in America; and that, built, as we were duly informed, by a Mormon, we were invited by the chief to hear. We had looked on it from the outside when we had seen the Tabernacle; but hearing it, as we soon did, pealing through the vast empty space at the command of one who possessed the gift of all gifts the most mysterious and incommunicable, the effect was sudden, and almost overpowering. We had heard so much in the last few days of the persecutions and afflictions of the "saints," of their long wanderings in the desert, and the martyrdom of their prophet, that to an imagination a little stirred by surrounding local influences, this great organ voice seemed to be wailing as with all the tribulation and sorrow of this hunted community. The Mormon professor, a Welshman, named Thomas, who sent his spirit trembling through the pipes, was a born *vates*, well able to communicate with intention such a message of woe to any who might be prepared to receive it.

In the evening we found our way with some difficulty through the rather dark and, in places, ill-paved streets, to the house of that one of the six Mrs. Daniel Wells' who is the editress of the *Woman's Exponent*,—a

small house, almost in the suburbs, standing back a little from the street, with the usual garden behind. Mrs. Wells opened the door herself; she thought we were late, and appeared to be on the look-out for us, fearing we had lost our way. The little circle to which we were introduced in this Mormon home, consisted of our old friend Mrs. Eliza Snow—self-invited when she heard that we were coming—and a Dr. Roumania Pratt, besides our hostess and a young unmarried daughter, a pretty dark-eyed girl, and one from whom, as a daughter of Daniel and Mrs. Editress Wells, and the possessor of character and energy on her own account, much seems to be expected in the future. A little later on, a married daughter and her husband, the young man we had seen at Mrs. Wells' office, were added to the group. This last was a son of Q. Cannon, the most important figure now in Mormondom, and the one on whom its immediate destinies, so far as they may be shaped from within, will depend. The young couple belonged, thus far, wholly to each other; no second woman had come between them as a wedge to split asunder their joint lives, the young husband not having yet seen it his duty to lay more than the foundation stone of his "kingdom." It was not pleasant to look upon their happy faces, and think of the shoals ahead.

A clear open fire was glowing upon the hearth, and the small room, with its simple furniture and decorations, its piano, and its guitar, had a singular look of comfort. Dr. Roumania Pratt is a lady who has taken a medical degree, and is in good practice in the city. The con-

versation turned chiefly upon subjects of local interest : Mormonism and its seemingly unlimited hopes. It was curious to contrast the apparent peace and good cheer of this little assembly, with the rumours of coming struggle which reached us from without.

Our days were passed in as much communion with the Mormon people as we were able to establish, but the evenings had never failed to bring to our hotel Mr. Goodwin, the gentleman on whom we had called on our first arrival, who, anxious to correct the impressions we might have derived from native sources, fulminated against the Mormons in eloquent periods, which we sometimes recognized in the *Salt Lake Tribune* the succeeding day. From him we knew that even at this moment a case was in preparation in which one Rudger Clausen would be indicted for bigamy, and while such charges are exceedingly difficult to bring home to this people, no Gentile being suffered to witness the ceremony of marriage, it was believed that in this instance conviction was certain. It was understood on all hands that this indictment was only one of a series which was to follow, it being intended that such pressure should be put upon the women, as should force them to disclose the fact of the illegal rite in which they had borne part. Up to this time their short detentions for contempt of Court had been as playing at persecution, but for the future their refusal to answer the questions of counsel would be visited with long imprisonment. All this we knew, and felt that the quiet confidence which seemed to reign around us, was not without some secret counter-

check. We saw signs of discretion on the part of these Mormons in their courteous dealings with us. Wives, at the many-wived President's, had been conspicuous by their absence. We had seen no Mormon couples together with the exception of young Cannon and his, up to this present, sole wife. The husband of whom Mrs. Wells owned a sixth, was not here; neither was the handsome daughter who had been a "plural wife" from the first. This, and a word which dropped from young Cannon, was all the evidence that the "saints" were alive to what was going on. E—— had expressed his satisfaction that he had never been summoned to serve on a jury. "You should avoid Salt Lake City, then," said young Cannon; "you would hardly be here another week without their serving you a notice." A sort of conscious silence followed this remark, which, nevertheless, seemed to vibrate through the room, as when an importunate string is deadened perforce.

Miss Wells sung a nigger melody, accompanying herself on the guitar; her voice was sweet, and her rendering, not without feeling, but her pronunciation was—what *was* it? Salt Lake, I presume; some very strong flavour certainly, and it may be supposed, racy of the soil. But I do not like to criticize severely a performance capable of giving pleasure to those whose ears were not like ours, unaccustomed to the local musical conventions. All of the several persons we met were perfectly well mannered, and full of the most cordial kindness. The impression that Sister Snow made

upon us was deepened at every interview ; I believe that, however eccentric her opinions, she had a selfless purity of motive which surrounded her as a luminous atmosphere. Mrs. Wells appeared a tender mother, and in this stage of her existence, a happily detached wife, content in the free exercise of her own activity. Dr. Roumania was a sensible looking woman, who also had found a sphere of action to her mind. We were sorry to leave the pleasant light and warmth, and the fellowship of kindly hearts, and however our views of the evil and corruption at the core of Mormonism remained unchanged, we sincerely regretted that the little circle within the radius of that friendly hearth would possibly be called on to share in the troubles to come. But we had to go. Dr. Pratt pressed us to take seats in the open buggy which awaited her at the door, but I feared the keen night air. The hardy old prophetess felt herself better able to repel its effects, and stood lightly shawled, ready to depart with the medical lady, while we took of each other a lingering farewell. I see the tall, slim, sable-robed figure, with the human love and longing in the dim eyes, see it as I saw it then, and shall never see it again ; though the heart of the aged priestess which was of those that " hope all things," seemed to tell her we should meet again. One lesson I had learnt from her, and might perhaps have learnt, if less distinctly, from her companions—that there is something in every honestly inspired human heart better than its opinions, whatever they may be.

LEAF IX.

AS we walked home in the crisp moonlight, we were troubled with many thoughts to which the persons we had seen, and the strange creed we had been examining, gave rise. The sum of our reflections led to the conclusion that this pseudo revelation of Joseph Smith was a grave menace to the American government, already burthened with other difficulties which must press for solution before long. From what we had seen of the spirit of its professors, and from what we had heard of Mr. Goodwin (thoroughly well-informed on all matters of fact, although detesting this troublesome sect too heartily to do them justice even where it was due), the Mormons were steadily, even rapidly on the increase in Utah, and were already overflowing into Idaho, Nevada, and the other neighbouring States. Before the opportunity for inquiry that had been afforded us on the spot, we had regarded Mormonism as a decaying superstition; one that had done the world some service in carrying human life and industry into desert places which else had remained barren for unknown years, but which, its forced task performed, was succumbing to normal influences. It seems, how-

ever, that there are elements in human nature good and evil, on which the doctrines enforced by it are able to take hold. On the one side there is a height of sacrifice—always purifying to the spirits that can rise to it—on the other there is the authorized indulgence of a licentiousness which is everywhere else illicit, and a promised paradise of pride and self-seeking for this world and a world to come. The former is the drop which saves the whole unhealthy mass from falling to pieces of its own corruption; the latter makes its extension possible among the classes, hungry, ignorant, and fanatical, from which its converts are chiefly drawn. Added to this, there would seem to be a strangely recuperative power in this soil, which re-inspires the weaklings of our older civilizations with the faculty at least of material progress. Much of hardship and poverty as many of the newly arrived in Utah may still suffer, it cannot be disputed that in Salt Lake City there is a general air of prosperity, and of a prosperity more evenly distributed than I at least can remember to have seen in any other city of its size. Nor would it be fair to take no account of the fact, that its population has an air of general civility, of order and peaceableness, equal to its industry. Further, it cannot be denied that the women we met, apart from that *élite* with whom we had the good fortune to come into personal relation—the women encountered in the street and in the shops, were even singularly retiring and modest of aspect. I imagine that the discipline of pain, the mortification of the flesh and of the spirit, that even the least worthy of them must suffer,

is an education whose fruit, if bitter, is far from deadly. How bitter it must be to the vast majority incapable of willing sacrifice for any end, and to the probably smaller number unconvinced of the efficacy of this which is demanded of them, it is needless to point out. The unhappiness of famished affection experienced by the women of Mormondom, who, however unenlightened, are to some extent the children of their time, may be supposed to equal the growing and full-fed depravation of the men. Of the two, the case of the latter calls for the deepest commiseration ; but it is difficult to so accord it. There are probably earnest believers among the more fanatical and ignorant, but the gross practice of their cruel creed must infallibly calcine the heart, as it embrutes the senses and soul. The Mormon man is at once a tyrant and a slave. It needs no experience to confirm the proposition ; from the facts of the life that moulds him, he can be no other. Not the Popedom itself is so absolute a despotism as that wielded by the chief apostle of this creed. He may, if it so pleases him, propound a new doctrine without the check of an œcumenical council. He can dissolve marriage without evidence of fitting cause, at the request of any one he so favours. He can separate husbands and wives for years when he sends forth the former on their propagandist missions, "without purse and without scrip" as the apostles of old. He is superior to any law which is acknowledged in Utah on other ground than that of fear, and his sole mandate can deal death. That this last-named privilege is rarely if ever now exercised could not be surprising

to any one who had talked with the bland and comfortable old gentleman now in authority, even if it were not in a high degree inexpedient, in the present position of affairs, to provoke the interference of the central government. As for the power that depends on the exchequer, the strings of the public purse are wholly in the hands of the chief and his co-workers.

It will be seen from the above statement, that the Mormon though inhabiting a territory now in the close embrace of the great American confederacy, offers an absolutely resistant mass to the spirit of its constitution. Not only are its doctrines in direct opposition to the laws which govern it, its polity is also one which can never be acknowledged by the union. It is curious that in the heart of the American continent there should exist a community more office-ridden and enslaved, than is anywhere to be found in Europe proper. The new conditions under which it operates, tend to modify its worst effects; but the fact is there, if restrained in its manifestation.

It is hard upon the American Government, averse even to the appearance of coercion, to be put into the position of fighting what claim to be ideas, with lead and iron. And would such an onslaught be finally successful?

"A sword may be of finest proof
And still will come no nigher,
To cut the tangled web of sin
Or doubt hell fire."

These lines from the "Red Ladye" were quoted

against myself by a young American lady in conversation with whom I had been urging the necessity of stringent measures.

Better than all such methods would it be, more effectual probably, and certainly less costly, to meet argument with argument, appeals to the emotions with counter-appeals, the propagand of the Mormons with that of Christian missionaries zealous for the purity of the faith which has given a new era to civilization. Could it be too much to expect of a great nation that has pardoned all its prisoners of war, and held out the hand of fellowship to its revolted citizens, that such means should at least be tried on a worthy scale before essaying with violence to quash the evil weed on the soil whereon it has thriven, and in treading it underfoot, and in scattering it abroad, to strengthen here a root, and drive forth there a seed, to deepen and spread the elements of trouble for coming years.

That heart must entertain a faint belief in the reality of human progress, that could feel the issue of such a contest, fairly undertaken, to be doubtful. The word of their prophet, impostor or dreamer, or amalgam of the two, it matters not which, is a weak buttress on which to prop up so tottering an edifice ; and they have no other. The Old Testament examples which they cite in defence of polygamy, would prove too much even for Mormonism itself if taken seriously and fairly. Abraham is recorded to have had but one wife, and the slave woman whom she gave to him to raise up children in her own house, and to her own honour, was a concubine. Of Isaac's share in

marriage, we hear only of Rebecca. The two wives of Jacob, jealous of the distinction of large families when children were accounted as riches, gave each a slave girl as concubine to her husband. The example of the Patriarchs, therefore, if foisted upon people living in a state of society so wholly different, would say more for concubinage than for marriage. When the Mormon shifts his ground from the Old Testament to the New, he adds blasphemy to simple folly. The marriage of Cana of Galilee he asserts to have been that of the Saviour Himself, and the three Marys with the other women who followed his teaching, to have been his wives. But to quit this ground upon which Mormonism is intolerable, be it remarked that polygamy has never existed and could never exist other than by brute force, in any community unless either recruited by women from without, or sustained by a practice more outrageous to manhood, than the co-partnership in husbands is to womanhood. If, as it may reasonably be hoped, the eunuch must for ever remain unknown to the Western world, the ravenous demands made by individual men, can only be met so long as there are outer regions willing to minister to it. The average surplus of females in the adult population of civilized nations is, I believe, as a hundred and five to a hundred—an excess manifestly insignificant in relation to this question. Polygamy could therefore only be maintained as a permanent institution, by injustice and barbarous cruelty to that half of the human race for whom its benefits are alone intended.

I should hardly have felt it worth while to record these

reflections, were it not, that a thinker, the sum of whose work, while among us, has entitled all that proceeds from his pen to consideration, has in an essay published since his death, called attention to a plurality of wives as a possible remedy for the most piteous of our social evils. It is clear that if any mitigation of this sore could be found as he suggests, the application of the mean could be only partial and temporary; it would be also very like a shifting of the burthen from the weakest and most worthless of one sex to the strongest and ablest of the other, and I apprehend that at the best the loss in this must be more than the gain. It would be difficult to make a woman understand that a man with twenty wives, albeit he supported them all from his own purse, was anything less loathly than a prostitute.

I cannot but doubt if, had he lived to revise his work, James Hinton would have given the sanction of his name to even so much as a hint of a cure to be found in polygamy for the cancer of modern society. To make head against disease by lowering the tone of the whole system, is a method as faithless as cowardly.

In the long history of the travail of the human spirit from its possibly brute beginnings, one spark of heavenly fire is seen to have been slowly evolving itself. That spark is love as apart from lust. There is no danger that this treasure will ever be lost to woman; of her, kind nature has taken charge. The birthplace of love is the mother's heart; and her nurselings will continue to be her teachers. But it would surely be a calamity to the sex that has been the slowest to learn, to have the

result of its toils obliterated at a moment seemingly of more fruitful promise. With a man whose ideal of conduct is the sharing of himself equally between a number of women, the sentiment he owns towards any one of them can have little that is distinctively human. Tenderness in any efficient quantity would bring torture into the life of a being whose province it was to foist fresh favourites upon the old, and thereby rack the souls of the women who loved him.

Even allowing that the love of man for woman could often under such circumstances be worthy of the name, what strength of parental affection must be assumed before it could be admitted that a father's love could suffice to unlimited paternity. Even with only three or four wives (a small allowance for a Mormon apostle), these women dwelling in separate houses, as is for obvious reasons usually the case, the children must grow up in much separation from the father, a separation which, as the mother grows old, and becomes less and less the object of his attention, is ever on the increase. Here and there doubtless some special claim, some gift or grace on the part of the child, will attract to it the father's favour; but what, in such a condition of things, becomes of those lessons of patience with the dull and ailing, and of equal justice for all which it is the province of the home to teach? For the polygamic man it seems to me there exists no power on earth strong enough to wrest him from the grasp of an all-devouring selfishness.

It is to be regretted that the Mormons have it in their

power to point to a practice of rare occurrence among ourselves, and screened in utmost secrecy, but which has on the other side of the Atlantic obtained a name whereby it is publicly recognized, and not it may be feared too universally condemned. If the public prints of the States, and the openly expressed belief of well-informed persons are to be trusted, foeticide obtains throughout all classes of the Union, in a measure highly subversive of the interests of a growing nation, if for no other reason than that the accretions from without can hardly be expected to be of such quality as those which might legitimately be looked for from within. The Mormon people pointing in triumph to their overflowing nurseries, denounces the monogamic system which it charges with these barren results. In effect they are doubtless to be looked for elsewhere ; but that is for the present beside the mark.

There can surely be no heart that would not hail the hope of any mitigation of the most festering ulcer of our overgrown cities—the shame of which is shared by every woman however placed, from the queen upon her throne to the sempstress who is sewing, as with one thread, a “shirt and a shroud;” many a thoughtful mind must also be exercised with that problem of the future, and in many places of the present : that glut of population which is already the plethora of industrial centres, and which threatens in a time not quite vaguely distant, to over-burthen all the green and pleasant places of the earth. These are questions whose pressure varies according to locality ; but each has to be faced on its

own ground. Polygamy claims, as has been shown, to offer a solution for the first; but it is one which the healthy current of progressive life is bound to reject; with the second of course it could deal only inversely; and that in such outlying portions of the earth as Utah would not at present be felt as a material disadvantage.

It is on very different lines from the above, that a true philosophy, as it seems to me, must look for help in the present and the future.

The opening of new fields of labour to struggling, often starving women, must have done much that cannot well be computed, towards the check of female degradation, and may be expected to do still more. Education in its recent extension, may be looked to also as an ally to the good cause. The supply of legitimate forms of amusement as counter-excitements to the gin-shop and the music-halls, is a measure which, taking into sympathetic account the demands of our common nature, cannot be wholly without effect. There are many lines on which effort would not be thrown away, and it is the privilege as it is the duty of thoughtful persons, to help by word or deed in the struggle against all-devouring evil; but when all is said that can be said, all done that can be done, it is mainly by the help of the unseen power that worketh for righteousness that the final redemption will be accomplished.*

* The Bill for some more adequate protection for helpless girlhood, which is, at this moment of going to press, being brought before Parliament, had not come within the writer's knowledge when these thoughts were set down, nor had she at that time any notion of the dire need of it. The public revelations which have secured

In regard to the second question, it is to the operation of the laws which are universally seen to restrict the higher forms of animal life, that our gaze must be directed in contemplating the more distant future. It has been lucidly shown by Mr. Fiske, in his admirable pages on "The Destiny of Man," that the formative energy present in evolution, having built up the kingly structure of the human body, has paused on that finished course, and turning, commenced operations of a more recondite nature within. From that moment the work of progress was lifted to a higher plane; it was the furnishing and equipment of the temple which it had been the toil of the ages to uprear, that now became the regard of nature. The brain with its ever-increasing convolutions was to give to man the empire over the physical universe, and last and highest triumph, the sovereignty of all the passions of his own derived nature, and their orderly exercise in the service of the higher life of the soul. In the path of this latest development an agent may be confidently expected whose operation will be felt equally on both sides of these seemingly divergent questions. If an end shall ever come to the lowest debasement of womanhood, it will arrive on lines vastly different from those of a licenced profligacy; if the time should be one day reached when it becomes not only a selfish policy, but a duty to attention to the Bill, are a fearful price for a nation to have had to pay; but where such danger on the one hand and devilish wickedness on the other exist, no price is too costly for the end in view, which is to get under the control of law those "criminal classes" whose place is not at the base, but at the apex of our social system.

regulate fecundity, we may freely hope that such duty will be accomplished by other than the heart-hardening means of the suppression of life which has already started on its course.

Self-government, that sovereignty of the reason and the nobler affections which the gradually lowered claims of the brute within the man render practically possible, is the true goal of human endeavour. In reviewing the way that has been made in the past, and the promises that are beckoning us onward, let us accept of no ignoble compromises. The progress of society without ideals, must be vacillating and uncertain. Let us hold on in our darkness to the highest truth of which we have ever had a vision. We may fail to translate it adequately into life or art, but we shall only lose hope when we must already have lost faith, if we should endeavour to lower the majesty of the law within us at the cry of the beast that has been set under our foot. Once let us shift those borders, and the increasing clamours of the full-fed lower nature will demand perpetual concession. On that path lies the death of true manhood; at its further end is the burial-place of human progress.

Is there no missionary zeal in young America, that, allowing to Mormonism all the practical effectiveness, and ignorant good faith that can be urged in its favour, will nevertheless meet and vanquish it as the enemy of spiritual life, and the negation of the last and highest message which has hitherto been received by man?

LEAF X.

WE leave Salt Lake City on a morning keen and bright, the train passing by, sometimes cleaving, the skirts of the Great Salt Lake; altogether a treeless and a desolate-looking region, in spite of the name of Paradise which is so freely bestowed upon it. A night upon the train has brought us to another day.

On, and still on, we journey to the West. The dawn breaks clear; not a cloud in the heavens, so far as they are visible to me. The sky has the look of a liquid, not wholly transparent—some imperfectly mingled, ethereal milk and wine. All below is prairie, with conically shaped hillocks, which might be the tents of some Brobdingnagian savage tribe in the distance. As I watch, the dawn brightens into day. The dun, yellowish prairie is now bordered by vaster rugged hills, whose hollows are filled with the blue breath of the morning. Now no more hills, only a rolling ocean of prairie, which seems to have swallowed up the world: but it has not; it is, on the contrary, the tide of civilization which is for ever pressing upon and narrowing its borders. The buffalo, the elk, the wolf, and the bear are gone, and the wild Indian flits from place to place as a shadow that “never

continueth in one stay." He haunts the stormy summits and the inaccessible gorges of mountains, as least likely to provoke the jealousy of the white invader. So the scene changes as we pass.

1.10 a.m.—The chariots of commerce and of civilization roll on through mile upon mile of the waving yellow sea; we with them. The mountains of the Sierra Nevada bound the prospect upon either side; but the great dun-coloured plain between is monotonous. Sage-brush, nothing now but sage-brush on either side, and in places not even that, only the salt lying thick, like a shower of snow, upon the alkaline land. We feel no weariness, because we have accepted the situation, counting the duration of our journey, not by hours, but by days. The sight of an Indian encampment is always a welcome excitement. Those of the aboriginal inhabitants who still frequent this region are of the Sioux tribe.

We stop at a station where many of these Indians are congregated, and see three squaws sitting together on a corner of the platform. One of these women is old, and two are young. Of the latter, the one who has a papoose on her lap, is not without a certain measure of beauty. A dark, rather flattened, disc-like face, with fine eyes, and a delicate line of nose, which, with the forehead, has something of the ancient Coptic type as seen in Egyptian monuments. The Indian lips are, however, without the grand curves distinctive of that race, though the teeth in the present case are beautifully white and even. The young squaw has clearly a turn for business. The travellers who have alighted from the

train are all solicitous of a peep at the curtained baby ; but the screen remains immovable, and the face of the Indian woman, as she looks past it and us, still more so. Some one suggests the offering of a five-cent piece, a conception to which I, as the only woman, and naturally the most curious of the party, immediately rise. I hold the coin within range of her vision, and an almost imperceptible quiver of an eyelash tells me that she has seen it ; but the squaw knows full well that the sight she has to offer is worth more to the bidder than that, and her great eyes continue to look past us or through us, contemplating, as it might seem, the immensities. I produce another five-cent piece, so doubling the bid ; the eyelash winks as before, but no further sign is given.

"I reckon she won't do it for nickel. Offer her the same in silver," said a voice. Obedient to the prompting, I hold before her a ten-cent piece in the superior metal. The quick eye recognizes the difference in a flash, and tilting the pappoose in such a manner that no other shall share the spectacle with the one who has paid for it, she makes a sign to me to bend low, and quickly removes the curtain. A little reddish-brown face, with round, rather hanging cheeks, and eyes and mouth just opening in a cry, is exhibited to me for a moment, and the curtain of the peep-show is abruptly closed, when a low laugh tells the Indian woman's enjoyment of the discomfiture of the bystanders.

Taking a turn along the platform, I met other Indians, men of the tribe, dressed in half-civilized fashion, with blankets for the most part furnished by the American

Government, vastly inferior articles to those which are native made. The latter are not only finer in colour and design, but their texture, though soft, is so resistant that they will hold water without leaking. I was told by one who seemed to know, that the marketable worth of the best of these blankets is £50. In the opposite direction from where the elder men were congregated, we came upon a young Indian maiden, doubtless a *belle*, her evidently careful toilet having been completed by two bars, one of red and one of yellow paint, extending from the inner corner of the eyes, passing over the full round cheeks, and diverging outward from the chin, which was garnished on its own account with sundry touches of the same pigments. These fantastic markings reminded one somewhat of the patterns seen on a butterfly's wing; but they were sadly out of place on a human countenance; and I felt sorry for the young creature whose face-adornment, so garish and grotesque, seemed, with the prescient genius of infantile art, to mark out the course of coming tears.

2 p.m.—Our long journey is again broken. We come to another stop, and regale our eyes, while stretching our limbs, with the sight of a few trees, the first we have seen since leaving Salt Lake. The companion of our platform walk is a man of taking exterior, kindly and agreeable, with the manners and mind of a perfect gentleman. He has been some time absent from his wife and only child, and the thin sweet Californian air seems already to have let him into the joy of their presence.

There are other travellers in our Pullman car, with whom we have more or less beguiled the way. One is a substantial, opulent and thick-set Teuton, in whom the Yankee twang rests on a substratum of German idiom. He sets all our opinions right for us, and gives us information on the safe principle of beginning our education at the beginning. Another of our companions is a talkative and amusing youngish man, whose person seems to be the object of his tenderest care. His air is jaunty; his broadcloth and linen of the finest; his hair, under all the attending difficulties, is carefully arranged, and he is not innocent of perfumes. He is fond of airing his judgments upon men and matters, and they get rudely nipped by the authoritative German. For his own part he is very good-natured; and he finds more encouragement in his attempts to entertain his fellow-travellers, in the case of a very attractive, wonderfully fair, and richly attired young lady, whose devotion to an exterior in every way worthy of her regard, appears to equal his own. He has admitted—at our end of the car, where the confession would not be detrimental—the possession of a wife and an interesting young family. But I fancy the existence of such impedimenta would be passed over in the rush together of congenial spirits, which takes place in the warm region of the stove near the opposite door. Before we part we are favoured with the cards of the two gentlemen; the German is the owner of a rich jeweller's shop; the other is an artist in hair; and, strange to say, the lady, whom we had taken for an actress, is of the same profession. The honest assurance

and self-respect with which the cards, setting forth these callings and the locality of their exercise, are delivered, is a pleasant comment on democratic institutions.

We wonder a little how a toilet so elaborate as that of the lady—with skin so white, and lips so red, and hair so very golden—has been performed under these crucial circumstances. Assuredly the action has not been signalized with the same frankness as that which marked the more simple arrangements of another lady, who stood waiting her turn at the locked door of the dressing-room, wig in hand, for a quarter of an hour.

On, and still on, through the rolling, which are also shining, hours. We sit as in a bath of pure air and light, very sustaining under the fatigues and the denials of the long land voyage. We are not impatient, for, as I have said, we have accepted the situation; if we do not "gather honey all the day," it is that there are few opening flowers in this desert. A lonely ranche here and there; a "corral," or a few grazing herds, have at one portion of the way broken the monotony of the often featureless prairie. The sight of a little knot of mounted men variously accoutred, surrounding and hustling the cattle, singling out a beast, and galloping with their lassoes in swift pursuit, was an excitement. To my eye these wild-looking young barbarians had all the appearance of "younger sons," offshoots of our ancient civilization, returned as bad pennies into the mint of nature. These pioneers, living beyond the bounds of law, make a very effective code for themselves. A story which E—— heard somewhat later from an eyewitness, one

of his guides in the Yosemite valley, may fitly be inserted in this place, as bearing upon prairie manners.

A youth, better fed than taught, who was a new-comer to the West, had not yet brought down his proud stomach to the level of the fare provided for cow-boys and others at the rude wayside station ; and being on one occasion served with a peculiarly villainous compound, his temper gave way, and he returned it upon the hands of the lady at the bar in a manner more summary than civil. Now, womanhood is sparsely represented in these parts, and the value of a commodity is apt to rise with its rarity. The "boys," who were lounging about the place, would by no means suffer this all but unique example to sustain any affront in their presence. They rallied to the rescue of the offended fair one, and with scrupulous politeness requested her to bring back the execrable mess ; which done, they assured their new pupil, as they closed round him with their revolvers, that it was not only good to eat, but "a thing to be desired to make him wise." So constrained, he swallowed the poison ; but when blandly asked if it was not "nice," unutterable loathing was about to throw up the word "beastl—," when he was cut short by the demand of his educators for a fresh supply, which he was forced to eat to the last morsel under the same irrefutable conditions. Considering that death by gunshot wound is known to be painless, I think I would have accepted it rather than yield my body to the possibly more cruel revenges of outraged nature.

The hills close in the view on either side, but nothing now for a long while past has met the eye between that

distant range but desert,—desert on either hand, desert behind, and desert before us. At length, to the left of the iron way, the river Humboldt comes into sight, and broadening out into a lake, whose still surface it does not so much as ripple, the mountains, rosily outlined on the side of the sinking sun, and softly blue in their mysterious masses, are reflected in the calm mirror, and so answer to the hunger of the eye for change, that you almost doubt if the vision be not self-created. The twilight deepens, and the effects become more solemn as we travel onwards. Changing my seat, I see, on the other side of the line, the wide waste thickly sown with viscous alkaline salt, sweeping on to the base of the range of the Sierra Nevada, where we shall soon have to cross it; and the mountains that grow gradually higher, rising as a dark barrier against the sky where the sun, which is sending up shafts of light, glowing as with some awful conflagration, has gone down. Such a scene might have stood for the burning of the Cities of the Plain, and over such a salt-strown wilderness one could imagine the flight of the one just man, and the subduing to the pestilent influences of the place, the woman reluctant to be saved.

The lamps are lighted, and the artificial glare, which yet is not near enough to the eye to allow of very comfortable reading, shuts out the view. Later the negroes come and arrange the beds in the several sections for the night. We feel that we are constantly rising; we cross the mountains, and from my berth, where I lie in very contented wakefulness, I have the glorious spectacle

of the heavens with the stars in Orion looking like pools of light in the solid floor of the dark. The shadows of pines, too, begin to border the way, and I am glad that the desert is past.

Saturday morning, October 25th.—We reach Sacramento and have breakfast—a meal at last that may be really eaten. To have done more than pick to pieces, hide from observant eyes the messes provided in the “Palace car” buffets, or at the stations by the way, I should have required the persuasion of a revolver at my lips. Seated again in the train, I am told to look for the State House, but my gaze is arrested by the sight of green trees for which I have been long a-weary, and I fail to see it.

We cross the Sacramento river on the largest boat in creation, a ferry capable of accommodating three lines of carriages abreast. We come to the Bay of San Francisco, and behold the Pacific. We have journeyed from ocean to ocean.

LEAF XI.

Monday, October 27th.

HAVING visited a great many of the world-famed cities at home and abroad, I incline to think that agglomerations of human dwellings are, for the most part, unbeautiful things. If such is the case in the Old World, where growth has been gradual and where happy accident and mellowing time have stepped in to correct human error, it is much more the case in the New. None which I have yet seen of the much-vaunted cities of the Far West has, in my eyes, justified its claim to beauty—nor is San Francisco an exception ; each of them has an interest of its own for the traveller, if even it should in some cases be one of repulsion. In Chicago this mixed feeling was with us at its highest, that city embodying most completely the principle which has shaped them all, and looking so entirely what it is—the very Zion of speculative activity, the opulent New Jerusalem of neck-or-nothing commerce. San Francisco, young as it must seem to us slow-paced Old Worldlings, is of venerable antiquity compared with Chicago ; and its added age is very apparent

in its riper aspect. Its streets of tall, stone-built, and very ornate houses, less massive than those of the capital of Illinois, are by no means remarkable for architectural effect, but the inequality of the ground having in some cases determined their direction, the city has a picturesqueness not common on this side of the Atlantic. The trees which are planted along the streets of so many American towns, though commonly all of one kind, are always a pleasing feature; but even trees carried through mile upon mile of street and boulevard fail wholly to alleviate the hard squareness and depressing monotony of blocks of houses all at right angles and marshalled according to geometrical rule. No place is here given to the lovely accidents above alluded to, by which nature reclaims for beauty and delight the erring efforts of men. Of trees there are none in San Francisco; but the long vistas of the streets give a welcome vision of the neighbouring hills, climbed by suburban blocks and villas. The thoroughfares are very thronged with foot-passengers and vehicles, and the huge street cars, following close upon one another, glide backwards and forwards as by magic from early morning till deep into the night. The tariff of the carriages is so high as to be almost defensive, and we took to these public conveyances quite naturally, our first journey on the first day of our arrival being made in one of them to Golden Gate Park Station, where we took the train for Cliff House.

I ought to have known that San Francisco was built upon a sand bank; but if I had ever possessed the in-

formation it had escaped me, and I was disappointed accordingly to find in this climate, perfect at the present season, so little natural verdure. The road and the railway were in many places bordered by hillocks of shifting sand, on which the print of a passing foot was marked by holes of many inches deep, while in other places the wind had left upon these banks, the impress as of rippling waves. From Cliff House Hotel, a building placed on an eminence at the entrance to the Golden Gate, the view on to the Pacific, whose shores we had reached after so many hundred miles of travel, was superb. Here we sat on the long and deep piazza, looking towards the West, which had now become the East, enjoying the sight of the ocean sparkling in the sun, the faint peaks of the Farallone Islands in the extreme distance, the rocks, alive with sea-lions, near at hand, and the great ocean rollers breaking down below under our feet. With the sound of the crashing waves came the ceaseless roar of the strange animals whose bodies were writhing and wriggling one above the other as it seemed, all over the three abrupt rocks which broke the surface of the ocean not half a mile from the shore. Occasionally one of these creatures, taller or stronger than his fellows, would succeed in standing upon end, and, turning from side to side with emphatic gestures of his short arms, would roar down the rest, who grew silent for a moment, as the listeners to a popular preacher. Doubtless they were happy in the fresh sea breeze and the sunshine ; but so crowded together and

in ceaseless motion, they had a horrible look of restless grubs. I liked better to watch them when they took to the water, disporting themselves in the waves, riding upon, or plunging beneath, the hollow ocean ridges.

Returning by train as we had come, we stopped at the station and walked into the Golden Gate Park, from which the band and the company attracted by it were streaming out. I wanted to see flowers. I was hungry for them after long fasting, and was told that my appetite would find full satisfaction here. It was not so. A few fuchsias, petunias, geraniums, marguerites, and lobelias were all that lingered. Not a single rose was in bloom, and not many appeared to be cultivated. On the other hand, the garden was beautiful in itself, pleasantly undulating, and charmingly laid out, the trimly cut, somewhat coarse turf of the richest green, and the young conifers and shrubs generally miraculously thriving in their soil of what looked to the eye to be only sea sand.

We returned to our hotel, which was the Palace, and well deserving of its name, furnishing as it does accommodation, more or less sumptuous, for twelve hundred guests. Not the sea-lions themselves could have enjoyed the water more than we did the big bath which was among the luxuries of our installment. We revelled, we are still revelling, in it. We are like amphibia who have been dwelling in a desert. We made quite an orgie of baths, hot and cold, the first evening and morning after our arrival, all encrusted as we were with the dust of two nights' travel. We felt irrationally that we could atone for past omission by baths of supererogation. We had

a kind of hydrophobia ; but our madness was the craving for, not the disinclination to, water.

At lunch we met a lady well known in connection with the Woman's Suffrage movement in England, and seen by us not so long ago at a meeting at Mr. and Mrs. Kinnaird's, where she insisted upon introducing a disturbing element into the proceedings, and was cried down as an obstructive. It was with very different feelings that we now heard her voice. The accurately chiselled utterance of the native tongue which found its unobstructed way over this lady's lips was, to our ears, as music. For the rest, a kind and good woman, and none the worse for having the courage of her opinions.

The service of the Palace Hotel is performed by negroes, most of whom appear to be *pur sang*, while the chambermaids are quadroons, the latter fairly good-looking, but by no means beauties, such as I had hoped to find in this particular admixture of the black and white races. The elderly negro under whose care we usually find ourselves at table is a sympathetic human being, and altogether a favourable representative of his class ; quietly observant, obliging, speaking a very good English, daintily clean as to his linen and the keeping of his dusky hands, and with the ends of his rebellious moustache carefully waxed. This attention to appearance in a man of his age, and in the entire absence, unusual in a negro, of self-consciousness, had something in it more than merely respectable—it was humanly touching. Accustomed to the amount of solid food with which the American ladies support their frail organizations, he was disturbed, almost con-

founded, by the little use I was able to make of the good things spread before me ; and, refusing to abide by my modest demands, brought me *plat* after *plat* in the hope of awaking appetite by surprise. I did my best, and was sorry I could not do more. His grieved look at my husband, in whom I am sure he already saw a widower, were an eloquent appeal.

A due sense of the pleasure of spending money is experienced by me for the first time in America—here in San Francisco. The shops are very attractive, more especially those devoted to Japanese porcelain, lacquer-work, and curios. I have seen nothing of such finished art in London as some of the best of these—objects not only to gratify the careless eye by their grace of line, harmony, and balance, but things to improve your leisure with, examining the means by which the effects are produced and the almost miraculous skill of the handling. A wave as of the artist's joy in production seemed to reach you as you looked. As for our own paintings on china in comparison with these, the pigments look as if "laid on with a trowel."

Tuesday, 28th.—After a quiet morning, I went with E—— again to the Golden Gate Park, which we had as yet only imperfectly seen, and where we found a considerable concourse of people assembled to listen to the excellent band. The richer class had come in buggies and other light carriages, borne swiftly along by their trotting horses ; others, like ourselves, had arrived on the scene by the street cars, and were now promenading the paths with an eye on the crowded benches, or dotted in

pairs or groups all over the green mounds of the gardens. A light, graceful pavilion as a conservatory for the rarer plants, and a flight of steps bordered by tropical foliage leading to a higher level of the grounds, gave something of an Eastern, a Chinese or Japanese reflection to this pleasance of the Far West. But the climate was all its own—a climate unmatched in my experience ; one neither of summer or winter, of autumn or spring ; such a climate, if it were ever thus, as might be predicated of Paradise. There had been a slight rainfall before we arrived, and the dust, which is sometimes a torment, had been laid. It was a satisfaction to us, after the crude associations of the newly opened regions through which we had lately passed, to contemplate so many genial and seemingly contented faces, to see people enjoying a moment of leisure and to mark the order and good humour which everywhere prevailed. This last was especially noticeable on our return by the same means as we had come. The rush for the cars so soon as the music had ceased, was of the most animated. To secure, not even a seat, but just standing room, it was necessary to hurry forward and meet them on their way to the turn-table, whereon, at the end of their course, they rotate, and to spring on in one of the brief moments in which they halt from time to time. With all this eagerness, of which we were in the thick, we saw no single instance of rudeness or even discourtesy. Those who won in the race were well content, and those who failed looked for better luck next time. But the broad car which had seemed so commodious on our way thither, had become a closely packed

den on our return. It says much for the fair play of the aspirants for places, that I, who am not very good at a scrimmage, found a seat; at the risk, however, of being stifled by the press of standers who hung on to straps suspended from the roof for the purpose of steadying them in such emergency. Among the crowd unaccommodated with seats, the arms of several were impeded with infants, who were received after a time into the laps of the sitters, with apparently mutual satisfaction. I was amused at the conversation of two girls, my *very* near neighbours, who were discussing the personal pretensions of an acquaintance as they gyrated from side to side. The least of these two damsels, who was very little indeed, dangling from the suspender in a way which did credit to the strength of her muscles, for she was wholly off the ground, struck against me occasionally like the clapper of a bell.

"She's tall," said the bigger girl, "and she's proud; but she's real fine."

"Fine!" cried the little one; "call that fine? She's old—she's an old woman."

"She's a young girl," returned the more tolerant of the speakers; "she's twenty-five." And the two heads were knocked together in a whisper, in which I surmised the date to be verified by details too personal for the ear of even the most passing stranger.

"Well, anyhow she's got two teeth that are stuffed, and a false switch," said the small girl viciously.

"She's got lots of beaus," said her companion.

"She's got more than she can keep," retorted the midge.

'I guess she don't want 'em for long,' observed the other, provokingly.

"They'd find her out if she did," returned the little fury. "She's well enough to look at of afternoons, when she's made up with all her fixin's, but she's real mean in the mornin'."

And I felt a shock from the angry little person, as it swung to and fro with the movement of the vehicle, such as might have resulted from the contact with an electric eel. I fear that in the matter of "beaus" the fair subject of discussion had not respected the *meum* and *tuum*.

The dinner toilets with which the San Francisco, or the travelling American ladies, think it worth while to regale the eyes of strangers at the hotel, are often very elaborate, and sometimes beautiful; and if there are not many flowers at this season in the gardens, they abound as personal decorations; long trails of roses and other blossoms descending from shoulder to waist, and looking in their moist freshness dangerously suggestive of colds upon the chest. Much as I had sighed for flowers, it was no answer to my longing to see this waste of floral life. It was strange in this far region and among all this conventional elegance, to note on the person of our English friend, an example of that dress reform of these latter days which takes the shape of the divided skirt. The contrast between the severity of this costume and the multifarious drapings and adornments of the Parisian gowns with which it was surrounded, was too striking, and it required all the unconscious dignity with which it was worn to save it from impertinent remark.

Wednesday, the 29th.—This morning before lunch we walked a little about the town, visiting the Californian Market, and admiring its orderly arrangement, and the abundance, variety, and beauty of the fruits of the earth, which are there so temptingly set forth. Boxes of strawberries, a second crop, are displayed in the stalls side by side with the delicious little blue figs of the country; also green peas, now in these last days of October, together with yams, tomatoes, egg-plants, pears, apples, plums, grapes of all shades and finest quality, bananas hanging in rows one above the other as thick as peas in a pod covering branches of palm of two feet long and upwards, and the vegetables as it might seem of every climate under the sun. In noting this exuberant fruitfulness of the banana, we both called to mind Sir Charles Dilke's characterization of the plant in his "Greater Britain." He is speaking of the demoralizing effect upon human character and progress of the facility it supplies to existence, and launches an eloquent diatribe against it as "this accursed tree." I suppose the sunshine and the extreme levity of the air prevented our taking very serious views of life at the moment, but in face of this tier upon tier of innocent-looking golden fruit, we both laughed at the hard name applied to it. I thought of the sun-kissed land which had broken into such lavish fertility, and the genial words came back to me, "This is a field which the Lord hath blessed." But the philosopher is right; the banana may be good for food, but it is not a "tree to be desired to make one wise." We carried away a big box of strawberries,

more than we could have eaten in two days, for which, the season being nearly over, we paid half a dollar, and also some dozen of the figs dried in the sun, a free gift of the fruiterer of whom I had asked to be allowed to taste one for curiosity.

We had gazed at the shops as we passed before entering the market, and, seeing what our former experience had been, I was surprised at the many objects acceptable to an exacting taste, which were to be found in them. However recently the majority of the inhabitants of San Francisco may have attained to wealth, it is clear that there exists a class well learned in the most approved fashion of scattering it in view of a fair return. On our way from the hotel we had lingered before the brilliant show in a jeweller's window, and afterwards, at the polite invitation of the jeweller, had entered the shop, when he showed us a large collection of diamonds of the purest water, and permitted us to contemplate at our ease the fine decorations of the interior, and the many beautiful things displayed in the cases. What are here called the dry goods stores and the shops for "Yankee notions" are also tempting; the women's fancies and furbelows cunningly set forth, and the vanity-fair business altogether well conducted.

In the afternoon we visited the Chinese quarter—Chinatown as it is called,—and saw all that was to be seen from the outside. E—— had been there already for the second time, and was fortunate in meeting with a good-natured native of San Francisco (but indeed they seem all good-natured), who constituted himself his guide,

and gave him much interesting information. The Chinese population in California numbers at this time 100,000 souls, 3200 of whom dwell in San Francisco, occupying but six blocks of the part of the town they have appropriated to themselves. They live close, like bees in a hive; and as bees, they are industrious. There is said to be no trade or calling known among men, save only that of blacksmith, which has not its adepts among the dwellers of Chinatown. I have not been able to learn the cause of this one reservation. The Chinaman though tolerated, favoured even in California as nowhere else in the States, is not permitted to become the possessor of freehold property; but, taking his houses upon long lease, he has contrived in many instances, so to surround some big hotel, or better street, the objects of his ambition, as to drive away the white occupants and step quietly into their places. One hotel thus taken possession of, is now the resort, workshop, and dwelling-place, of no less than six hundred of these busy bees. When in the later part of this day we revisited Chinatown together, we were not content with walking the streets and peering into the shops where the men were plying their various trades, but climbed some steep stairs and took a survey of the interior of one of their restaurants, and afterwards found our way by the paying of half a dollar, into a joss house. The inside of the restaurant did not justify the promise made from without. I can imagine nothing short of being one of the "useless mouths" of a city in a state of siege that could make me partake of any of the kickshaws of that devil's kitchen; even then I think I

should have grace to prefer a more lingering death. Hashes of tubular organisms looking like earth-worms, birds of the size of chickens and the form of cranes made ready for the spit in the cruel mockery of flight, multifarious messes in little saucers, pots, and pans, and refuse of all sorts mixed with shells having a fatal affinity with those of snails, must have sufficed to rebut any but an appetite to the manner born. I am afraid my polite endeavours to look pleased as I walked from one table to the other and examined these dainties, were very unsuccessful, for the Chinamen watched my movements with angry eyes, and their loud voices bawling to each other in the harsh accents of the native tongue made me fear that we were hardly wise in having entered this elysium unattended. Be that as it may, the clamour and the odours exhaled drove us down the dirty stairs into the street quite as quickly as we had ascended. The balconies of these eating-houses, as seen from the street, have a very Oriental aspect, and it is only in these places that I have beheld growing flowers in San Francisco. Here it is common to have chrysanthemums in variously shaped and coloured pots, mixed with paper lanterns and other characteristic adornments.

The joss-house was not more fragrant than the eating-house, and the impure air was further loaded with the fumes of a not very aromatic incense. We faced the darkness (we could at first see nothing but the taper of our guide) and endured the closeness, upheld by an irresistible curiosity. The word in this place correctly used, reminds me of its employment in a different sense

by an old New York merchant at Manitou. This gentleman, who sat all day long upon a rocking-chair, thought great scorn of us for running after the beauties of nature; insisting, from the height of his heels, which he kept well above his head, that he for his part "had no curiosity." But to return to our joss-house. The Chinaman at the wicket had the dull, unspeculative eye and falling lip of what we had now learnt to recognize as the "opium face;" but he managed to pull himself together when we spoke to him, and to shout out a monosyllable which brought to our service that other one of the servants of the temple who was now our guide. This last had a very limited acquaintance with the English tongue, but we contrived to make out that the idol occupying the first shrine was the representative of one who in life had been an unsuccessful speculator. It may be supposed that he had since graduated with distinction in the school of Pluto, otherwise one is at a loss to imagine what gain might be expected from him in return for the cups of tea with which he was regularly plied. Passing on to other tabernacles, our attention was called to kings and emperors, black, white, and red, and always three together; and in a shrine, shut in by a black veil, to a "good woman," to whom Oriental politeness had allowed a head. The "good" lady, also making one of three, was seated between two others unaccommodated with characters. The last image to which we were introduced was that of an aged man who had walked or crawled the earth for a hundred and fifty years, and who possessed the power of imparting, in some

occult manner, the secret of longevity to his worshippers. This shrine was much affected by persons who were beginning to feel their natural powers enfeebled. At one of the tabernacles of the kings, by the side of the burning incense, we remarked a sort of lots, the notches on which would inform the drawer of the number of doses of medicine to be taken in order to a cure of his particular malady. We made some attempts to extract from our guide the nature of his religious convictions; but he was either very reticent on the point, or his imperfect vocabulary was a bar to the exchange of abstract ideas.

From the joss-house we went to Chinese Alley, where we had the sad sight of several vacant girlish faces, hapless rather than unhappy, planted behind little latticed windows, and looking fair, with their glabrous black tresses and eyes aslant, upon the sunless background of their dens. Here, as in China proper, where polygamy is and always has been in full force, the plea of Mormonism that it is a preventive of prostitution, receives emphatic contradiction. We hurried from this hopeless inferno, and unattended as we were, thought it better not to venture into the opium dens, and indeed had seen enough of what was unsavoury, darksome, and pestilent in China town, for one day. What strikes one as anomalous is the look of personal cleanliness and high keeping of these ill-living Orientals. The barbers shops, which abound in every street, are never without customers, whose figures are to be seen through window and door, with heads thrown back, resigned to the play of razor and tweezers and other mysterious little instru-

ments, in all which they seem to find a kind of lazy delight. No well-licked puppy can look more sleek than these quaintly dressed beings as they issue from under the hands of the professional manipulators, razed and plucked, with not a hair of shining pig-tail or interrogative eyebrow, awry. We occasionally saw women of the decent classes, but not of that distinction which is marked by crippled feet, gliding or shuffling on their white-soled shoes, apparently unsoiled by the dirty street, passing on their way with a furtive air and look of haste, often beautifully dressed, and always with carefully arranged hair. But the most grotesque of all these figures were those of the little children, whose wadded garments made them as broad as they were long, and whose little pig-tails generally stood out on end. On the whole we did not regret the time passed in this transplanted portion of the flowery land, however villainous the perfume of many parts of it.

LEAF XII.

ON Wednesday afternoon, the 30th of October, we re-crossed the bay in one of the truly palatial boats, on our way to the Yosemite Valley, and passed the night in the train, although reaching Madera about 11 p.m. Our companions in the car were another pair of married couples, a girl-wife and her young husband, who were making the tour of the world in search of health, both English; and a more elderly bride and bridegroom, Americans, who I imagine were launched upon a second matrimonial venture, which, seeing that they were amiable and reasonable, I judged likely to be successful. The lady appeared to have an admixture of some blood, possibly Mexican, which was warmer than that of the ordinary white American, and the gentleman was a favourable specimen compounded of strong Yankee stuff which time had mellowed, his sedate talk giving you glimpses of a past of very varied experience, in which he had been "prospecting" for gold, had carried his own life in his hand, and been compelled it would seem on more than one occasion to make the choice between losing it or taking that of another. The little English wife was every way charming, and no more

wayward than was inevitable under the circumstances, her husband appearing to be her sworn liege and well-contented servant, though I could not feel certain that there was not some innocent chicanery in the matter. Certain it is, that if her servant, he was not her follower, she being taken about the world much against her will, and only able to indemnify herself by letting him feel it at every point. Withal a most tenderly loving couple, whose first joy of mutual possession was a thing to warm the heart but to look on.

We six persons had all retired to our separate hiding-places, and were buttoned up in our curtains, plunged in the deep sleep that is apt to fall upon man in the small hours of the night, when we were suddenly aroused to full consciousness by a rude shouting and knocking upon the sides of our berths. It was the conductor, or so we believed in the dim light, who made it his pretext that he was in search of a pillow, but who without having found or looked for it as far as we could see, began torturing us all with questions about what we would have for breakfast. We were none of us hungry, but all wretchedly sleepy at the time, and the answers extorted represented nothing but a desire to escape this inhuman inquisition, the cause of which could only be that the operator was in league with the harpies at the hotel. He retired with a full list of our requirements, the various items of which had been of his own prompting, and amid a chorus of invective issuing in every key from between the closed curtains. I can imagine the sardonic grin with which the words, "shameful,

scandalous, brutal, cowardly," uttered in tearful tones were received by our tormenter, who would feel nothing but contempt for such a company of unarmed foes. Had the meal with which our strength was to be fortified for the coming trial been what it should be, I think we might have in part forgiven him, but as it was, never! The breakfast, which had cost us so dear, was at once insufficient and uneatable. We were called up to it in the grey dawn, and sulkily and in silence, like furtive ghosts, we, gentlemen and ladies, passed each other in our dressing-gowns, on our way to the washing-closets at either end of the car. Oh, for one of those baths of supererogation into which we had plunged at San Francisco! But creature comforts were not to enter into our programme of pleasures for the next week. Such as the breakfast was, we were given to understand it was the best we should get until our return by the same road, and that if we required any refecation at all between this and "Clarke's," a station in the thick of the forest at which we were to arrive at nine at night, we must take it with us. Having no one to befriend us, we could not venture to withstand this self-interested advice, and when we were packed into the vehicle which was to be our home for the day, our impedimenta, already sufficiently oppressive, received the addition of three large packages containing what purported to be six very copious luncheons.

The sun was not yet well above the horizon when we started in our rough mountain coach, drawn by six horses, and rumbled off along a road which made a pale

yellow track athwart a tawny prairie. How it came that this dusty looking way had the resistant power to shake us to and fro and toss us up and down in the manner it did, I never could make out. At San Francisco we had been warned, with much head-shaking, against making the attempt to reach the Yosemite Valley in the present state of the roads, unless gifted with exceptional powers of endurance. Again and again it had been proposed either that the expedition should be given up, or that the one of us two who was able-bodied should go alone, while the other remained in quiet possession at the Palace Hotel. I had turned a deaf ear to these cautious advices, and mocked at the pusillanimous plaints of people who for their own part seemed to have escaped unhurt. I am free to confess that when something less than half way on our first day's stage of sixty-eight miles, I misdoubted that my valour had lacked discretion. The sun rose slanting into our faces, and the dust followed suit. The terrible coaches along this line, which had been pronounced by an American gentleman, indignant at my husband's apprehensions, as "the finest coaches in all creation," may be well adapted to the wild work required of them; but they are instruments of torture all the same. In this wherein we found ourselves, we continued to be shaken until our bones rattled, and our flesh was covered with bruises. Wary and sore, we had an angry consciousness of looking grotesque as we were danced up and down, and knocked against each other and the iron supports of the awning, while being driven hour after hour over interminable

miles of featureless desert. This lasted from a quarter to six, when we had started from Madera, till half-past one, when we arrived at Coarse Gold Gulch, where we halted for lunch. It was a pleasant spot, and came upon us as a kind of oasis. Gladly we stretched our limbs, and declining the hostess's pressing offers of hospitality with the dignified consciousness of people who knew better, we spread out the viands we had brought from Madera on the table of the vine-covered verandah. The deepening disappointment of our several faces as parcel after parcel was opened and its contents drawn forth, might have seemed comic to an uninterested spectator, but I doubt if the humour of the situation struck any of us at the time. Some uninviting scraps of meat, pinions, drumsticks, and backbones of chicken hiding themselves in thick hunks of bread, with sardines deeply embedded in cake—leavings which the doubly smart waiters had stolen from their employers and foisted upon us—were found to be all the contents of the packages with which we had suffered ourselves to be incommoded. By the time this worse than Barmicide feast had been duly spread—I had placed even a bunch of flowers upon the cloth before becoming acquainted with our deception—the dinner-bell within had long rung out its peal, and our driver and some others who had been loafing about, had got pretty well through their repast. We did our duty staunchly by our shattered bodies, setting to work to pick what nourishment we could out of the miscellaneous mess, and having at length tossed it from us in disgust, we had the further mortifica-

tion of finding that our annoyance was more than shared by our good German hostess, who had with her own hands prepared for us what would probably have proved an honest meal. The best part of this being now thrown upon her hands, E—— did what he could to console her by saddling himself with sundry bottles of wine.

Refreshed by rest if not by food, we again took our seats on the coach unparalleled in creation, and were thrown into the air and banged against each other for mile upon mile as before. Under such circumstances I am deeply impressed with the wisdom of confining one's self to "short views of life," and accordingly I declined flatly to entertain the idea, found distressful by some of our fellow-sufferers, that this business would shortly be confronted again on the return journey. I set my teeth together—a needful precaution or they might have been broken—and thought with the lover in Browning's "Last Ride Together," "Who knows but the world may end to-night?" Mercifully there was an awning to the coach, for the sun through the long day shone down upon us unmitigated by a cloud, and it was not until it was lower, and there was hope of its departure, that it began to sap our strength and powers of resistance by streaming under the cover upon the small of our backs. But insensibly the prospect was improving; hills were rising in the distance, trees were no longer absent from the scene, and a scrubby vegetation, consisting mainly of weedy things with the eternal globes of seed-vessels where flowers had been, bordered the road close at hand. Once, while we were stopping

to change horses, we got out and stretched our limbs at a lonely ranche, and gave a little of our company to the solitary female occupant, who told us that such chance converse was all she ever knew of the outside world. But the strong spirit of nature seemed to have entered into this woman, who seemed anything but dull and dispirited, and expressed herself well satisfied with her life and its surroundings. Some distance from Coarse Gold Gulch, at an angle where two roads biforked, a wild-looking man was awaiting our passage, and made some dumb motion to our driver as we approached. Whereupon the latter threw him a packet, a letter or a newspaper, accompanying it with a question, which so far as I could make out, met with no intelligible answer. The lonely squatter picked up his prize and made off with it, muttering sounds not sufficiently articulate to convey any notion except that by disuse of speech he had lost the desire, almost the faculty for it. A few yards further, and we lighted on a small encampment of Indians; and at one of our halting-places were struck by a pretty sight—the flutter of a myriad vans of butterflies which had settled on a large table where grapes were drying in the sun. The incidents of our tedious journey were becoming more dramatic. In time, too, as we rose the hill, our pace was slackened, and we felt the comparative quiet a welcome reprieve. Then the sun set; and while we were still watching the departing glory, the moon rose. From the treeless desert, flat as the sea, we were gradually coming upon a region of vast rolling hills covered with conifers,

which grew taller and taller as we penetrated deeper into the primæval forest. Yes, it was the primæval forest, or the "forest primæval," as, after Longfellow, the words went singing themselves in the minds of more than one of us. After this I remember no more jolting, no more heat, crowding, or weariness; if such things were, they were unfelt. The fortifying mountain air, the pungent breath of the pines, and the animating presence of beauty, had tuned up our relaxed spirits as if we had been so many harps. The scenery had still a certain sameness as we rounded curve after curve of the great hills bristling with pines; but by degrees the forms gained more character, the hills rose into mountains, the valleys sunk away at our feet, and the openings in the many-folded glens revealed distance upon distance receding in aerial perspective. And now, while the sky behind us where the sun had set was still one chrysolite of brilliant hue, the forest track before us was losing its colour; the grand masses of the distant mountains floating vaguely on the sky-line, the tall black spires of the cedar and the yellow pine shooting up beside the path as we passed them at full speed, like rockets, while the deciduous trees interspersed caught the faint moonbeams on their shining leaves, and made a silvery network upon the gathering shadows. And still as we advanced, the mighty giants of the forest towered up ever high and higher into the clear, Californian heaven; the camp-fires of Indians twinkled like stars at different depths of the gloom between, and I knew that the passage of that coach was noted by scores of ears and

eyes not dulled by books and social ease, but sharpened in the savage training-school of nature ; the eyes and ears of wild beings who would draw their subtle conclusions from indications unappreciable by the senses of civilized man. Occasionally, where no waiting human form was at hand, our coachman would fling a letter or parcel into a box attached to a giant tree ; a solitary post-office whence it would be taken by some lonely dweller in the bush at his nearest convenience.

Our last stage was a long one for the clever, enduring horses, but for ourselves we had ceased to think of the end in our enjoyment of the solemn grandeur of the scene, and the strong appeals made by it to the imagination. Having some time passed the highest point in our mountain drive, we were now descending at a rapid pace, and the skill with which the driver tooled his team of six, down the steep incline, and in and out the hollows of the deep gullies which cleft the mountain side, shared our admiration with the wonders of the moonlit forest. We drew up after a merry spin at a mountain stream, which, rushing down a deep fissure, crossed the road, and tumbled with an awakening roar into the sleeping depth below. Here we paused to water and breathe the horses, and our time was well employed taking in at eyes and ears the unutterable harmony, the symphony in tone and colour, that was offered to both senses—the deep thunder of the torrent which parted the silence of the night in these forest depths ; the wan water in eternal movement, and beside it the great, black, sentinel trees standing in immovable watch. These last were many

of them of such vast dimensions, that they seemed like survivals of a world in which the mastodon and megatherian had been familiar objects.

After a brief halt we resumed what might fitly be called our mad career, though I think we were one and all too bewitched with the influences of the moment to feel it otherwise than delightful. The frost was crisp under the horses' feet, the air of the night laden with the forest perfumes, our very bruises seemed healed by its balm, and our aches forgotten in the spirit of adventure that possessed us—dwellers, and some of us impatient dwellers, in the smooth-trodden places of the earth. The inspiring sense of novelty was heightened also by a just appreciable suspicion of possible danger; or rather we, the women of the party, made the most of the little fear countenanced by the fact that we were but seven, while the Indians about us were an unknown quantity, to add a spice of its strange flavour to the situation. The weird shapes of the charred and blackened trunks which seemed to point denunciatory arms at us as we passed, helped us not a little; and before long, to the left of the road where the monster trees stood aside for a space, we came upon such a large camp of Indians, as, remembering their warlike love of scalps, might almost have given the hair of our heads an excuse for rising. A huge fire was blazing merrily upon the ground, and standing in line behind it, their faces and wild figures ruddy in the glow, and their long black elf-locks outlined by the moon, stood a group of twenty or more of these outcast owners of the land. Their

attitudes as they calmly regarded us in our rapid passage, standing themselves immovable as the trees, were marked by such majesty of repose as we in our restless lives have lost the secret of. They stood out in the brilliant frosty night between their tents and the fire, their blankets wrapped about them, their arms folded, or leaning upon each other, a picture never to be forgotten; it was probably their social hour. As we came alongside, a figure detached itself from the group, and came running and shouting to the side of the coach. It was a shabby figure enough, seen obscurely in the colourless shade, dressed in the garments of civilization presented by the American Government. The shout was a commission, one of several that our driver had received by the way; "One load of straw, and for four bits of sugar," was the modest demand, which, I have no doubt, was faithfully borne in mind.

After this the descent became manifestly steeper, and the pace proportionately more rapid; we seemed rushing headlong down the declivity, the coach swaying from side to side as with its long body and six horses it swept like a serpent, doubling upon itself, rounding the abrupt curves, and zigzagging upon its way. But we were sensible of a nervous and skilful hand upon the reins, and not the sound of a breath of fear came from either of the weaker vessels who formed a portion of its freight. The house which is known as "Clarke's"—a hospitable looking house in the heart of the forest, was reached at last. We descended a little stiffly, and made our way within. A door was open to the right, and another to

the left, each disclosing a bright interior ; that to the right looked the pleasantest, and I entered, while E—— was making arrangements for our accommodation. A huge wood fire was blazing on the hearth, which was surrounded by four or five people on rocking-chairs. The ceiling was festooned with garlands as for a fête, and the word "Welcome" was inscribed in leaves over the chimney-piece. It was an inviting bourne to arrive at after a day of thirteen hours' travel, and the movement of the kind occupants of the rocking-chairs to let me into the circle, emphasized the word "welcome." The unpainted walls and furniture, and the homely adornment of this chamber, gave it a look as of belonging to some good woman in a fairy tale. We had an excellent supper of venison cutlets, and tea, and retired to the rest we had so well earned, after washing off the dust of the journey in a tedious, piecemeal cold bath, such as alone our means admitted of. For attendance is *nil* in America, and a tub an unknown contrivance ; you and your baggage are committed to a room which is possibly very scantily supplied with the requirements of civilization, and there left, often, as in the present instance, without so much as a bell to bring aid in case of emergency.

LEAF XIII.

WE slept well notwithstanding, and arose with the sun the following morning, much refreshed, and ready for the pull that was before us. The weather was delightful, sunny and fresh, the white frost cracking under our feet in the little clearing about the house which we trod on our way to the studio of Mr. Hill, an artist who has made many studies of the Yosemite Valley, and of the more newly discovered Yellowstone Park. Our driver this day was a mulatto, an equally skilful and a more careful whip than the one of yesterday. For this, the steepness, narrowness, and roughness of the road, gave cause of thankfulness. We began to climb immediately, the carriage grinding and bumping up the steep, and groaning as if rendering the unwilling service of a camel. There is nothing so unreasoning as fear. I had dashed down the declivities of the day before, and others of the same nature in Switzerland, with no feeling but the quickening of the pulse with glad excitement. But the slow toil of hours, the strain upon carriage and horses in the drag up the side of the mountain, has always to me seemed torture. I rendered the highest tribute it was in my power to pay to the might of beauty

this day, for my temples were oppressed, my breathing difficult, my whole frame overcome with the feeling of helplessness, which accompanies mountain sickness; and yet there were moments when, taking courage to lift my eyes, they became suddenly filled with the tears of a quite unspeakable delight. Possibly the strain of the day before, borne unconsciously at the time, was making itself felt in this greater susceptibility.

But they were truly enchanted scenes through which we were passing; scenes to be stored up in memory to relieve the darkness of wakeful nights, and fill "that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude." There was no longer the monotony of effect which had marked the beginnings of the forest yesterday. We were in the thick of the fulness of its glory. Never before had I beheld so much natural wealth; never, perhaps, shall I see such again. A mountain region, millions of acres, hundreds of miles, of primæval forest, its vastness made palpable to the sense in the scale furnished by the gigantic conifers which grew beside the path, and became less and less as they climbed the receding mountains and disappeared down their slopes, to dwindle to nothing in the sunny haze which seemed in the far distance to suck them into the sky. These prodigious trees, which appeared as we passed beneath them to be charging the heavens, had a quite inexhaustible fascination for me; I was never weary of regarding and comparing them. Though not the "big trees" proper, which are confined to certain spots as yet unvisited, these cedars, Douglas, yellow, and sugar pines, have, in their full maturity, a

diameter of from ten to twelve feet, and such is their height and the elegance of their proportions, that they have all the appearance of being slender. Nothing can exceed the grace of their smooth, tapering columns, not crowding upon each other, but standing apart as the pillars of a temple; the boles of the yellow pine beautifully marked with a pattern resembling that on the back of a tortoise; the bark of the sugar pine showing a blue bloom like the surface of a ripe plum; and the more deeply corrugated Douglas pines and cedars, ruddy as with an inward fire. The autumn colour of the oaks, and the cotton and dogwood trees, together with the various brushwood, had deepened upon the heights we had reached this day, and showed red and purple and gold about the feet of the great conifers, and against the cerulean depths of far-off forests. Valleys and hills, awful precipices and frowning summits, stretched beyond this rich foreground as far as the eye could reach—wave upon wave of a verdant ocean, not barren as the sea, but rejoicing in a self-sown harvest of incalculable price.

Towards noon I began again to forget that I was weary and sick. I imagine that persons with spirits, more fervent than their frames are strong, would always find it difficult to follow the Apostle in his apostrophy to the warring powers of which his manhood was composed; the "flesh" being with such too much under control of the spirit to admit of the sense of duality. The hint of such a state of things, which I now experienced in the recoil of the nerves, in face of the abrupt features of the mountain road, side by side with the delicious

ecstasy, into which the great sweep of the lines and the glory of the colour had thrown me, was something of a new sensation; but the body was made to know its place, and its very protests came at length to impart an element as of sensuous delight to the mental intoxication.

In all that we had yet seen of beauty or wonder on the American continent, I at least, had felt a certain sense of separation; it had been to me as a chance acquaintance with whom it had been welcome to meet, and not too painful to part. Widely different was my feeling with regard to these mountains and valleys which were covered with the "forest primæval." It was probably more foreign to actual experience than anything I had seen as yet; but how strangely familiar, how almost home-like it was to inward consciousness! In the great upward reaches of its sunny glades, in its summits shrouded with pines, in the silence of its mysterious depths as in the voice and sparkle of its waters, I recognized the dream-land of my childhood. It was here, by the side of these divergent forest tracks, that the Princess had sat to consider of her way when the Yellow Dwarf had met her, and as the price of his guidance had bound round her finger the fatal ring. It was yonder, on that height rising so densely dark on the other side of the chasm, that the valiant Prince had carved his way to deliver the Sleeping Beauty. How many a nameless *preux chevalier* of the youthful imagination had ratified his oath of service beneath the vast columns of this incomparable temple, and ridden on his way armed against the evil beasts and wicked spirits of some portions of the path, with the

sunlight glittering on his spurs. It was a very bath of nature, of primitive, soul-renewing, fancy-inspiring nature, into which our spirits were plunged that day, and they grew young and glad, bold and careless of the future, in the process.

It was a fortunate thing that the "curiosity" with which we had been charged by our friend at Manitou, could with scant justice have been said to enter into our enjoyment of these scenes, for the gratification of any such sentiment met with more than the usual difficulty. Not a strange flower or shrub of those which had here a local habitation, could we learn to associate with a name. The American bride was fond of discovering resemblances and hazarding suggestions botanical and geological which hovered between the pedantic and the sentimental; but not even of our mulatto driver could we get categorical answers to the few questions we were induced to put. The only thing of which he seemed sure was that the shrubby growth which for wide tracts made a carpet of fresh green beneath the pines, was known in the vernacular as bear-brush. The creeks we passed and the little bridges, all things connected with the road, he had at his fingers ends; but the rest seemed to him, as indeed in this might-be perilous path it was, comparatively of small account.

Well for us that our spirits were content to float, so to say, and lose themselves in vague and ignorant delight, the mind led on by the varied planes of distance and the graduated scale of the trees until you felt as if you filled the forest with your dilated being. Possibly the forest

road was better than that across the prairie; possibly we were learning to keep our seats steadier by balance; more likely the ups and downs of the trail were felt as a relief; certain it is that we thought less of the shaking this second day than we had done at starting. But notwithstanding this alleviation, the beauty of the scene, and the enlarged sense of existence, the last fifteen miles of our journey before we reached Inspiration Point, seemed long. The American lady was very brave, and talked about strata and cataclysms, pistils and stamens to the last. But the little English wife of a year and a half, had been tossed upon the Atlantic and the Pacific, and knocked about the world from Australia to China and Japan, too long. She was dying to exercise what was evidently a strong natural bias for housekeeping at home; this desultory life had become a weariness to spirit and flesh, and her aches and pains very naturally found utterance. I hardly think the forest said as much to her as it did to the rest of us in different ways—she wanted to concentrate, not to spread herself abroad; the supports for back and feet, supplied by an anxious husband, had become ineffectual; the repeated inquiries concerning her state, and the tributes of flowers and cones she was called upon to carry, a little importunate. The American husband beguiled the way to us all by glimpses of a wilder life than that which still pertained to the forest; experiences of five and twenty years ago, when he had been "prospecting" for the precious metals in this district. The trail along which we were passing had at that time had no existence, the red man had been

everywhere at home, and not altogether hospitable to the white intruder.

The first, much-vaunted view of Yosemite Valley from Inspiration Point, carried with it a measure of disappointment. The eye, from travelling over the vast sweeps of distance, had become vagabond and disinclined to settle. After the long stretches and the unbroken swing of the lines of forest-covered mountain and valley, this green strath, hollowed like a cradle in the brute rock; sunk, a richly lined casket holding the river of Mercy like a diamond necklace in its depths, seemed cribbed and confined. But a wondrous glade it is, and by what words may I better convey a notion of it to those who may not see for themselves. The valley through which the eye sweeps at this point is seven miles long, and averages about one in breadth, being richly wooded in its entire length. It is as if the earth had known some strange depression, some sinking of the heart at this spot, which had carried a portion of the forest to a depth of a thousand feet from the surrounding level, leaving the cloven rocks as awful ramparts about its Arcadian loveliness, ramparts which nothing living could overleap but only the bright waters of the mountain torrents beaten into foam before they reached the bottom.

If we failed to appreciate this first glimpse of the Yosemite, as we afterwards learnt to do, it is that we came upon it in that afternoon hour, about two o'clock, which has the property of making mountains look their oldest and most wrinkled, and, at the same time, their least venerable. The prosaic sunlight of the small hours

of the day was riddling it from end to end, and thus it was that the platform from which we looked down upon it failed on that occasion to justify its name. After a pause of a few minutes, we began a descent steeper and more perilous than that of the evening before; but the conduct of the reins in the hands of our mulatto was so superlatively skilful, that we consigned our lives to his keeping without a shadow of fear.

We soon came to the spot known as "Artist's Point," and all agreed in thinking that the painters had made a better selection than that which might be supposed to have been choice of the poets. It was an abrupt curve upon which we did not pause, but went zigzagging down at a fiery pace; until after we had been bowling along the level floor of the valley for a time, we drew up on the bridge which commands a view of the waterfall, known to the Indians as the "Spirit of the Evil Wind," and now called by the white man—let us hope not in irony—the "Bridal Veil." Immediately opposite the fall is the magnificent bluff, a sheer wall of rock 3300 feet in height, which has received the name of El Capitan. The fall itself makes a plunge of 900 feet, which is a trifle more than that of the Staubach in the Berner Oberland. The term plunge, however, does not well express the character of its descent, as we saw it on the 1st of November, after a long continuance of dry weather. Its waters were then falling deliberately over their smooth ledge, and their filmy mass gave one the idea of being shaken out, played with, and caught up into folds by an invisible hand, while exhibiting in their changing surface a pattern like that of

watered silk. The mighty pines which find a footing in the rock, the tawny oaks, and bushes of many-tinted azalias, made a rich frame for this loveliest of waterfalls. The road passed through one continuous grove of stately trees, those which from the height had looked like the toys of a child's Noah's Ark, proving to be majestic specimens of the various conifera indigenous to this wonderful soil. But it is the high and jagged cliffs which bound this trough-like valley, that constitute its most distinctive feature. We cast up wondering glances at the Three Brothers, the Cathedral Spires, the Sentinel Rock, that called the Standpoint of Silence, and the North and South Domes, as they were pointed out by the American gentleman and our driver, both well up in the fantastic nomenclature of the more prominent objects. The air was colder in the valley than it had been upon the heights from which we had descended, and had a sort of damp freshness from the neighbourhood of many waterfalls. The river murmured over its bed at our side, or spread itself abroad, reflecting as in a larger and calmer mood all the wonder and beauty with which it was surrounded.

Two or more hotels were passed before that one called Bernard's, which has decidedly the choicest situation, was reached. We thought ourselves fortunate in being bound for this last, but indeed we had no choice, as the others were closed for the season. The aspect of the house is made pleasant by the piazza which surrounds it; the river flows immediately at the back, and the Yosemite Fall takes its double leap of 2634 feet at some distance

in the rear. In the front and to either side are magnificent views of the rocky walls of the valley, and rich, and now as we first see it in the slanting beams of the sun, glowing combinations of woodland and river.

Here we are glad to find rest and shelter for a time, and are fain to be content with such food as we can find to repair the waste of our much-enduring frames.

LEAF XIV.

AFTER a nondescript meal and a brief rest I set forth with E—— for a walk to the Yosemite Falls, but owing to the immensity of the features, the distance was deceptive, and having taken the wrong path, we were retracing our steps when we were met by two men in a buggy which was shown by the advertisement in big letters on its side to be that of a photographer. The vehicle drew up, and one of the men, seeing the state of the case, set us right about the way in a few succinct words. The fine, energetic head, with dark eyebrows and flowing white locks, and the serviceable expression of our informant, were remarkable; and no less so in this place, the strong, pure accent of the English in which he addressed us. But we did not on this occasion profit by his guidance; the path beside the Merced River, bordered by trees, looked so very inviting, that we recrossed the bridge in order to pursue it.

The evening was advancing as we walked towards the Domes, still touched with light at the end of the valley. The sun had set to us, but his beams were strongly reflected from the highest peaks, while behind us the moon, which was nearly at its full, had risen. The scene

was one of rare beauty, and it grew ever more solemn and impressive as the shadows deepened in the hollows of the cliffs, and the wavering effects of the mingling lights added mystery. We met an old Indian on the banks of the stream, and stopped to talk with him. He had been fishing and showed us the trout he had caught, some half-dozen of small size which he was taking to market at our hotel. We pursued our walk, picking flowers as we went, and lured onwards by the loveliness of the seen and the curiosity of the unseen which lay beyond. It was something more than dusk when we heard the thud of horses' hoofs behind us, and turning, saw two Indians riding in single file, each with his gun across his saddle-bow; and tramping after them five or six squaws, old and young, with papposes and bigger children, and little wiry horses laden with their effects. It is difficult fully to realize that a matter of a dozen years or so count for so much in this New World, and therefore the treacherous character attributed to the Indians in the tales of blood which had made our flesh creep by the way, came back to me now with something of undue force. I felt that we had penetrated far enough these lonely and unknown ways. Retracing our steps, we met the wild-looking procession in face. One of the riders, a handsome youth, came up and addressed us in his Indian speech, the word "tabac," which he was evidently begging of us, being the only one we understood.

After supper we crossed over in the glorious moonlight to the *salon* in Big-tree House, a little erection opposite to the hotel, which contains two sitting-rooms,

one of them enclosing the bole of a living cedar spreading its branches far up into the air beyond its roof. It was a happy idea to respect this tree, which, although no larger than many of its neighbours, and in no way related to the "big trees"—the Sequoias of the Mariposa and Calaveras Groves, and of King's river,—measures thirty odd feet in circumference, and is eight feet in diameter at a yard from its base. Seeing a tree in such a condition one learns to appreciate the sum of the forces which go to the production of these stupendous forests.

In the first *salon*, that where the tree was not, we found our English companions very busy with unexpected friends, a party of young men whom they had met in their travels in China. The effect of the further room was strikingly original. A huge chimney with an open hearth, and dog-irons on which what would have been elsewhere a respectably sized tree was blazing, sent its fitful illumination up to the low roof, lighting up a group of persons playing cards about the duller flame of an oil lamp, and brought ever and anon into strong relief the dark bole of the living cedar surrounded by a border of oats or some other cereal, which, grown out of the sunlight, looked lurid in the brilliant delicacy of its hue.

It was with a confident assurance of coming pleasure and profit that we recognized the gentleman who had so clearly prescribed our best course to the waterfall. Our expectations were abundantly realized. Nothing could have been more welcome than the flood of information touching the discovery and settlement of the valley, all come at from springs sunk upon the spot, with which our

new acquaintance regaled us. It was soon clear that our good fortune had introduced us to one who, if not its original discoverer, was the pioneer who first made its rare claim of beauty known to the world.

Mr. J. M. Hutchings is an Englishman who emigrated to the States in his youth. He seems to have a long past behind him, and I believe is quite an old man ; but there is little sign of age in his tall, nervous, and erect frame, none in his clear eyes and genial voice. If he has arrived at what D'Israeli has called his "anecdoteage," so much the better for those who have the advantage of listening to him, for he possesses both tact and style. The last thirty years of his life had been passed as the guardian, under Government, of the Yosemite Valley, a post from which we were informed a piece of political jobbery had recently ousted him, much to the regret of the neighbours. To say that every tree was known to him was nothing ; he appeared to be acquainted with every bush, almost with every blade. He gave us a graphic account of his first appearance upon the scene of the Yosemite, which I shall try to reproduce as it fell from him. I cannot think of the words without seeing in my mind's eye the fine head, the ruddy blaze behind it lighting the white hair, and the dark eyes flashing out of the shadows that fell upon the face. I am sorry that the raciness imparted to his tale by its manner of delivery must be hopelessly lost. He had begun by giving us some capital sporting scenes from the neighbourhood, and tales of his canine favourites, when I took advantage of a pause to ask him, "How did you first become acquainted with this valley?"

It will be seen that I collared my man as if I had been an interviewing reporter. The keen eyes glanced from one to the other of us, as if to gauge the extent of our appetite for information. Then Mr. Hutchings stretched his long limbs, settled himself in his chair, and half closed his eyes as he began to gather and to pour out his recollections.

LEAF XV.

"I T was in the year 1849," said the old pioneer, "that the name Yosemite first reached my ear. The gold fever had broken out at the time, and was bringing men to California from all parts of the civilized world ; so that camps of white men were being formed and settlements made where hitherto the Indian had thought all the earth his own. Not quite that either, for knowledge had reached them of the fatality which attends the Red man's contact with the white, and a flutter of evil portent ran through all the tribes of the forest and the country round at the first sight of the intruders. The Indians at that day had 'runners,' as indeed they have still, who keep them informed of the movements of the whites ; but while they knew from what had happened elsewhere what was likely to follow these incursions of the gold-seekers, they did not yet fully realize the weight of the destiny that bore upon them. The native still thought that by a system of covert attack, and harassing depredation, he might make the region, the white man was so coolly invading, too hot in the end to hold him.

"Well, blood had been shed on either side, and worse

seemed certain to follow, when the United States Government sent out a detachment of soldiers under Captain Bulten, with orders to hunt the Indians up. They scoured the forest up and down without lighting upon a single skin of them. It was no part of the Indian plan to engage in open battle. At last the whites got wind in some way of the red men having gathered in force in a valley sunk in the very heart of the primeval wilderness—a hiding-place protected by the labyrinth of pathless forest in which they believed themselves safe from pursuit. How the United States men came to light upon that valley I never heard. It might have been treachery; more likely it was chance. The orders they had were to kill no more Indians than they could help, but to capture as many as possible, and carry them off to the Reservations. There were a good many of them collected in the Yosemite, as has been said. The Yosemite Indians in themselves were a powerful tribe, and they had been joined by others. Well, the poor devils made such stand as was possible; but they had no guns in those days, and, seeing the hopelessness of the situation, after a brief fight of it they surrendered; and Captain Bulten, well pleased with the result, marched off down the valley towards the cascades, with a force very little diminished, and a goodly array of braves as prisoners in their midst. Night coming on while the party were still in the valley, they encamped; and hospitably sharing their tobacco, though not their schnaps, with the Indians who had shown themselves so well able to understand reason, they smoked together the pipe of

peace, and then lay down to rest. The white men, with their hands upon their rifles, surrounded the captives as the penfold surrounds the sheep. They had done their duty, obeyed orders to the letter, had taken prisoners, and spared life, and were sleeping very naturally the sleep of the just. In the morning when they opened their eyes, the space inside the ring formed by their prostrate bodies, was empty, not a sound to be heard but the murmur of the Merced river, the soft splash of the distant fall, and the chatter of the jays over their own business. The Indians had slipped off in the night, and were gone up the Indian Cañon; there wasn't a red-skin left in the valley."

"They kept their own counsel," said one of the listeners, breaking into the pause which gave expression to this blank announcement. "These dogs of Indians are cunning as they can be—treacherous, too. I heard but the other day of some young fellows who had been kindly received by them, slept in their tents, and who were scalp——"

But the scalps did not come off this time. I had made up my mind to listen to but one speaker, and interrupted the operation with a repetition of my question to the pioneer, "But how came *you* to hear of the Yosemite Valley?"

"I heard of it from Bulten's men, after their return from this expedition," he answered. "They were relating their experiences; I had come from San Francisco, and was prospecting for gold. They said they had found the Indians, the lot of them, in 'a pretty little

valley cut into the rock, and with waterfalls rushing into it a thousand feet at a leap.' Bulten's men didn't make much of it: 'a pretty little valley, with jets of water of a thousand feet without a break.' It was just in the way of business to them, but to me the description seemed to stick. It came back to me at night: 'A waterfall of a thousand feet.' Why, Niagara is only sixty-four. The fact—and I knew it was a fact, or near it, for the measurements had been taken in due form—got to haunt me; and the end of it was, I made up my mind that, come what might, next spring I'd have a look for myself at the Yosemite. And I did so, though I'd a hard enough task to find it. I was told there was a man living somewhere in the forest of the name of Robinson, the oldest white inhabitant, and that if any white knew anything about Yosemite, he it was.

"My first business was naturally to find Robinson, and it wasn't successful. I came upon his log cabin after a hunt; but he wasn't there—killed by Indians or bears, no one knew which, but not a bone of him left, and the place deserted. After that I was directed to a man who had a ranche some five miles further west.

" 'I want you to guide me to Yosemite Valley,' said I.

" 'Guide you to the devil!' returned the man. Ha, ha!" laughed the narrator. "'The devil' came out with a yawn, the poor fellow was so sleepy. 'I've been on watch two nights,' he said, 'and I'm darned if I undertake to do anything but sleep for the next three days. But there's Tom George a mile away down on the other

side of the Creek—a trapper, as well acquainted with the forest here as any man alive ; if there's any such place, he'll have heard of it, and mebbe he'll know where to find it.'

"I wasn't in luck that day," continued Mr. Hutchings, evidently enjoying the recollection of his past troubles, revived in their relation to willing ears in this pleasant interior. "I knocked up Tom George, but I found the trapper in worse plight than the farmer.

"'What the cuss is it you're wanting?' he said, as he opened a chink of the door.

"I told him my need.

"'Well, you're come to the wrong shop, anyhow. I'm just blind with a sick headache ; and I wish I was deaf, for your damned knocking has broken in the top o' my brain-pan. Now, you may or you may not know what's the like of a sick headache ; but if you do, you'll understand that there's no place for your head under the circumstances but a pillow—if so be that you've got one ; and if you don't, I wish you may learn it, that's all !' And he shut the door in my face, and retired, as I hoped, without absolute assurance, to the only comfort which his case admitted of.

"My next appeal was to the tenant of a hut that I passed on my way to the clearing where 'Clarke's' now stands.

"'Could you show me the way to the Yosemite Valley ?'

"'The Yosemite valley !' was the bewildered reply. 'I live two miles from the town there' (he meant the

few houses at Mariposa); 'but if I was set to find my way to it after dusk, I should lose the trail.'

"That was number four of my vain attempts at guidance—and I made six in all with like unsucces—and had all but lost heart, when I was recommended to try my luck of a man who kept a general store, and had in it, among other miscellaneous articles, a couple of Indian wives. I laid my request before him. He knew of the valley, and knew there had once been a trail to it from thereabouts, but was sure it was now grown over, and irrecoverable by any but Indians, if recoverable by them. He consulted, however, with the dark ladies, and the upshot of it was, that the accommodating couple were able to lay their hands on a brace of brothers or cousins, Indians of their own diminished tribe, able and willing to act as pathfinders.

"I started in their company the following morning. I had heard of the unerring instinct of these red-skins, but none the less was it a surprise to me to see it in exercise. It was a display of natural power, an ability to cope with external facts, a sharpening of the senses, a rapidity of induction, which I felt went far to compensate for the absence of book knowledge. Alone in the forest I should have been as dazed and helpless as a lost baby in a market-place. At twenty yards from the store there was no sign of a path that I could make out in any direction; but my Indian guides went right ahead; they hit the trail as if they had been bloodhounds on a fresh scent, and were never at a loss for a moment. Up hill and down dale, crossing or following the course of a

stream, skirting huge boulders that blocked the way clearing a path through brushwood which, while it opened for them seemed to close for me, they kept on their steady course. For mile upon mile we had passed under trees, great smooth boles of yellow or sugar pine, as like each other as the masts of ships; but the black eyes which just moved in their orbits, with God knows what other senses to aid them, took in the difference, and from sunrise to sundown we never came to a check. It was evening when they brought up at Old Inspiration Point—a finer site, by the way, than the new one which you have seen. The shadows were already lying thick in the valley, but the great Dome was afire in the sunset, pink upon the pale mauve of the sky. It was spring, and the fresh sward, cleft by the river, and studded with the pines and cedars which seemed to have gone plump down from the forest with the sunk floor of the valley, swept green and soft at the base of the cliffs throughout its entire length.

“That, thirty-four years ago, was my first sight of this place, which has ever since been my home. Summer or winter, I find no more need to change it than the squirrels do. We didn't stop long at the ‘Point;’ the Indians went working their way, zigzagging down the steep, at that time, pathless rock, like a couple of cats and I followed in the best style I could. And that, concluded the pioneer, “is how I came to the Yosemite; tired and foot-sore for the nonce, and very glad of a shake-down within hearing of these falls, which have ever since made my cradle song.”

Not every one of the small audience of three or four was so well qualified for the *rôle* of mere listener as myself, my own voice having failed me from fatigue; and an attempt was here again made on the part of one of the others to take the running.

"There were some bloody deeds committed by the Yosemite Indians upon the whites, when——"

"Mr. Hutchings will tell us," I suggested. I was equal to about four words at a breath, and had no mind to put up with hearsay statements, when we could get information from a living witness.

"The Yosemite Indians were nowhere by that time," answered the pioneer. "I and the two of the tribe who had brought me, had the valley to ourselves."

"How so?—killed by the white men?"

"No, exterminated by each other; all but eight of their braves, and about double that number of squaws and children, who had escaped and scattered themselves for safety."

"How did that happen?"

"Why, when the Yosemite Indians who had allowed themselves to be taken prisoners by Captain Bulten escaped, they went straight to the Piutes, who hospitably received them, sharing part and lot, suffering them to abide in their tents and shoot over their hunting-grounds till such times as they might see it safe to return to their own. They provided for them in this way throughout the winter, and when with the first breath of spring, about six weeks before the date of my coming, the Yosemites returned, the Piute warriors went forth upon a

raid, and made a great haul of cattle and horses, which they brought back to their encampment on the heights yonder, the other side of the valley. No sooner had the Yosemite—their late guests, mind you—got nose of this, than they watched for a day when the Piute warriors would be again upon the war-path to steal up to their encampment, and carry off some of the booty and a couple or more of the Piute squaws. It was this treachery and ingratitude which brought upon them their doom. The Piutes came down in the dead of the night by the Indian Cañon—the same the Yosemite had gone up by (it's a steep narrow gully in a fold of the sheer rock; you'll see it to-morrow on your way to the Mirror Lake)—came down just as noiselessly as a stream over a bed of moss, not the knick of a stone or the crack of a branch to be heard, and fell upon the false Yosemite while they were asleep. And that," said the old pioneer, "is the true tale of the ruin of the tribe. It had happened but a few weeks when I spent my first night in the valley, scarcely a stone's throw from the scene of the massacre."

So potent is the charm of a pleasant living voice and genial presence, that it will hardly be believed how much we liked those Indian stories, and others about dogs and bears that had preceded them, all told within sight of the "big tree;" but I had had two days of forest journeying, which for a poor white-skinned woman had been long and hard, and I was fain to betake myself to bed.

When E—— and I passed from the warm yellow glow

to the sheeted moonlight without, the scene was so magically beautiful that it beguiled me of my weariness, and we were unable to resist taking a little turn down the valley. The rime lay white and glittering upon the ground, not a breath stirred the branches of the great trees, and in the profound stillness, the different planes of distance sharply defined—all unessential details lost in the silvery light and brooding shadows—the whole had something of the unreal effect of a theatrical decoration. The incidents of this wonderful landscape are indeed more dramatic than are elsewhere to be seen gathered together in so close a unity. The imposing scale of the vegetation, the vastness of the rock-wall that shuts it in, the deeply accentuated character of the cliffs, the river that grows hushed and awed as if to double the image at its most striking points, are things which in their perfect combination leave upon the mind that sense of appeasement which accompanies the ultimate triumphs of nature or art. The mosque-like Domes which shut the valley in, were gleaming white upon an indigo sky when we turned ; and even the piazza and verandah-surrounded buildings, with the little red eye of a window which told of human habitation and watchfulness, were not unwelcome features in a solitude which might otherwise have been overwhelming.

The young English wife, Mrs. C——, had not hesitated to make her intentions clear to her anxious spouse. She had reached Yosemite Valley with heroic effort, and having gained that advanced post on the borders of civilization, she intended to rest there quietly on her laurels. To

no proposition that implied the slightest unnecessary expenditure of vital force would she listen. Her "Caro" might go wherever inclination and a prudent use of strength permitted; but she had a rocking-chair, and she had books, and by them she would abide. I, too, saw my better part in remaining among the satisfying surroundings of the Hotel Bernard, and letting the lovely environment soak into me, rather than in running after fresh impressions. We, however, both yielded so far as to accompany our husbands and the American couple the following morning, in a short carriage expedition to the Mirror Lake, which they took in a *detour* on their way to the trail at the foot of Glacier Point which they were to ascend on horseback.

Every portion of this valley is enchanting; its great features presenting themselves in the course of a drive, in continual variety of combination. The Mirror Lake, in its delicate loveliness, would be a suitable haunt for fairies, if such fragile creatures could be thought of in the presence of these immensities. One of the rocks which borders this lake rises to a height of five thousand feet above its surface, and is covered with such fantastic hieroglyphics, that if we had lent ourselves to it, all our time would have been taken from more legitimate enjoyment in following the similitudes of birds and beasts and fishes, of clothes hung out to dry, and in one place, of a gigantic human form into which the whole was supposed to resolve itself. Leaving the geological lady to add to her store of information, we forbore to attend this lecture of the guide, and, wandering off in contented

ignorance, had the pleasure of greeting the sun as he rose above the cliff, and took a first view of himself in his wonderful looking-glass. We had come prepared for the sight, and were watching the moment in the gradual lighting of the heavens as seen over the crown of the mountain in the lake. Then there came the hair-like rays, then a star broke the surface of the mirror, growing brighter and broader till the whole luminous disc was reflected, and our eyes were glad to seek rest for a moment, while our feet were employed in reaching a new point of observation from which the phenomenon would be repeated.

The American lady had met with a slight accident in descending from the carriage, but her cheerful courage was not to be shaken, and she insisted on following out her plan of sharing the expedition to Glacier Point with the gentlemen, and that notwithstanding that she had never before been on horseback.

The mount of the party in a grove to which the horses and mules had been sent to meet us, was duly accomplished, and Mrs. C—— and I, both tolerably experienced horsewomen, watched the train disappear up the glen with a slight sense that we were not coming out very strongly under the circumstances. She, however, asserted herself by taking possession of me at once—it was a consolation in the absence of her husband—and surrounded me with all manner of pretty attentions, having found out with characteristic quickness the beginnings of a cold that I had been bent on hiding as long as possible.

We met a party of Indians, in single file as usual, men and horses, squaws and children ; the men mounted, the weaker vessels trudging after them with their pappooses on their backs. It was a glimpse of the golden age !

LEAF XVI.

A LITTLE later I set off on foot with my pleasant companion for the Yosemite Falls, which we reached in due time, and where we sat, enjoying the scene in a silence which the deep roar of the falls made imperative on my part. For, alas! there was no mistake about it, I found out the fact as I sat there upon a big stone, steeped as we were in the glorious sunshine,—I was stricken in a manner with which I was too familiar, and had entered at an inopportune moment on the long period of mutism which accompanies and abides after a feverish cold. Unfortunately I had not got the witness of a good conscience, for I had been beguiled by the moonlight of the night before, into treading that rimy path in the silk shoes I had put on for comfort, and thus had brought anxiety upon E—— which might have been spared him. I trusted to the new climate to work a miracle in my favour, and for the next few days devoted Spartan efforts to not being “found out.”

The “trippers” returned, and were greeted with such an ardent show of curiosity in regard to all that had befallen them, as encouraged full description, in which the failure of a single voice was less observable. The

Indians we had met had overtaken them, and had last been seen, men, women and horses, old and young, ascending with sure steps, without haste or halt, a very narrow precipitous trail over the mountain. Mrs. M—— had borne up bravely with her bruised ankle, but neither she or her husband felt inclined to join the two other gentlemen in their excursion to Eagle Point the following day. As for me, I took advantage of their early start to nurse my cold in bed during the forenoon, being most affectionately cared for by Mrs. C——, who waited in her room, which opened upon the piazza next door to ours, in order to take my breakfast-tray from the negro waiter, and bring it in to me, her own fair self. I felt all the happier for being tended by so engaging a Hebe.

It was well for me that I had already taken in ineffable impressions of the valley, for I was destined to see little more of it. Excepting for the consciousness that came even through closed eyes, of the loveliness of the environment, it was not a nice place to be ill in. Not to speak of the impossibility of getting timely aid from either doctors or medicaments, the food supplied at Bernard's was absolutely rebutting to a dainty palate. The difficulty of catering adequately for the table is necessarily great in a place like this; and the season being now far advanced, and the guests few, and those few unexpected, the efforts to meet these difficulties had naturally been relaxed. Hitherto the staff of life, in any part a little remote, had been to me not bread, but milk; now that was cut from under me. There was but

one cow left in the valley, and the portion of its produce that fell to any individual was of course small, when looked upon as constituting a chief article of diet.

Withal I contrived to join in one long drive before we left, that which is here known as the "round trip." It is a tour right through the valley, down to the cascades at its south-western end. We took the right bank of the river from Barnard's in going, and returned by the left, having the great advantage of Mr. Hutchings' company by the way. We got out at a small encampment of "Digger" Indians—so called from their living not so much by hunting or fishing as upon roots. They count among the lowest of the aboriginal inhabitants, their way of life being little calculated to develop intelligence. Their huts, consisting of a few converging planks, are formed with less art than the nests of most birds. On the other hand, their utensils—culinary and other—exhibit considerable ingenuity. We saw bowls of reeds so closely woven that they were completely water-tight. An old woman was the sole guardian of this primitive hamlet at the time of our visit. She was squatting on the ground, rubbing away with a brush made of the fibrous stem of some native plant, at one of the plaited bowls, and looked up as we approached with a not unkindly glance. Dressed in rags and begrimed with dirt, it was a sordid life for a human creature to be enduring. Unlike the younger women of the tribe, or the men for that matter, her hair was cropped at about four inches from her head, and, drooping from her crown like a bristling thatch, was as thickly sown with white as

the fur of the silver fox. A dog that lay near her in the sun, received us with a low growl, objecting apparently to our clean clothes, whereupon the Indian woman admonished him with a stone which she gathered from the ground, and an interjection in the native speech. I hardly liked to see her faithful friend thus dealt with in the interest of aliens.

The drive under the conduct of Mr. Hutchings, in the perfect weather, amid ever-changing scenes, was a delight throughout ; but the flitting of all the Indians save the Diggers, whose dwelling was permanent, had warned our hosts of the danger of being snowed in ; and it had been arranged with us that we should vacate the Yosemite together the following day. As Clarke's had had its artist from the Yellowstone Park, the Yosemite Valley had a painter of its own. This gentleman, with his wife and child, had shared with the people at Barnard's a table contiguous to that of our own travelling party at meals, and it chancing that our conversation at supper this day turned on the reconstruction of the House of Lords, he leaned back, listening to it with a darkening face. As the neighbouring party broke up he paused beside our table, and exploded the following words at us with crushing effect—

“Has it ever occurred to you, gentlemen, that while you in your old country are labouring to pull down institutions, we, in our new one, are striving to build them up?” There was so much contained heat in the tone in which this query was put, and the questioner looked so deadly pale, that no one was sufficiently

recovered from the surprise of its suddenness to answer it until his slow and heavy tread was heard echoing through the silence that supervened.

Although the artist, and one or two other men, had preceded us on the way next morning, it was a crowded coach into which some dozen of us were packed, almost up to the chin, too, as it was with our heterogeneous belongings. There were members of the Barnard family, and a little Jewish maiden, their visitor; and there was the artist's wife and their little girl, the latter of whom seemed to have swallowed quicksilver. Then there was a pet dog much averse to involuntary motion, and who showed his dislike by continual counter-movement; and, last of all, there was a chipmuck enclosed in a bag that had to be looked at every ten minutes for fear he should be breathing his last. The two children were my opposite neighbours, and as we mounted the precipitous incline, their continuous pressure against my knees was only broken by an occasional jerk which hurled them forcibly into my lap. Upon the level ground above they went to sleep, overcome by dust and heat, and used the convenience of any person that happened to be within reach for a pillow. I had been tired enough when I arrived at the Yosemite to lose my voice, but it was this journey back from it that was the real tug, and I was out of condition for the encounter.

After the stage of forty-six miles to Clarke's, there were the "big trees" of Mariposa Grove to be visited—seventeen miles there and back. When we got down, half dead, at this forest station, Mrs. C— re-

fused to budge for any sight that the universe had to offer. Mrs. M——, who was really ill, and suffering pain from a finger which it was supposed had been poisoned by some noxious plant, was heroic as ever, and resolved to proceed after brief refreshment. The "taking in" of food under our present conditions was really more like the unpleasant duty of "coaling" a ship than any addition to the sum of daily enjoyments. As for me, it was in vain that E—— begged me to consider of the case, and to forego the Mariposa Grove drive if the risk was too great. He was clearly as anxious for me to have the pleasure as he was for me not to be hurt by it; and I—I was so crazy, so bitten, so altogether under the spell of the forest, that I was ready to die but I must see it at its greatest and best. The effect of it upon nerves and senses had been cumulative; the impressions falling one upon the other, like the waves of a great sea, had seemed to stir the mind to its depths, till the whole being was alive with a kind of stormy delight. Shut within myself by my loss of voice, the excitement of the forest seemed to have plunged me in a kind of delirium. Waking or sleeping, my thoughts did nothing but engender enchanting vistas seen through pillared battalions of "big trees."

The drive to the "Grove" was wonderful; varied from what we had yet seen by vast aggregations of trees of younger growth, sequoias and pines in all the early majesty of the recumbent limbs which were as yet unshed. It had been late afternoon when we started; and the pine-filled hollows grew shadowy and mysterious as we

advanced. The forest was more the forest of the old fairy tales than ever—heights and depths all clothed with the incalculable riches of the slowly maturing harvest, the great conifers that stood rank upon rank, innumerable almost as the sands of the sea. The incipient might of this soil, the energy of this Californian nature, was a thing to maintain the thought in ever new surprise, and the wonder went on increasing with the increasing stature of the trees until it culminated at last in the almost fabulous-looking monsters of Mariposa Grove. In view of these, the giants at which we had been marvelling hitherto, sunk back into only the foremost rank of objects of which we had already had experience. The huge pines and cedars had seemed to have at least some relation with the venerable oaks and beeches of our English parks; but these incomparable organisms, which had attained their full growth at the dim dawn of historic time, appeared to me as the products of seeds dropped from a vaster sphere.

Measurements will convey a tolerably sufficient idea of size, but are wholly powerless to fill the mind with the admiring awe in which the spirit seems to gather renewal in its own humility. These vast trees, the oldest examples of organic life on the face of our planet, bearing upon their charred rind the marks of scorching fires which might have been coeval with the siege of Jerusalem, were felt to unite our frail beings with the past, and to present to the imagination the procession of the ages, as a chain of which we were among the latest links. That one of these sequoias, which is known as the "Grisly

Giant," might have been standing where we saw it, at the fall of Troy. Not content with the guide-book testimony, we measured this patriarch at a distance of three feet from the ground, and found its circumference to be upwards of a hundred feet and the diameter about thirty-one feet. It was natural in searching for its small cones to find one's self upon one's knees, and it was natural also that the position should afford a certain appeasement to the tension of feeling its presence could not fail to create. There are about ninety sequoias in this portion of the "grove," many of fairer proportions, but none of such venerable antiquity as this. Of course we stood in our coach-and-four beneath the arch that has been cut through one of them, called the "Dead Giant;" and mounted the steps on to the prostrate trunk of another; and we also bought some of the seed of a man who occupies a shanty hard by. There were young sequoias growing up. Will the conditions at present existing allow of their attaining the dimensions of their forebears, and will the children of a forthcoming civilization look upon them with feelings akin to those we have ourselves experienced?

The shades of night were falling upon the forest when we mounted the coach to return to Clarke's. Before we had gone far it would have been impossible for any one of us to have hit the trail; it needed the experienced eye and tried nerve of Mark Twain's famous driver, George Monroe, to guide the team through the intricacies of those devious ways. The two gentlemen, E—— and Mr. C——, who were watching from the box-seat, were

full of enthusiasm at his easy mastery of the difficult conditions. E—— fancied he sat near Fenimore Cooper's old path-finders. Mr. and Mrs. M—— were behind; I, alone within. There was no moon. Night in the forest was very solemn.

We left early the following morning for Madera, hoping to sleep on board the train, which we looked to as quite a haven of rest. Mr. and Mrs. M—— were not yet up—they were staying in order to consult the doctor at Mariposa about the poisoned finger—and much to our regret, we did not see them to say good-bye. They had been delightful companions, and Mrs. M——'s valiant cheerfulness had excited our warm admiration. We had been altogether fortunate in this chance juxtaposition with strangers, the C——'s, who were still our fellow-travellers, being as sympathetic as they were intelligent and refined, and unselfish.

The heat this day was oppressive and added to our fatigue when the delight of the eye did not lift us above the consciousness of our macerated bodies. At Coarse Gold Gulch we partook of a good dinner provided by the honest Germans, having shaken off some of the dust from our garments, and refreshed ourselves with cold water. At the next change of horses we got down, and seeing some fig trees in full fruitage, demanded to buy what we could eat, and were let into a garden to pick for ourselves. This we did to such purpose, and had so greedily disposed of our harvest, that it was not till a large amount of fruit had been devoured that we began to look at each other and to exchange confidences about

the state of our tongues and lips. We were all suffering the same symptom: a smarting, burning pain, which was momentarily increasing. I thought of the Princess in "The Magic Legacy," and took a glance at my nose to see that it had not visibly lengthened, and then, and only then, at the noses of my companions. The appearance of each being normal, we began to examine the remaining figs, and found that little villainous prongs gathered thickly about their stalks had brought this trouble upon us. As nothing worse was likely to come of it, we bore it with tolerable patience, and in an hour or two we were whole.

It was night when we crossed the dreary flat of the prairie, and a young man who was among our fellow-passengers related to us the circumstances of a late robbery of a mail plying in these parts. Very little remark followed this somewhat inopportune narrative, but I fancied from certain movements that the gentlemen got an uneasy consciousness of their watches and pocket-books. The driver, who occupies the supreme post of danger on such occasions, dwelt with much insistence on the fatuity of the passengers and guardians of the mail in question, some of whom had lost their lives in vain resistance of the robbers. He laid it down that there was nothing to be done by reasonable men in such a situation, but to "stand and deliver" as they were bid. I hoped sincerely that such a compounding with the powers of darkness would not be demanded of any one of us; it would be difficult to come out of an encounter conducted on such safe principles with self-respect intact.

During the silence that had fallen upon our party while this question was being revolved—a silence that allowed of the tuning of the ear to distant sounds—our coachman lost the trail, which had become invisible, and we went bumping about in a dubious way over the tussucks and little hillocks of the prairie. It was not an altogether comfortable moment, and yet there was a certain sense of stimulated life in being for once, if only for an instant, off its beaten track. The position of the coachman was the really painful one while it lasted, with votes of censure being passed on him from all sides. Before long the wheels were felt to have regained the road, and we bowled upon our way, cheered at length by the distant lights of Madera.

At the inn we were met by the discomfiting news, more hard to bear than exciting misadventure, that we could not find rest in the train that night, but must be torn out of our slumbers at a cruel hour of the morning. Rightly or wrongly, and we all agreed that it was wrongly, for we were too weary and weak to be nicely just, we were informed that, contrary to usage, our places in the car would not be available until the eve of an early start, and our fatigue redoubled upon us at the announcement. The supper at this vile inn was execrable, and E——, exasperated, sent a message, conceived in the temper of the merest cow-boy, to the cook. It had clearly been faithfully delivered, for that giant functionary shortly appeared, knife in hand, intent on provoking a *frácas*. Happily there were many people about, whose interest it was to restrain his warlike ardour, and

who obtained his retreat from the scene without actual collision having taken place. These things are among the chances of Western travel.

Arrived at San Francisco, I fell voiceless, and felled as a tree from fatigue upon my bed. The price paid had been high, but the impressions received, the recollections stored, were abundantly worth it.

Miss — and our old friend, the negro waiter with the waxed moustache, were glad to welcome us back, the latter plying me more persistently than ever with the varied dainties of the *menu*.

"Have y' folks enjoyed your trip?" he inquired in his glib speech. I did not at first understand the personal form of his address, and he had to repeat it; then I remembered that I had heard the same familiar expression at Salt Lake and other places of the Far West.

Speaking of Salt Lake, we found that the Rudger Clausen case had been determined against the Mormon husband, and knew that this was the beginning of evil times for that misguided community; a matter of necessity which we could not but regard with very mixed feelings.

At San Francisco we had the shock of hearing of the death of Mr. Fawcett, a man who has always seemed to me as one of the few heroic figures of an unheroic age. His life, by whomsoever written, if executed with a just sense of its greatness and unity of purpose, will be an epic. It will probably be the fitting work of the proud woman who is the chief mourner in so great a loss.

On the 8th of November we set our faces to the rising sun. It would have been too tedious to wait for

perfect recovery at San Francisco, so I set forth on the homeward journey in such poor case as I was. I had lost my voice in the Yosemite; I wished I could have thought of it as left there, singing on its own account of the delights of that wonderful valley; but the universe without and within seemed, for a time, to give back only jarring tones. Long wearisome days and sorrowful nights, with much coughing and little sleep, and constant recourse to disagreeable remedies, are recorded in my journal at this time; but our personal griefs must have in them either a strongly dramatic element, or be spiced in the record with a very delicate literary flavour, to commend them to the sufferance of our fellow-creatures.

Wanting to see St. Louis bridge and tunnel, we returned by the Union Pacific, and passed through many hundreds of miles in which there was scarcely an incident to relieve the oppressive monotony. Desert to the right, désert to the left; the earth now sown with salt as with a curse, and anon, in districts greater than the whole of Britain, covered with a beggarly crop of ghostly looking sage-brush. A ranche, with stubble on which cattle were grazing, was held to be a cheering encounter. To be shut up in silence is, under the most favourable circumstances, a trial to the inward resources, but now in addition to the scant entertainment for the eye which the line of travel afforded, we were unprovided with books, as we feared to add to the weight of the hand-luggage, which there was no one to help you to carry, by laying in a fresh stock. As it was, E—— was laden like a pack-horse with wraps and bags, containing changes of

raiment, and I, in our rather frequent transits from one car to another, went staggering under the weight of an over-charged dressing-bag. As it had been on the steamer so it was here—no hand in all our journeying in the West was ever lifted in help. Of all that we had seen of new and strange, few things had surprised me more than this: that women in America appeared to get so little aid from men. It must surely have some other ground than that which would appear to be the obvious one. After some observation and thought upon the matter, I came to the conclusion that the assumption that a woman was not sufficient to herself, would here be considered as the reverse of a compliment. I had remarked that in one or two movements of natural politeness on the part of my husband, the response had not been wholly gracious, and a story I heard, if significant of a general attitude, would go far to justify the men of the newer American States in withholding service from their countrywomen. One of these latter, looking as shattered as only an American woman can look after a week's journey, is said to have lifted her pale face from the pillow on which it had reclined, and put aside the cup of tea which had been charitably brought to her with the words, "I guess I could have fetched it myself if I'd 'a wanted."

Since we changed at Ogden for the Union Pacific, I could *not* have fetched a cup of tea if I had wanted, for there was no *buffet* even for these lighter refreshments on board the new line. Our experience of the fare, when there was any to be got in these peripatetic hotels, had induced

us to load ourselves at San Francisco with a basket of comestibles ; the result of which, as they all turned out intolerably bad, was only to deprive us of the little change of scene involved in a roadside meal. Some warm milk at Ogden, suspicious as to colour, proved to be largely mixed with tea-water, and that which I then went with E—— in search of, there was no time to drink before the bell rung for starting.

We were pausing before one of the stations in the early morning, when the sharp nasal cry of "Milk," caused the passengers to prick up their ears, and a girl passed us, a farm servant, her sleeves rolled up, her petticoats but little below her knees, and wearing heavy laced boots. My husband, returning from a foraging expedition, was informed by a gentlemanly looking man, that "a lady had just gone through the cars with her cans."

That evening, I being too ill to leave the train, E—— had to deposit a dollar for the glass in which he brought me the needed beverage ; and all the following day we went begging for a draught in vain. You could have had as much as you pleased at dinner or supper, but not a drop of their abundance will the purveyors at the stations supply to invalids or little children. The sick and disabled, the old and young, have generally a bad time of it in the scramble of a society in the course of construction.

The stars are wonderful ; pools of light in the crystal-line blue of the heavens. The sunrise on the dun-coloured prairie this third morning of our return journey is impressive, bands of gold breaking through bars of tawny cloud forming a fine broad harmony. As we

near the summit of the Rocky Mountains there is a good deal of snow within sight, and thick ice wherever there is water. The inexpressive face of things began to take on a little character yesterday, when we passed some curious rock-formation, reminding us of the pictures of Yellowstone Park. Most curious of all is the shoot down a hill between two walls of rock, which is known as the "Devil's Slide."

We have just changed carriages at a place called Cheyenne. It is somewhat amusing to note the importance attached to these urban infants, the little towns that are making their bid for a future in the Far West. Two thousand inhabitants or less are sufficient to rank them as "cities."

We parted here from a very interesting man, an Episcopalian clergyman, who went on by the branch line to Chicago. He told us he had passed much time among the Indians, and studied many of the dialects of the northern and north-western tribes. He affirms the several languages spoken among them to be full of inflections, and altogether advanced forms of human speech. He has dwelt for months with his wife and child in the midst of these natives, with whom they felt themselves "safer than in their home in Maryland." We were glad to hear their general intelligence and power of attachment so highly spoken of by one who had exceptional means of judging; and felt it soothing to our national pride to be told that it is in Canada that the defrauded natives have been first recognized as citizens to be protected by law—their lives in portions of free

America being deemed of no more account than those of weasels or snakes. It was new to us to hear, on this seemingly competent authority, that certain settlements of Indians, so far from dying out under the influences of civilization, are increasing at a rate even beyond the normal.

In crossing this spur of the "Rockies" we have before us now, at near two o'clock, the whole of the grand range bounding the plain to the right of the line, and our spirits revive with the imposing spectacle. The prairie since first seen at sunrise has been covered with the short, sweet tussucks of the buffalo grass, and now in the middle distance the surface is for the first time dotted with trees. We have had our lunch on a table spread in our "section" of the car, and with it a cup of tea, which has refreshed our poor battered bodies. We have read a most impressive sermon of the Rev. Myron W. Reade, reprinted in the *Denver Daily News*, and that has refreshed our spirits. The art of sermonizing, occasionally to effective purpose, would not seem to be extinct in the new world. The sun is shining ; the world is in progress ; the end is still hopeful if God is its Guide.

LEAF XVII.

ARRIVED at St. Louis about 7 a.m., after four days' and nights' continuous travelling. We breakfasted luxuriously, having first glanced through the long-wished-for letters from Scotland and Smyrna, and found the news in each to be more than good. Then I took a bath, and went directly to bed, where I remained till supper-time. It was a day of such delicious rest, as it was almost worth while to have come to from the rack of those speechless and unspeakable days. New conditions develop in us new powers. The breaking up of habit implied in such a journey as that we have just accomplished is felt, in a manner, to throw you back naked upon the bosom of nature. All your civilized requirements are shown to be but external things, which you may be called upon by various accident to part with at any moment and to do without. Your life for the time is taken out of your own providence, with the effect of making you careless of the morrow, about which you see so little good in "taking thought." The disposition of mind thus induced is like a return to that which makes the main sweetness of childhood. As I lay in the strange bed, luxuriating in the sense of the fresh linen,

one of the chains of association was touched, which make us recognize our lives as an essential unity. I was one in unbroken continuity with the child-self that had rested so contentedly in the haven of comforting arms. And yet what unlikeness lies hidden in the likeness of these widely separated states! What bitter sense of fatherlessness has been known in the interval! And if the spent powers of the weary pilgrim of life are lapped in momentary repose, it is that they have been proved competent of themselves to meet or to bear with its various evils as they arise, and not that its burthens can be cast on any other.

But the soft air of the southern city was salutary to my irritated lungs; and in the silence which seemed more than a negative good after the ceaseless racket of the train, in the peace from interruption from venders of books and fruit, and men demanding at all hours to examine your tickets; with the pictures which my letters had brought to me here in the West, of an Eastern garden with its oranges and cypresses as the background to a beloved group, and with the hope of a new good in my daily life which other letters had opened to me, I lay through the long hours in a state of dreamy consciousness of a happiness which was more recreating than sleep. Added to all, there was a sense of escape. I had been very ill in the train, and sensible of great risk in the many changes at all hours of the evening and early morning that we had to make. My only hope had been to get to St. Louis and lay my bones in a bed there before the worst; and now I was thankful for myself, and

a thousand times more for my husband, that the worst had passed.

November 13th.—We are again on our way. There is still so much to be seen and done before taking possession of our berths for the 16th of December in the *Servia*.

A policeman who had accompanied my husband in his visit to St. Louis bridge had said that the bridge was of steel, but that the best of its strength had lain "in the brains of the builder."

The part of Illinois we are traversing this morning is the prettiest, homeliest bit of road we have anywhere seen from the car windows. Even at this late season we are suffering a little from heat, and it is not all the interior heat of the carriages which it has not been thought necessary to raise to boiling point, but due to sunshine and southerly airs. Most of the trees with which the fields are studded, and of which we occasionally pass by thick groves, are standing in full leaf—russet and gold and a dark, warm red, with brighter touches on the tangled bushes of the foreground, while the undulating meadows are green as in spring. Truly a sight for sore eyes!

Two days and nights in the train before getting to Washington—nights and days which cough and chills, as the weather grew colder, made not always of easy endurance. A little ailing child, a boy of a year old, preternaturally good, and a worn, anxious, but unthrifty and ceaselessly talkative mother, were our companions amongst others. For the travelling needs of the patient,

wise-looking baby, no provision whatever had been made, and his little sick stomach was forced against its better knowledge to suck some nourishment from hunches of meat and to accept, in the failure of milk, of tea or coffee. It gave one the heartache to see it, with its little suffering, bloodless face, resigning itself to these injurious makeshifts. The second morning the poor mother told us that she had thought the little one would have died in the night. She slept, or rather waked, in the section next our own; and the two had been so still through all the suffering that we had not known of the acute experience that was being lived through so near us. What a lonely thing is life, even in the midst of our fellow-beings! Happily, with the quick alternations of infancy, the little creature rallied during the day, and I hope is now either recovered or at rest. Two cultivated and agreeable American ladies, who spent much of their lives in the city to which all good Americans are supposed to go when they die, were very kind and tender to the baby, and we were glad, later on, to improve our acquaintance with them in New York.

Another of our fellow-travellers was a well-looking, youngish man, who had seen a good deal of the world as he had knocked about it. He had been an actor, and seemed as such to have filled important rôles. He had lately entered upon one in private life—that of husband to a rich young lady, and the attendant advantages I adjudged were still more to his taste. He expressed some curiosity to see the “old country,” but opined that the restrictions upon freedom to be there

encountered would be more than his republican spirit could endure. While the words were upon his lips we were ordered to quit our car in the peremptory tones which are brought to so high a pitch by the American official, and were settled in a far less comfortable one on the branch line for Washington, when another official came, and with a motion of the head got us all off our seats, whereupon he turned their backs on a swivel, letting them down with a loud bang, and left us to make *volte-face* whether we would or no, and to arrange our luggage, of course entirely unaided, according to the new conditions. The proceeding was doubtless directed to our advantage, but the manner of it was so arbitrary that I could not help feeling my own sense of personal liberty infringed in a manner from which, in the "old country," one is safe.

Arrived at Washington, we had a last glimpse of the ruder aspect of American manners, when E—, having burthened himself with the heavy dressing-bag in addition to his proper load, left the now lightened but still large luncheon-basket to my share. I carried this unwieldy-looking object with what grace I could, while bent with laughing at the picture which presented itself to my inward eye. Our friend, the *ci-divant* actor, who had taken every opportunity during these two days of lightening the way for us with bits of personal history and other matters, true to us to the last, was swaggering along the endless platform at my side, his stalwart form erect, his chest well opened, and his wholly unincumbered arms rhythmically swinging. Either his luggage was in

his pocket, or this was not his destination—I forget which—but there was something in the juxtaposition of this overtaxed weakness on the one hand and that unemployed strength on the other which appealed to my British sense of humour, and made me thus merry under difficulties. I am bound to say that this was the last opportunity I had of drawing amusement from such a source. From this time forth another phase of American life unfolded itself to us, and the record to be found in my notes, and more indelibly in my mind, is invariably one of cordial kindness and well-bred courtesy.

Should any one be desirous of enjoying to the full the comforting sense of human helpfulness and sympathy, let him take a journey of months through the Western States, then come to anchor in the Eastern. Further, if he is one who likes to put a very sharp point to his experience, let him get himself ill by the way, and the effect of contrast will be complete.

The rest we are enjoying at Washington, of all American cities we have seen the fairest to the eye, is very welcome. Our hotel, the Ebbit House, is all that can be desired; beautifully kept, comfortable and even homelike; the table excellent, and the little suite allotted to us, inviting to the repose of which one of us at least is in need. Here we have delivered a few of our letters of introduction, and made some of those acquaintances which divide the mind between pleasure and regret—pleasure at the encounter with genial or distinguished human souls, and regret that the gulfs of time and space will shortly cut them off from us.

The air is soft here at Washington, the surroundings charming, the streets pleasantly relieved by trees, the city finely planned. The avenues radiating from the capitol make a grand change from the rectangular lines of streets whereof the eye grows so weary. The capitol itself is a building with great elements if with many faults, and from its central position, dominates the city and neighbourhood with imposing effect.

We have just been favoured with an interview with President Arthur, and while waiting for admittance to the great man, have been shown through the chief rooms of the White House. It strikes me as being just such a dwelling as beseems for the temporary habitation of the first citizen of a great Republic; solid, plain, and sufficient. The decorations which have been executed during Mr. Arthur's presidency and under his direction are such as to reflect high credit both on his taste and that of the artist, Mr. Louis Tiffany of New York. The Mosaic glass of the windows of the inner hall or corridor is a novelty to us, and especially beautiful.

The interview with the high functionary was very short, there being many other persons awaiting their turn of speech, though only one lady beside myself. I conclude there is not time in the short four years of office for a president of the United States to learn the politeness of kings; and indeed the time of a man whose hands are personally so busy with the executive, must naturally appear of such paramount value as to dwarf the pretensions of the time of others to consideration. Under these circumstances it was but fitting that this

room full of people, though in a country where beyond all other time is money, should wait through the whole hour after that of appointment, without undue show of impatience.

When the door at length opened, there advanced with weighty step a tall, well-made, very upright man of powerful physique. The authority in which he is still dressed, which however vast cannot be said to be other than "brief," had not sufficed to give his manners the ease which might have lightened the oppression of others. He had the air of coming to this assembly unwillingly, as at importunate summons. It is naturally to be understood that such a reception cannot be other than a bore to any of the great persons who are called upon to endure it; but I imagine that the infliction is mitigated to those born in the purple, by the consciousness of the hereditary skill they are able to bring to bear upon it. If the face of President Arthur expressed no enjoyment in the exercise of faculty, it was eloquent of endurance; as I looked at him I could but think of the words of his countryman, "It's dogged that does it."

The President's first pause was before a gentleman who for some reason or other appeared anxious to introduce his little son. The great man clearly failed to see the rationale of this proceeding, for a slightly puzzled expression came into his eyes as he turned them on the child. He responded in a few civil, constrained words, and without looking round, tossed a newspaper which he had held in his hand on to the writing-table behind him. This movement was so startlingly sudden that it revealed to

me as in a flash the unworthiness of a situation into which an inconsiderate curiosity had led us. The President of the United States had stronger work to do than that of the exchange of inanities at a morning call. We heartily wished ourselves out of it, but it was too late to withdraw. Our turn came next, and we wound off the few superficial remarks with which we were charged, and answered the President's polite questions, with as little waste of time as was coherently possible ; then we bowed ourselves out, and I carried away a pleasant impression of President Arthur's really fine face looking grateful and relieved.

November 20th.—An easy journey in a Pullman car, through beautiful, cultivated country, brought us to Philadelphia. The change of climate was gradual, but I carried a too-sensitive barometer within, and was obliged to forego all sight-seeing with the one exception of the plain, Quaker-like hall in which the Declaration of Independence was signed. Before visiting this site of a deed which in importance is second to none in human history, we had called upon a very remarkable citizen of the Philadelphia of to-day.

Mr. C—— is widely known as a philanthropist, his acts of beneficence extending far beyond his native city. A keen man of business, he has risen wholly by his own effort, possessing the magic touch which seems to have turned the most unpromising undertakings, to which he has set his hand, to gold. If he has picked up a business which some inept fellow-mortal has ruined, it has grown healthy and productive under his fostering care. A rare

combination—his tact in gathering and in distributing wealth appear to be equal. He squares accounts with Fortune every year, placing the whole of his immense surplus income, not in bonds or securities, to accumulate an inert mass, but in channels where it may be expected to bear interest in the added well-being of thousands. For the rest, a man whose staunch honesty, and many virtues public and domestic, have given him a key by which he seems to have unlocked all hearts. The office in which he received us was made interesting by varied tributes from the persons of widely different character and manner of life with whom he had had relation. He appeared incapable of seeing his fellow-beings without indulging himself in the pure pleasure of doing them service. After putting his carriage at our disposal and offering us other attentions, which E—— alone was able to profit by, he spread before us an array of lovely little porcelain cups and saucers, and enjoined me to choose one for each of us as a memento of our visit. We are all too apt to take our individual experiences as typical ; I will not therefore say that the *trait* was American, when at parting, this gentleman, whose good deeds have made him honourably known and beloved in many lands, put into my husband's hand an envelope containing three little pamphlets : one an elaborate description of the various objects and adornments of this office-room ; another the account of his library and its treasures ; and a third, the memoir of his life and acts, and an estimate of his character, and even, indirectly, through mention of a portrait, of his personal appearance, which must have

brought a blush to the cheek of any one of a nature more sophisticated.

Although I have forbore to characterize this trait as American, there was a simplicity, a youthfulness, so to say, in the offering of such unneeded credentials, which seemed to be the outcome of a society in an early stage of its development. I imagine that youth is everywhere solicitous that its conduct and character shall have the stamp of external approbation, and the successful endeavour to repress all manifestation of this desire is more often the result of self-consciousness than of genuine modesty.

My husband was more than all else delighted with his visit to Girards' College.

LEAF XVIII.

ON the evening of the 25th, we find ourselves at Boston, having passed through New York on our way. These New England States have a homelike look to British eyes—the ground has been long under culture, and the towns have an air of respectable middle-age. Much of the scenery between Philadelphia and Boston is very beautiful; the impress of man's hand is everywhere, but only to educe, not as yet to destroy—the earth has been educated to beauty and service.

We are very well lodged in the Vendôme, which is a fine hotel, although the management, judged of by the tone of the notices which are everywhere displayed, would seem somewhat unfriendly. The traveller is "required" to lock his door when he retires for the night, as well as by day when he has left his room. The use of an iron is "positively forbidden" to him, or, in this case, to her. "The proprietors *will* not be answerable for boots and shoes left at the chamber-doors;" with other cautions in the same peremptory style concerning the use of baths, etc., and not a single word to ensure civility or give comfort to the poor "guest" whose "whole duty" is thus insisted on. But the

slight chill felt on reading this lecture is quickly dissipated, for nowhere is the contrast between the crudity of the Western and the comparative mellowness of the Eastern States so marked as it is at Boston. If at Washington already we experienced the balmy effect of human fellowship and sympathy as applied to the wounds which the rough contact of the West had dealt us, at Boston, where we linger longer, and have more extended social connections, we are feeling it yet more. It is a keen interest, and may be a rare pleasure, to make acquaintance in the flesh with those whom we have long known in so much of the spirit as is contained or can be got at in their books. We are happy in that in no case has disappointment awaited us at this point of the fulfilment of wishes long entertained. We are enjoying the privilege of intercourse with all or nearly all that Boston contains of literary eminence, and see what truly genial specimens of the best, to which humanity has yet attained, are to be found in the American gentleman and lady. All that is most worthy of preservation in the original grain is presented more acceptably through this delicate polish. Then it is possible that we of the old world are sensible of a certain stimulation in the contact with a people in whom the sap of life is still actively rising, in whom the season is of the spring, who are subject to impulse and capable of indiscretion.

In Boston, while the social atmosphere is stirring, it is no longer unsettled. It has already a past, which for America is almost of reverend antiquity. It may be said even to look back upon its Augustan age, of which

only a few of the lights are still left; foremost among whom is of course Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. From the window of his study he showed us the "aviary" which had furnished the subject for one of the tenderest and most perfect of the poems in "The Iron Gate." I could like to indulge my pen with a sketch of the poet and his environment; but I should feel it an unfair use of privilege. If biography, as it has come to be understood, has added a terror to death, life so active and beneficent as that of Dr. Holmes, should surely keep vivisectioners at bay. And this allusion reminds me that at the luncheon party from which we have just returned, the subject of Froude's "Life of Carlyle," of which the final volumes are just out, has been handled lightly, if eagerly, in the true spirit of conversation. It is needless to say that questions which occupy attention in England, are discussed with equal fervour here. Admiration of the Spartan courage of Mr. Froude's love divided the day with astonishment at the immovable calm with which he has maintained his ground against all comers. Attempts were made to strike an equitable balance in estimating the effect upon each other of the two powerful and in some respects repellant individualities of Carlyle and his wife, and comparisons were instituted between the life-work and character of the former and that of his friend Emerson. That the leaning should have been, as it seemed to us, unduly in favour of the American seer, was no more than was natural in this place. In regard to the relations between Carlyle and his brilliant "Jennie," one lady took shame to herself

for the interest she was constrained to feel in affairs which should have been private to the lives of those two gifted and unhappy people ; an interest which she affirmed to be little different in kind from that of the old women who gossip over their tea-cups. Surely this was taking too narrow a view. If there are persons who are stimulated to such inquiry by idle curiosity, there are deeper relations in these problems which commend them to a higher order of minds. Everything which adds to our knowledge of the workings of the human heart is a gain. There is something infinitely pathetic in the spectacle of these two proudly defiant souls, this morbidly sensitive man of genius, this exacting, unsatisfied woman, delivered over in the silence of death to the clamour of public opinion ; but I think that whatever may be urged against either, they were neither of them too tender to their own defects to have concurred in the course which Mr. Froude has adopted had they found that it ministered to a human need. We have seen of Carlyle, that bitter as he was to others, he did not spare himself ; and the giving up his sick and suffering heart to cruel dissection in the interests of truth is an act which will go far in coming-time to reinstate the moral being of the man upon the pedestal from which it has declined. As for the utterances of his later time touching his contemporaries, they were "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing" to those aware of the conditions out of which they arose. One only in the company, in weighing the case between Carlyle and his wife, gave the verdict in favour of the former. It was on the ground that he

having loved most, to him should the most be forgiven ; and I think that judging the parties on their own testimony, this verdict was correct.

Miss S——, who was present at the discussion yesterday, has just called, and has asked what I thought could be the nature of the gain to humanity from such disclosures. The assurance that it was a gain had lain unreasoned in my mind as a part of my faith in truth itself ; but thus called upon to particularize, it dawned on me, that pathetic, even melancholy as it was to see these remains dealt with as they now are, thousands of homes will possibly be the happier for the revelation of the sad secrets of this one. So much of reticence exists, and rightly, with regard to domestic relations, the angles of character as seen near at hand, are touched, if spoken of at all, with so delicate a euphony, that a false idea of the measure of human perfection at present reached, has spread itself abroad, to add to the intolerance of the young, the self-despair of the old, and the dissatisfaction of all from whose eyes the scales of passion have fallen, at what is thought to be the exceptional crookedness of their individual lot.

Returned from Trinity Church, the stately glowing interior of which impressed us much on our entrance ; but that impression was soon forgotten in admiration of the sermon delivered by Phillips Brooks. It is long since we have heard the "trumpet so blown in Zion," blown with a sound so clear and unwavering, and yet in its width of application offering so little occasion for dispute. We were fortunate in being very near the

preacher, otherwise we are told his too-rapid delivery mars the effect of his brilliant eloquence. As we were placed, thanks to the kindness of a considerate and all-prevailing friend, we did not lose a word.

Much occupied as we are with our white American friends, we lose no occasion of talking with and gathering information concerning the coloured people whose presence gives distinctive character to most American interiors. We have again a waiter whose ministrations we prefer; on the whole the most sympathetic and intelligent negro we have met with. He has told us much about his family, and his solicitude in regard to the education of his children. He is very musical, which E—— divined from his appearance, the form of his brow, and a something rhythmical in his movements. He has a cultivated singing voice, and plays and passionately loves the violin. He has invited us to visit him, his wife, and children in their house, and if we can contrive to do this when he is there, we shall also hear his voice and fiddle.

The result of our inquiry and personal observation of this dark population of the States goes far to deepen the conviction that they are rapidly becoming Americanized. When I say "rapidly," I use the word relatively to the long stretches of time demanded for the processes of evolution. What is certain is, that only by the rarest exception, if at all, have we come across typical specimens of the negro such as he is painted in books written previous to the war between the North and the South. The full-blooded African of to-day might not unfrequently represent a

Greek athlete cast in bronze, while his manners and speech compare favourably with those of the whites among whom he has been bred. If in the north he is never able to rise to high place in the social scale, and rarely to attain to wealth, these facts are sufficiently accounted for without having recourse to the suggestions of an absolutely insurmountable inferiority of intellect and character. Whatever may be the native quickness of the blacks, the inherited aptitudes for learning are of course wanting to them, and their perceptions would be still further undeveloped in relation to commerce, by which the great fortunes are accumulated, than to agriculture. In the south, where the social ostracism of race is equally discouraging, a large proportion of the black population has nevertheless advanced to wealth and consideration, as the owners of estates formerly in the hands of the white planters, once the aristocrats of the American continent.

I have been able to obtain on the spot very little help which I felt to be satisfactory in any attempt at a forecast of the possible future of the black citizens of the States. There seems to be a general indisposition to allow of that gradual improvement of the type which facts appear to guarantee. When I point to some subject finer in form and more intelligent in expression than the common, I am told that he is a descendant of a superior African tribe. I am far from denying that there may have been considerable variation in the quality of the original stock, but it certainly must strike an unprejudiced observer that the peculiar sharpness of feature and keen-

ness of expression to be found in these superior specimens of negro, are very American characteristics. This tribal solution appeared to me the more unsatisfactory in that the handsomer and more intelligent blacks are not isolated individuals, but are closely led up to by others, and seem indeed to present the perfected type, to which the entire mass is tending. Even granting that this could be wholly accounted for by marriage of negroes of finer with those of inferior strain (I am speaking only of unmixed blacks), it still remains that the proclivity of the entire race is strongly progressive. Were it otherwise, such marriages might just as well have resulted in the degradation of the higher characteristics.

Another fact which seems to me to bear upon the marked capacity of the African race for development under favourable influences, climatic and other, is the apparently disproportionate advance made by the men in comparison with the women. If the finer specimens of Negro were all traceable to differences in the original stock, such examples should be found as often among one sex as the other. If on the other hand one of the chief factors in the evolution of the higher tendencies of the inferior race, is contact with the superior, the slower rate of advance observable among negro women has its *primâ facie* justification in the circumstance of their lives being led much further apart from such influences. Of the fact of the physical inferiority of the negro women, in any case of their greater deviation from what civilized mankind is agreed to regard as the noblest type, there can be no doubt; all the coarser, distinctively African

peculiarities, existing in a far more marked degree among the females than the males. Indeed, with very few exceptions, the women we saw were as grotesquely ugly to-day, as both sexes have heretofore been painted.

The indisposition on the part of the white American to a candid discussion of this question, may probably owe something to a fear of possible approach. Judging from appearances, the mixture of races since the war has made scarcely any progress; naturally it is far more slow than when they stood to each other in the relation of master and slave. And yet there are facts which seem to declare that the feeling of separateness, that barrier of blood which is felt to exist between us of the Old World and our black fellow creatures, has for the white American a less imperious authority. How else is it possible to account for the elopements of white women with negro men, generally in a lower social grade, which form a not uncommon item of newspaper gossip. It is clearly natural that familiarity with these dark skins from birth should have caused them to be regarded with much less of merely instinctive repugnance, and that what remains of recoil from them in the American of to-day, is more reasoned, and so to say voluntary, than it is quite easy for us of the Old World to understand.

The Americans, if free from the clash of interests which harass and perplex the older peoples, and standing in no danger from external foes, have yet in prospect a fair share of trouble, some of which would seem to be growing upon them as with the fatality of disease. Of such I imagine they would themselves regard this

tenacious mass of negro life, multiplying like a leaven in their midst, as the most embarrassing. It is doubtless awkward in a country ruled by majorities, to have to reckon with so disproportionate an increase at the base of the social scale. And yet it is a serious reflection, that, but for the large amount of negro labour in the markets of the rich and powerful northern States, the difficulties inherent in democracy would be felt with quite overpowering effect. If the wealthy citizens of New York and Philadelphia, of Washington and Boston, were wholly given over to the ministrations of untaught, unkempt Irish emigrants, these places might indeed still remain the haunts in which money was amassed, but they would cease to be the resorts in which it was spent. The millionaire who had to brush his own boots, and, wet or dry, to drive his own carriage, and his lady forced to do her household chares in the sweat of her brow, would seek out other fields wherein to enter upon the fruits of their labour. In the interest of those less fortunate ones tied to the spot, there would be a vast recrudescence of the system of great public establishments, the hotels and boarding houses, to the still further discountenance of the home, and suppression of the family. As negro labour alone made the cultivation of cotton in the most southerly of the States possible, so now negro labour alone makes life under civilized conditions, feasible to the white American.

I have touched in due course in these "Flying Leaves" upon the at present dormant, but still gathering evil of Mormonism. This despotism, more absolute than the

papacy as it existed in its most authoritative hour, is a curious and certainly an uncomfortable anomaly in the midst of a federation of free States. That it is a danger in so vast and vigorous an organization, can hardly be maintained; but it is unquestionably a menace to the peace of the union, and an obstacle to good government. It is wretched and humiliating to have to meet ideas, however repugnant, with fire and sword.

The case of the Indian can hardly be accounted a serious difficulty. He is a subject rather of pitying scorn, or remorseful sentiment, according to the point of view taken, than of active uneasiness. Nature with her varied economies is banded with civilized man against this disinherited child of nature. His demands on the earth are too great; his hunting-grounds are too vast; he desolates the place where he dwells. An incurable child, he would take all from the bosom of nature and return nothing; so the universal mother herself has turned upon him, and is drying up the sources of his life.

But the ill of ills is that which comes from insufficient virtue in the body politic; from the private greed which fears not to lay its hand on the most delicate machinery of the vessel of state, and to direct it to its own base uses; from the brutal insolence of men whom ill-gotten wealth has enabled to bluster from a height, and scare from the service of their country all but the most hardened and voracious of self-seekers. That these things are so, I do not feel called upon to prove. They are facts openly enough attested, and never satisfactorily denied. That a certain discount may be taken for

exaggeration or one-sidedness of view the candid observer is thankful to admit; but withal it must still remain that there is a vast, a startling amount of corruption in a young nation growing up so free of trammels, and possessed of so many and rare natural advantages. Some, who would close their minds to the logic of facts, will tell us that our own public men and institutions have been before now the subjects of like incrimination. It is scarcely necessary to deny this. We may shoot off our popguns of speech in the air; we may call Mr. Gladstone a traitor to his country, and desire to see Mr. Chamberlain expiate his theories on the gallows; but no one has ever said that the former embezzled the public money, or that the latter was in the pay of demagogues. The very costermongers would laugh at such propositions. A favourite plea with the partial friends of the great union is that it is still young, and may be expected to shake off such vices as it exhibits, with time. Every one of those on this side the ocean, whose goodwill to our younger cousin is sincere, must cordially wish that their evil tendencies are a slough that may thus be cast off. For my own part, though hoping everything from the victorious energy of this greatly endowed people, I have yet to learn that corruption is one of the characteristic marks of youth. It is surely more naturally allied to decay. Still, it may be hoped of this eager life, expanding under fortunate conditions, that it will in time show itself equal to the absorption of what is morbid in its mass, and to the extruding of what is effete.

It has recently been said on high authority that American institutions have the paramount merit of being accurately fitted to American needs. As against the testimony of eyes so clear I could not for a moment set my dimmer vision, supplemented by lesser knowledge, and possessing inferior opportunities for its exercise. But I cannot call to mind that what, judging from its sources, was the best American opinion which reached me on this subject, was at all so confident as Mr. Matthew Arnold seems to be of the perfect adaptation between the men and the means of government in the American union. So far from this, I have heard regrets on many sides, that if under the existing system a career is according to the formula *ouverte aux talents*, it is closed to character. Of the vile missiles hurled at the rival candidates for the presidency, we have been daily, almost hourly, witnesses for three months. Something else than courage is needed to induce a man to face a contest in which the most delicate relations of his life, the most sacred feelings of his heart, the honour of those nearest to him, are all torn from their enfoldings and staked upon the game. The demagogues of the West like the fanatics of the East, not content with cursing their enemy, will blast the father who begot and the mother who bore him, and will ransack the grave of a dead wife to cast ordure upon her bones. Not courage alone, but a measure of some very crude alloy is required to carry a man unscathed through an ordeal like this. It would seem, however, that a wise prescience has guided the decision of the majority, in the present

crisis. The elected president is eminently what the Americans know as "a strong man," and is felt by those who have the means of judging to be one likely to use his strength to honest purpose in the repression of abuses.

Over and above these inherent difficulties there are minds also of those to whom culture is dear, who find the unrest of American political life in itself abhorrent. I am often reminded in this later part of our visit, of the words of our pale friend, the artist at the Yosemite : "Has it never occurred to you that while you of the Old World are striving to cast down, we of the New are bent on building up?" Nothing beneath sun or moon can maintain a *statu quo*. When democracy has achieved for its part that the negro who goes to vote at the nearest village, taking with him a basket in which to "bring back the suffrage," is as good a man at the poll as Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the Honourable Robert C. Winthrop, James Freeman Clarke, or Mr. Francis Parkman, its tide is presumably at flood and its turn may be looked for ere long, unless the rank and file of the human race turn out to be educationable in a degree they have never yet shown themselves to be.

LEAF XIX.

Boston, November 30th.

WHEN returning to our starting-point we passed through New York on our way to Boston, we had made what the Americans call a "round trip" through this vast continent. We have taken in much of new and strange, much of simply delightful, more especially in the aspects of nature, something of anti-pathetic ; have verified certain facts, and redressed certain misconceptions. However little knowledge may on my part have been brought to bear upon the subjects presented, however merely "impressionist" was the attitude sought to be maintained, it was inevitable that in a field so new and interesting, certain reflections should formulate themselves. Much that I have now seen I had heard better described, but "things seen are stronger than things heard," and stir the mind to profounder depths.

I have to confess that, in our wanderings through the States, democracy, as an institution, has often been felt by me with a pressure which rather took from the sense of individual liberty. It is, in any case, far from wearing so idyllic an aspect in other parts of the Union as it did

in Wisconsin, where the genial humanity of the German character appeared to have smoothed the worst asperities of the system. Elsewhere, in the trains, in, or as they say *on*, the streets, wherever you may go throughout the West, you meet the same air of confident self-assertion by which each man seems to declare himself as good as you and something better. To a system undergoing trial on so vast a scale, to a question so tormented by discussion, it might seem impertinent on such superficial acquaintance to allude in praise or blame ; but meeting it in full operation for the first time, I find it impossible to pass it by in silence.

The method by which the greatest happiness for the greatest number, which is the desire of every friend of human-kind, may best be promoted, is as yet very indeterminate. Nor, it seems to me, has America, with its boasted equality, its aggressive liberty, its vast wealth rapidly accumulating in individual hands, boundless material resource, passion for show, and political and social corruption, done much at present towards solving the problem. That these evils, common to all vast communities, do exist in America in an exaggerated form, no thoughtful American with whom I have yet spoken has attempted to deny. The political structure is allowed to be rotten to a point which threatens collapse should no reinvigorating element flow in ; and the social life would appear, on the testimony of public prints giving names and dates, and the regretful admission of well-informed persons, to share largely in this disorganization. How far democracy may rightfully be credited with these results, is

a matter of grave concern to the human race ; with some of them in a degree, the system in its present stage of development has assuredly to do. The small rate of increase, which has long been a marked fact among the Latin races of the older Continent, is a reproach, a danger, and, to some extent, an anomaly in this branch of the Anglo-Saxon family in this wide New World. In this particular, at least, the influence of conditions due to democracy is clear.

That a quiver full of arrows should be an undesirable possession amongst a people so frequently homeless as the American of the great cities, is a matter that speaks for itself ; and it is no less certain that the acceptance of the life of hotels and boarding-houses in lieu of the home is caused by the difficulty, where all would be masters and none servants, of obtaining efficient domestic help.

What a fluctuating and rootless condition of things, where no worse, is suggested by the advertisements, common in the daily prints, of "A home for ladies during confinement !" The domestic difficulty, verging on impossibility, of obtaining efficient and faithful female service, makes the office of motherhood even to the rich, one of severe restraint and anxiety. It is, perhaps, not surprising that in this young, striving, and personally eager and ambitious society, there is a growing disinclination to face responsibilities which circumstances have rendered so onerous. How much of infecundity on the part of the white race is due to an arbitrary interference with nature, how much to failure of vitality,

is a nice question ; but that the former is believed to exist to a vast extent, the public denunciations from the pulpit and the press may be taken to witness.

This selfishly calculated limitation of offspring ; this keen edge given to the passion of display, where display is the only open title to distinction ; this iniquitous jobbery which pervades every office of the State ; this power and credit of the raw and untrained men who are the most conspicuous figures in a society which has no ancestry ; this cynical tolerance of foul play which strikes one as so marked a feature,—to what are they to be attributed ? Partly, I cannot but think, to a condition of things in which there exists no class whose glory it is to give its labour and spend itself for honour alone, or more nobly for love ; partly, we must hope, to the ferment of as yet inchoate elements which will clear themselves with time, and bring forth some fine flavour of humanity to add to the final feast of progress.

One fact is sure as the result of new experience—we are both conscious of an added liking for Americans. In my own case it is not for their institutions, their government, or manner of life, but for Americans themselves. Having come to an anchor for awhile in delectable quarters among genial people, we are resting in the satisfaction of curiosity and rejoicing in the quickening of sympathy ; and are inclined to think that the more this people is truly American, the more of time is allowed them to become "racy of the soil," the greater are their claims to respectful regard. In the wild and newly opened-up regions of the West, the heterogeneous social

elements have probably acquired little of local colour other than would be found under similarly repellant conditions elsewhere. In any case it is in the eastern, the New England States, that we first feel to recognize Americans at home. With privileges such as we enjoy, one must come to such knowledge with a mind charged with prejudice not to feel that you are making, or more properly improving, acquaintance with a highly interesting, more than this, with a really choice, variety of the human family. Here also there are homes, homes as a rule, not by way of exception. Negro servants abound in Boston and Washington, and the domestic difficulty would seem to be comparatively little felt, for the aspect of the streets is of itself sufficient to assure you that the houses are mainly private dwellings.

Whatever exception individual taste may take to the physical beauty, attributed to the American offshoot of the Anglo-Saxon race, it can hardly be disputed that the new departure taken in its new environment, if not justifying the exclusive claims sometimes made for it, is marked by singular distinction. There may be too much development of nerve tissue for high health and the perfect condition on which much of beauty depends, but that very overplus gives an air of breeding to many a subject of the States, who will be found on nearer acquaintance to possess it only in *posse*. Note taken of all classes east and west, in mere regularity of feature, I am inclined to give the palm to Americans over the original stock. In harmony and variety of expression, as in fine quality of colouring, we Britons may, on the other hand, still have

the advantage; but the superior beauty of hands and feet we must surely concede to the younger branch. Would that these beautiful high-bred hands would hold themselves too dainty for contact with the vile little instruments with which their owners are so constantly to be seen probing their teeth in public. The loveliest hand would be unwelcome to the clasp after such indelicate manipulation of these objects as is sometimes beheld. That this uncleanly practice is common in a degree to most of the (otherwise civilized) nations of the old world, only proves that we in our little island have reached a point in personal habits whereto it would be creditable for all to follow without delay. I believe that the best mannered Americans have already done so, or have arrived at the end, if not by imitation, by way of that respect for the feelings of others which is a station on the high-road to all good manners. It has been my fortune to know cultured Americans who carried the ease which comes from noble simplicity and the gentleness which results from reverence for the individual, to the highest possible pitch; and this notwithstanding that the axiom on which they would seem to base good-breeding is different to that above assigned; and further, that the conditions under which life is lived in the New World, are distinctly adverse to its cultivation on these grounds.

"The basis of good manners," according to Emerson, "is self-reliance." It may be doubted if this is a fortunate dictum. What a superstructure have the great bears of mankind raised upon this foundation: Samuel John-

son, Peter and Frederick the Great, Carlyle the historian of the latter, and a list too long to enumerate! The fact is that self-respect which should have its share in the result, is fatal, when, from want of sympathy, it overpowers the claims of others; and it may be said that of all things an aggressive assertion of equality, which being a balance very difficult to hit, is generally an assertion of superiority, is the most hostile to it. It may well be matter of surprise that under such difficulties so high a tone is occasionally attained on this continent; but in the American mind there is to be found a keen sense of the *exquisite* in all things of which knowledge can be reached by any paths as yet accessible to it.

I have remarked on my surprise at the little help received in this country by travelling women. I would willingly suppress this wholly unexpected result of my personal observation, opposed as it is to general belief and testimony; but such glimpses of the surface of fact as these passing notes aim at taking, can possess no manner of interest if untrue to an individual point of view. It is possible that a woman in company of her husband may be assumed to be in no need of help; even though where the powers of the latter are much overtaxed, he should be compelled to leave her a share of the work performed elsewhere by railway porters. But on looking back I see that already on board the *Bothnia*, the scant attention which certain single ladies, acute sufferers from sea-sickness, obtained from their travelling countrymen was striking. One hand was so invariably offered in aid of tottering steps, that its owner came to be re-

garded as a kind of benevolent Briarius ; but the soul which made this member ubiquitous was that of an Irishman, who was crossing the Atlantic for the first time, and who moreover was much disturbed as to his own internal economy by the disquieting experience.

I am bound, however, to say that if the strange ladies on our outward voyage were left to shift for themselves, nothing could be more tender or untiring than the watchfulness of the American husbands, still more of the American fathers, over their respective charges. And the exactions of the ladies, old and young, were in proportion. It occurred to me that if this disposition to bear with the whole weight, when a slighter pressure would have sufficed, was general, it might well lead the male American to pause before embarking in a business which might prove so heavy a tax upon his powers. Withal I am unwilling to admit that my experience in this matter, tolerably wide as it was, can be other than accidental ; and in any case I am sure that in those examples of fine manners to which I have alluded, the Samaritan element of helpfulness to needy strangers would have been added to the rest.

A trait of character which impels our liking, and calls for cordial acknowledgment, is the large tolerance which is a marked feature in this active and energetic people. Cynicism, no less than sympathy, may sometimes put on this aspect ; but American character, like the straggling, unfinished American cities, is laid down on large lines, and one is justified in thinking that with this people width of view and quickness of insight are generally to

be credited with the result. As has been said, our journey through the States occupied the portion of time precisely when the excitement of the Presidential election was at its highest. At New York, Chicago, Denver, and other cities, portraits of the rival candidates were everywhere displayed; the newspaper offices, more especially those of the illustrated prints, were centres of eager curiosity, and at San Francisco, where the final result was hourly awaited, the stream of passion might be said to be at flood. The crowd, pressing and swaying about the polling booths, seen at a distance, resembled swarming bees; the democrats carried effigies of cocks, and crowed until their vocal chords were in danger of cracking; a few of them saved their own voices by crowning themselves with the living fowl, and leaving it to perform its own part in the concert. But in the midst of this outward tumult, the really innocuous nature of the passions in play was generally remarkable. Very few if any fatal encounters due to political feeling were recorded in the newspapers; women threaded their way through the crowded thoroughfares as unharmed as unnoticed; and no sooner was the decision of the majority made known, than the entire ferment subsided, and was as if it had never been. One was driven to question if the mysterious issues between democrats and republicans had after all any very firm grip upon public feeling. It must, however, be remembered that something analagous to this reasonableness in bending to what is held to be self-constituted authority, was shown in greater dignity and perfection when, the struggle between North and

South having come to an end, the citizen soldiers disbanded themselves, and went, one to his farm, another to his merchandise, with not so much of bitterness in the nation's heart as led to a single political execution. That is a fact which deserves to be set up as one of the unquestionable triumphs of civilization. This fact, and others obscurely related to it, should suffice to assure onlookers in all parts of the world that in spite of imperfection, want of fusion, and a certain risky tentativeness, ideas in this wide new continent take a large sweep, and that to the completion of that part of the social problem, here being worked out, mankind is entitled to look with well-grounded hope. The courage shown in self-taxation, the gallant "clearing up" after work done, are circumstances all pointing in the same direction, and showing moreover a fine sense of social and political order. Whatever may be our individual views of the governmental form most conducive to the best interests of a community at any given point of space or progress, there is nothing to be got from stiffening the mind against what appears to be the order of development. The course of events with us at home is such as to imply that should they come to no unforeseen check, they must end by landing us also in democracy. It is this impression, grating against natural instincts in my own case, which gives a keen edge to my interest in marking the manifestations of this institution in an appropriate and unencumbered field.

"The aristocracy of merit is the only one known to Americans," said a beautiful woman whose grand air

seemed to have marked her out for something equivalent in her own surroundings to a duchess. "An aristocracy of merit,—of which merit who are to be the judges?" was my mental reflection. With all the desire in the world to show my good sense by a timely bow to the inevitable, I am unable to accommodate my mind to this idea. With more alacrity I could set about the household work, and the cooking of the family dinner. If my handsome parlour-maid marries a lord, and is taken into dinner before me, my poor little soul must surely be in an irritable state of ill-health if it should wince at a wound which goes no deeper than the cuticle. Of the right of the woman to her place according to certain arbitrary, and as I think, convenient rules, any one can be the judge. But when it comes to the sifting and weighing of more recondite qualities, when man or woman is to be appraised, weighed as against some other on mental and moral grounds, I feel it would be very difficult to satisfy us as to the judicial capacity of our assessor. We might refrain from disputing the verdict aloud, but our inward appeal against judgment would not be conducive to the serenity in which alone the spirit thrives. No, I do not love the thought of an aristocracy of merit; not such, at least, as wears any badge that fashion, which is the caprice of a moment, can give or take away. The reverence of those who have been the better for the secret a man's toils have wrested from nature, the force he has directed, the beauty he has unveiled, the passion for which he has found the voice, is something very different from this. If that con-

stitutes a charter of nobility, there have been, and will continue to be aristocrats under all governments; only I apprehend with a marked preference for the less fussy and more stable forms. I would gladly retain certain social formulæ to amuse the crowd withal, and keep it back from the holy of holies of the more sensitive inner consciousness.

"Aristocracy of merit!" I can fancy I feel already the dull point of measuring instruments upon me, and am certain that whatever of virtue might have fallen to my share, would vanish to the hidden centre of being, at the first touch of such unauthorized indiscretion. Surely it is better to keep some dry bones of circumstance to throw to the wolves, the ravening ambitions of the lower kind, in order that in fastening upon them they may leave to the higher life of man the peace in which it can alone expand.

Thus, after what I have seen of it in its favoured habitat, it is clear to myself I do not love democracy in what it is proud to exhibit as the best of all its products; nay, rather, it is precisely in this, the fine flower of the institution, that I take the deepest exception to it.

When I turn from this its boasted achievement to what all must acknowledge as a difficulty: the impossibility democracy lies under of supplying efficient domestic help from its own resources, the matter, as I perceive it, is certainly not mended. I cannot view the contempt cast upon a species of labour, which brings human beings into close and often beneficent relationship, as a healthy manifestation. The abhorrence of domestic service,

universal in the States, has the further disadvantage, from an economic point of view, of annulling an important branch of industry, one suited in a special manner to many capacities and many temperaments. Of the toiling millions in all great communities, there will always be a large proportion, more especially among women, whose strength and resources are unsuited to a prolonged and doubtful daily struggle. To such, a house of service is a house of refuge. If the individual choosing such a comparatively quiet haven have some well-grounded knowledge of his or her calling, the situation is sufficiently independent and honourable to satisfy the demands of a reasonable self-respect. Where duties are clearly understood and reciprocal claims allowed, there is no more loss of personal liberty in domestic service than is everywhere willingly accepted by soldiers and sailors. It is true that even were education and tastes on a par between employer and employed, there might still be needed for the right working of the relationship a certain reserve of manner; but that being a matter of disciplinary etiquette, need bring no sense of humiliation; the same attitude is maintained by every captain of a man-of-war, even though his subordinate be a prince of the blood.

"He who would be greatest of all, must be servant of all." This is eternally true. But as I look closely at the sentence, I see an inner gleam in it. In order to be servant of all, a man must be absolved from being the servant of one. Of the charge of his own personal existence he must to some extent be relieved. If his

mission be in any sense universal, some part of his individual burthen must be borne for him by others. Thus, all working together, may subserve the highest ends of the community, if only content to work within the limit of natural capacity.

Education, yes ; as much of it and as choice as may be found to the taste or advantage of the subject ; no insurmountable barriers to talent ; no class distinctions that superior claims may not over-pass ; no etiquette which, soberly viewed, could take from the dignity inherent in any man ; above all things, no pressure upon conscience ; only an admitted social order working to the convenience of all, each grade with its own rights, advantages, and immunities. Such a state of things in its tendency to appease vulgar ambitions might be looked to to promote that joy in labour which is the most enduring source of human happiness. In the mad struggle to rise above a teeming social mass, whose units are indistinguishable but for their money-bags, all less-remunerative forms of industry pass into contempt ; and the feverish strain of the gambler alternating with the stupor in which he recuperates his powers, takes a place in thousands of lives which else might have been filled and fruitful with the worthier satisfaction of a calling fitted to faculty.

But this is vain dreaming. It may not be. If for us, too, democracy is the portion of the future, we must "dree our weird." But by that time the confederated States will possibly have passed through their experience, and have come out at the other end. Who shall say

that we, the people of the Old World, sometimes weary and sick with the disquiet into which we have launched ourselves, shall not be found coming to America, as contingents of over-driven Americans come now to Europe, to recruit our jaded spirits in the salutary calm of the setting sun?

The manifest sympathy felt by most accomplished Americans for the "old country," has naturally had its part in developing our own more cordial liking for them. This sympathy, which seems to us to be all but universal among the educated classes, is felt as a solace in the present, and a ground of comfortable hope in the future.

When the two great rival races of the Saxon and the Slav are pitted against each other in open war, a contingency which stands before us of the Old World as a threat of the coming time, it is to the America of the States, and the Greater Britain of our American and Australian colonies, that we must look for the determining balance of force in favour of the Saxon. If the influence of this race for the higher purposes of human development is not yet played out, has not even yet, as there is reason to believe, fully justified itself, it were a crime against humanity to suffer the friction of narrow personal feeling and unbrotherly prejudice on either side to mar a family union charged with such paramount duties.

December 10th.—We are again at New York, having left Boston with regrets so real that we have been driven to cheat them with hopes of renewing our visit

at no very distant date. New York must always possess a certain interest, as a focus of an intense life; but the winds are now very keen, and all I can do is to prepare to be well enough to profit by those good influences of the voyage pretty sure to be experienced by one to whom has been given the "freedom of the sea."

Our berths have long been secured on board the *Servia*, and advanced as is the season, we look forward to the crossing without distrust.

"So dearly I have loved the sea,
So oft its genial flood
Has cooled my heart, I feel that we
Are to each other good."

THE END.

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